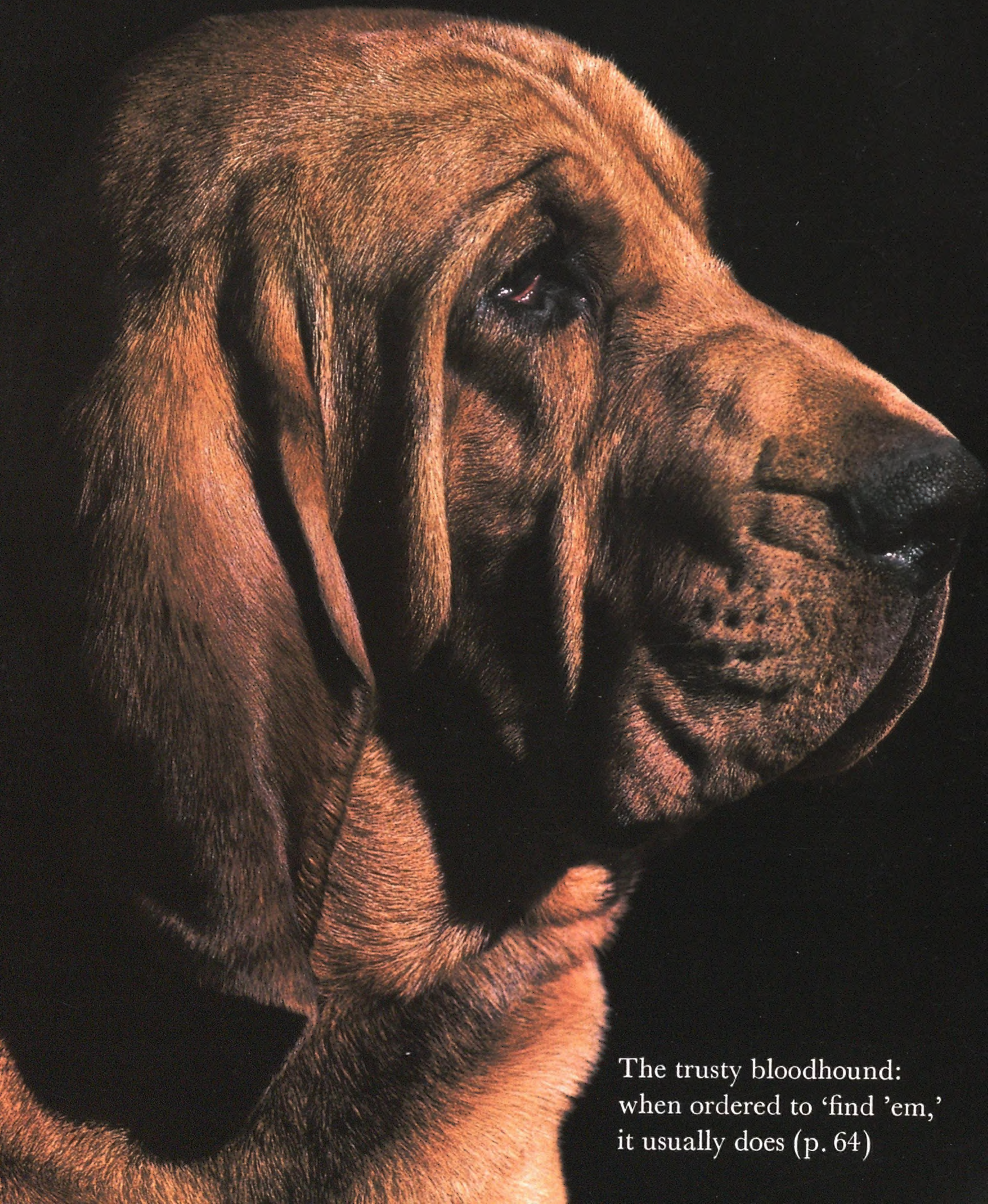
Smithsonian

January 1986



The trusty bloodhound:
when ordered to 'find 'em,'
it usually does (p. 64)

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(continued from previous page)

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January 1986

Smithsonian

Volume 16, Number 10

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Smithsonian (ISSN 0037-7333) is published monthly
by the Smithsonian Associates, 900 Jefferson Drive, Washington, DC 20560.
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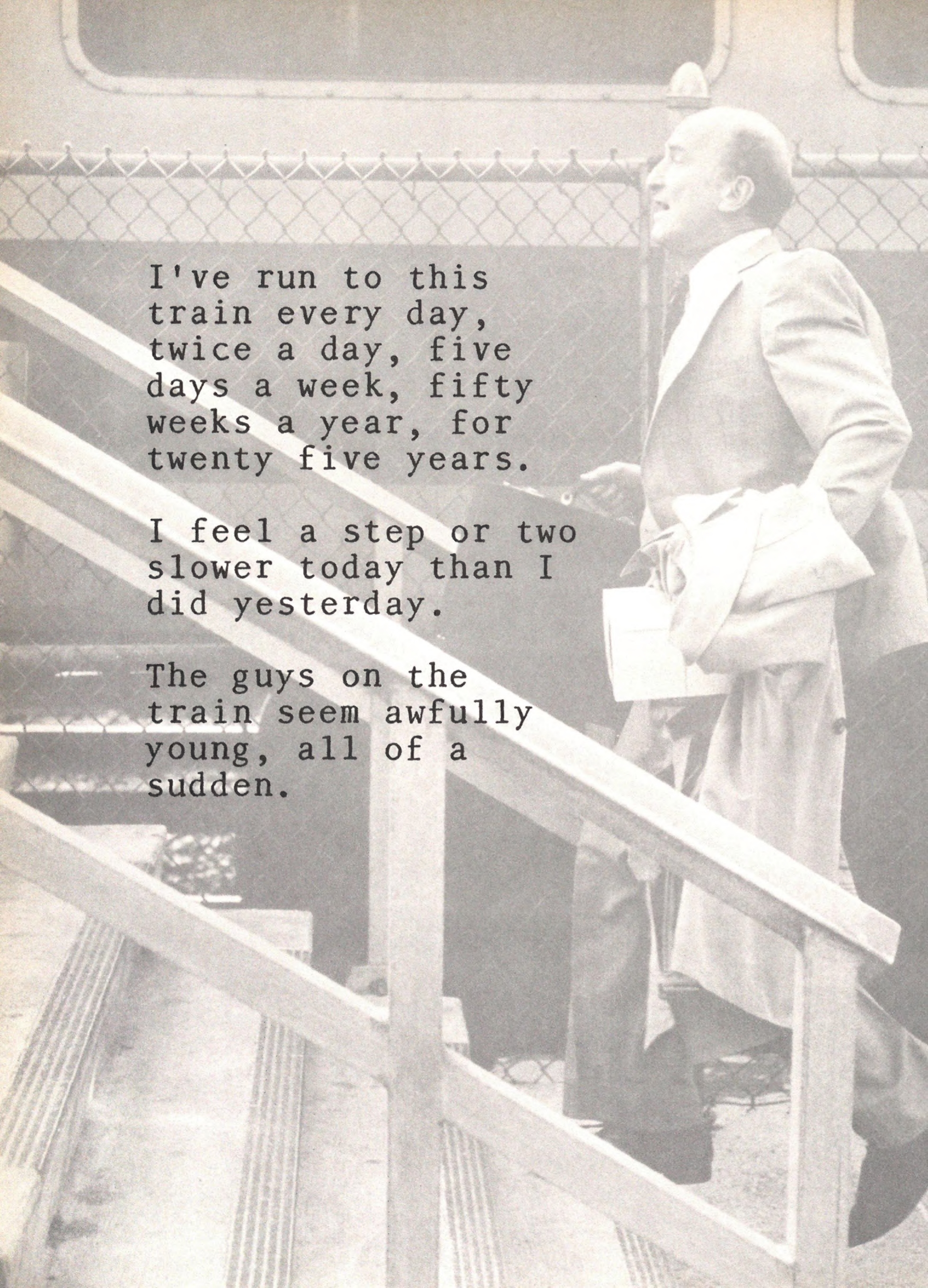

I've run to this train every day, twice a day, five days a week, fifty weeks a year, for twenty five years.

I feel a step or two slower today than I did yesterday.

The guys on the train seem awfully young, all of a sudden.

John Avery
Age: 54
Married; three grown children (one still in college)

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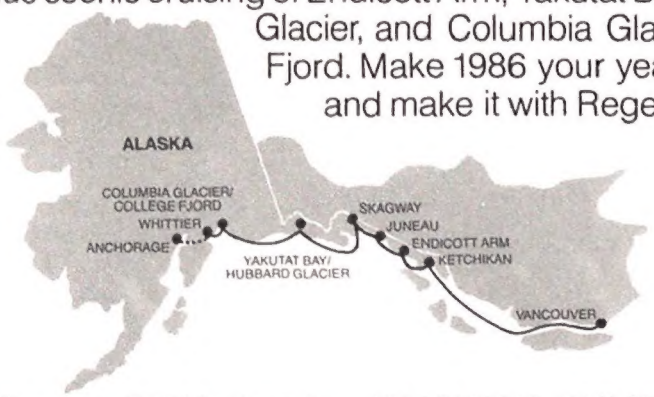

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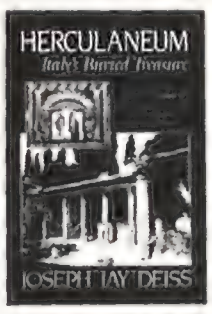

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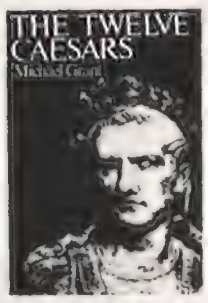

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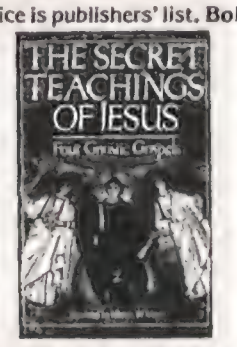
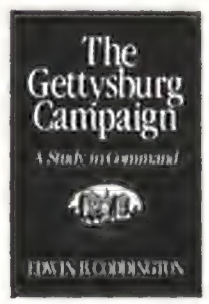
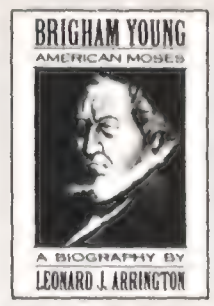


1784. $15.95/**$13.50**

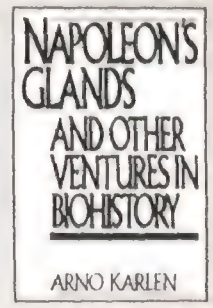
1487. $35.00/**$23.50**



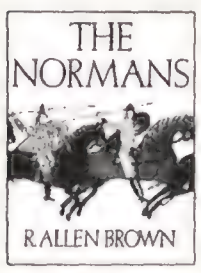
8862. $40.00/**$22.95**



2816. $24.95/**$18.95**



1982. $15.95/**$13.50**

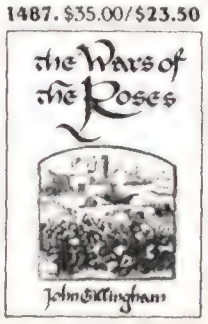


1966. $25.00/**$16.95**

2071. $25.00/**$17.50**

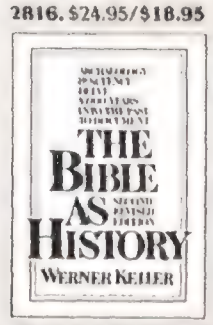
1503. $16.95/**$12.95**

1800. $27.50/**$18.50**

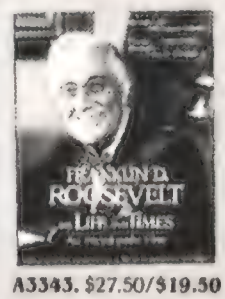


4820. $20.00/**$13.50**

7849. $22.50/**$12.95**



3012. $14.95/**$10.95**



A3343. $27.50/**$19.50**
(Counts as two of three selections)

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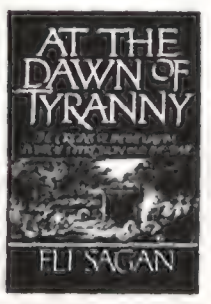
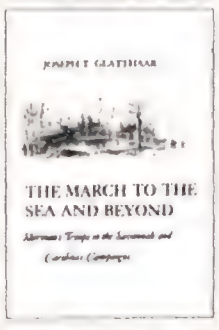


3186. $22.95/**$15.95**

2121. $30.00/**$19.95**

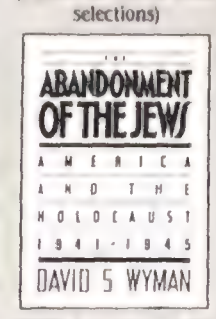
2592. $20.00/**$13.95**

8888. $19.95/**$14.50**



2980. $27.95/**$18.50**

1859. $15.00/**$10.50**



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BEST OF ALL...IT'S A CADILLAC.

Secretary Adams' comments

Smithsonian horizons

Techniques for conserving museum objects are changing, and so is the pattern of institutional cooperation

Museum conservation, always a vital, specialized—and unseen—part of the Smithsonian's wide spectrum of activities, is becoming still more technically demanding. New analytical techniques are made possible, however, by new forms of instrumentation whose high costs for acquisition and maintenance limit their use and make them dependent on highly trained personnel. As the conservation effort changes and intensifies, it also encourages new organizational arrangements. Costly instruments can be shared by research and conservation agencies. And institutions can complement one another in their purchases and patterns of use.

Our Freer Gallery of Art, for example, maintains a well-equipped technical laboratory with x-radiography facilities. Recently they have been used by the Air and Space Museum to answer questions about the internal structure of engine components of the Wright Brothers' Flyer. Other users include the Museum of American History and the National Gallery of Art, which reciprocates with its x-ray fluorescence apparatus. This instrument allows nondestructive analysis of the chemical composition of materials, and so is extremely useful in analyzing valuable museum objects. A massive bronze bull was recently purchased for the Freer—after we ascertained in this way that its metal composition was consistent with an apparent 15th-century origin.

The Freer has a long history of collaboration with the Department of Mineral Sciences in our Natural History Museum. Both units recently joined in purchasing and installing an atomic absorption spectrometer, employed in the quantitative analysis of chemical elements. For the Freer it furnishes the key to investigations of ancient metal objects ranging from their function and methods of fabrication to their corrosion behavior.

Meanwhile, the Department's electron microprobe contributes to studies of "bronze disease" and other corrosion processes. X-ray diffraction films of known materials were important to the success of John Winter, the Freer's conservation scientist, in distinguishing early Japanese from Chinese and Korean "lead white" pigments.

Another major actor on the scene is our Conservation Analytical Laboratory (CAL), primarily devoted to advancing the science of museum conservation. Among others, it maintains a gas chromatograph-mass spectrometer for the use of its own programs. During the examination of the Wright Flyer prior to its restoration, this permitted the conservators and scientists to distinguish phases of the original painting and repainting—on the basis of subtle differences in the medium, even though the pigment (carbon black) was the same in all cases.

Similar work on paint media contributes to the study of paintings in several Smithsonian museums and other institutions such as the National Gallery of Art.

Ranging more widely afield is a joint program that uses stable-isotope ratios of lead in archaeological materials as a distinctive "fingerprint" of their geological sources. Initially, W.T. Chase at the Freer used the technique as a means of grouping the sources of lead occurring in Chinese bronzes. It is also being employed there by Winter to obtain information on where Japanese and Chinese white pigments were made.

Behind all these ad hoc efforts is a willing interchange of information and informal cooperation. The National Gallery sends representatives to meetings of the Smithsonian Conservation Council. The people involved are all members of the Washington Conservation Guild, a professional association that holds regular meetings and publishes a newsletter. The net result is a combined program whose great diversity, analytical power and pragmatic effectiveness could not be achieved in any other way.

The colourful charm (Harry's in the canary yellow) of this European neighborhood is actually in Wellington!

Harry about to set off on Careys Bay - a scene right out of a New England postcard!

Harry traipsing off among the ferns in Tahiti? Try again - it's Bay of Islands, New Zealand!

A cousin took this of Harry, rowing me down the River Avon. Ours, not England's!

That's him in the photos! That's our Harry Bright, New Zealand's Advertising Manager down under, taking the tour of New Zealand rather splendidly.

And apparently not taking the advertising of New Zealand very seriously.

It's starting to look like Harry's wife Eloise is the only Bright doing any sending these days. But, look here, we do appreciate her posting these Kodaks to us.

After all, they're rather graphic proof of at least two things:

Harry's diminished enthusiasm for getting down to business on our long-overdue ad.

And, if we do say so ourselves, New Zealand's undiminished beauty.

Do keep those snaps coming, Eloise!

(New Zealand. So much to advertise. So many perfectly splendid reasons not to.)

Send me all those New Zealand "goodies" Harry hasn't gotten around to sending you yet:

- ☐ The New Zealand Book plus our catalogue of New Zealand vacations in colour!
- ☐ 18 minute New Zealand video cassette (VHS) free from our lending library.

SM-192

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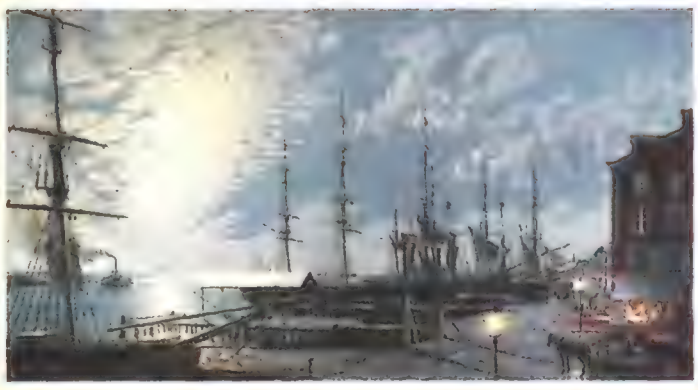

PHILADELPHIA *Moonlight over the Delaware River in 1935*
Edition of 950 (35 Remarqued) Image Size: 18" x 34"

NANTUCKET *Straight Wharf in 1832*
Edition of 750 (35 Remarqued) Image Size: 14" x 23"

Until John Stobart, no major artist recorded the harbor and river port scenes of 19th-century Mid-America. Stobart's brilliant research and creativity produce a unique visual account, recording the scenes for posterity and also making a most significant contribution to 20th-century traditional art. The prints of the first several paintings have already become valuable collector's pieces and now we are offering further important works in the series.

SAN DIEGO *The Brig PILGRIM Loading Hides at Point Loma in 1835*
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Letters to the Editor

Wilkes—and his 'scientifics'

Dear Sir: I was reminded, by your November article, that my Air Corps bomb group in World War II flew out of Tarawa on B-24s on long overwater flights, some lasting up to 12 hours with no checkpoints in between. We were shocked that the charts issued to our squadron were those drawn by the Wilkes group more than 100 years before.

Fortunately, we had excellent celestial navigators. On our return from a long mission the squadron navigator discovered our plane had developed a 50-mile error. In fact, all navigators in the squadron had missed the mark by the same 50 miles, and so he requested the U.S. Navy to plot an accurate position of Tarawa with precise instruments.

The 50-mile error was confirmed but was easily explained. As navigation is based partly on accurate time, it is quite possible that Wilkes' chronometers, after many years at sea, caused the position error. There was no radio time from a Naval Observatory or Greenwich then.

John P. Bauer
St. Michaels, Maryland

Plastics

Dear Sir: This is a story related to me by Professor Ralph H. McKee, then at Columbia University, a good friend of Dr. Leo Baekeland. Dr. Baekeland had developed a fast-action photographic paper known as Velox. He offered it to George Eastman, founder of Eastman Kodak, for $100,000. Eastman got rid of Baekeland in short order.

Some time later, Baekeland got a phone call. "Baekeland, this is Eastman. Do you still have the Velox paper? You do? Well, get on the train and come up here."

Baekeland got on the train to Rochester and spent a sleepless night. "I asked him $100,000 and he threw me out of his office. Should I ask for more? Will he throw me out again?"

In the morning he was ushered into Eastman's office. "Baekeland, I will give you $1 million for that damn paper, and not a penny more." Baekeland said later had his knees not been locked, he would have fallen flat. "I looked at Mr. Eastman and said, 'Well, that is a very valuable paper, but I will let you have it.'"

Back in New York, he could afford to finish up his current research and go on to found the Bakelite Corporation and launch the polymer age.

C.B.F. Young
Douglasville, Georgia

Sears houses

Dear Sir: In Oconto, Wisconsin, a lumbering and fishing town 28 miles above Green Bay, around 1930 the economy was almost completely dependent on the Holt Lumber Company, miller of hardwoods that were nationally admired.

Donald Holt told me that a few years earlier a local man had priced some carefully measured lumber at their offices. When he was quoted a figure he said he could buy it cheaper and as carefully cut from Sears, from which he ordered.

Some time later a Holt truck drove up at his lot and started unloading lumber. He protested that he had ordered from Sears. The driver told him, "This is it."

Russel H. Fowler
Columbia, Missouri

Astoria studios

Dear Sir: Your article brought back many memories. Years ago, when a kid in high school, I saw Lois Wilson in *Ruggles of Red Gap* and wrote her a note asking whether I could interview her. She invited me to the Astoria studios and I saw her being filmed with Richard Dix and Edna May Oliver.

Before filming the scene, to get Richard Dix in the right mood, three musicians played some teary music.

And I got my interview.

Joseph Touger
Brooklyn

How a Kansas farm girl became a maven on Peruvian alpaca fashions

The alpaca, cousin to a llama, lives at the 15,000-foot level in the Peruvian Andes. It is an unpleasant beast that spits at people.

But its wool is magnificent. To survive the Peruvian winter, the alpaca grows a tremendously thick coat. So it won't weigh down the animal, the wool has hollow hair shafts. So it won't get wet and matted, the wool has a high lanolin content. Result: alpaca wool is deceptively lightweight, with a deep and silky softness to the touch. Many who have compared them maintain that alpaca is richer than cashmere.

These facts and more are related by Annie Hurlbut, a farm girl from Tonganoxie, Kansas who went to Yale, became an anthropologist, then traveled to Peru to pursue her profession.

This is not Annie Hurlbut. This is another Kansas farm girl who traveled to faraway places.

In Peru she studied "market women" in remote Andean villages. These women practice a centuries-old tradition that predates even the Inca empire: they weave alpaca wool into clothing (historically, ponchos and capes, but today, mostly sweaters).

By U.S. standards, Annie Hurlbut found the styling unsophisticated, but the sweaters had a peasant-like verve and freshness that made a perfect counterpoint to the luxury of the fabric.

This is not Annie Hurlbut. This is a model wearing Annie's gray mufflered cape (100% alpaca, of course), $165 plus $3.75 s&h.

So Annie Hurlbut did what any Kansas farm girl would have done. She restyled the sweaters, set up sources of supply, went back to Tonganoxie and with her mother, Biddy, started a mail order business.

Eight years and 34 buying trips later, their business ("The Peruvian Connection") publishes a 36-page full-color catalog with 172 items.

There are sweaters, skirts, camisoles, capes, blankets, ponchos, mufflers—even tapestries.

This is an alpaca. Its wool has hollow hair shafts and a high lanolin content. It may well be the lightest, softest, most luxurious wool fiber in the world.

Everything in the catalog is made in Peru of native materials. Most designs are original (many are Annie's) and most items are exclusive.

It is the largest selection of its kind in the U.S.

It's a fun catalog to shop. Alpaca wool grows naturally in many colors, from white to beige, brown and gray. It also takes dye quite well, so you'll find not only the earth tones, but also marvelous shades of raisin, periwinkle, peach, sage green and teal blue.

And you'll find breathtaking pictures of the Peruvian highlands, because Annie Hurlbut loves Peru and the Andes mountains.

This is Annie Hurlbut. She is wearing her native Andean padre hat of embroidered wool felt (black, teal blue or taupe), $35 plus $2.90 s&h. (For proper size, measure around head.)

The best part: the catalog is free, as long as supplies last. You can mail the coupon or phone toll-free for a copy.

Annie thinks she's reserved enough catalogs to cover requests from this ad, but it wouldn't hurt to be prompt with *your* request, just in case.

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Dear Sir: I grew up in Bayside, the next town to Flushing and the bedroom for many of the movie stars. Pearl White would have her chauffeur drive her into the city almost daily. If the railroad gates were down at the Bell Avenue crossing, she would have him drive right through them. The railroad would just send her a bill for repairs.
Hubert P. Cooney
St. Petersburg

Pigs

Dear Sir: I was disappointed that there was no mention of Felix Adler, the King of Clowns, who was with Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey for nearly 50 years. A little white pig was part of his act because "they always seem to be smiling, and that makes people feel good."

The piglets broke into show biz at the tender age of six weeks, and had great stage presence. Real hams.

However, their performing days were limited, as they soon became too large. Mr. Adler had many pig-farmer friends who were more than happy to take the retiree in trade—with the understanding they would become brood sows, not somebody's dinner.

Prior to our marriage, Felix had named each pig for his current girl friend. Following tradition, he started naming them Amelia, for me [below]. Heaven only knows how many Amelias there were.
Amelia Adler Mullen
Richmond, Virginia

Amelia, Amelia and Felix

Dear Sir: Stephen S. Hall showed a glaring insensitivity to the realities of psychological and biomedical experimentation in writing ". . . life as a laboratory animal may leave something to be desired. . . ."

Why must an animal suffer to prove that babies born to alcoholic mothers can undergo "withdrawal symptoms"? And how is human medical knowledge advanced by the conclusion that pigs, like humans, can become addicted to alcohol? Many such scientific "conclusions" are either meaningless or obvious.
Clinton Wilder
Ann Sweeten
Salem, Massachusetts

China Clipper

Dear Sir: Your fine nostalgic article was marred by the caption on page 185, labeling the Martin-130 aircraft a "great amphibian." Amphibians have landing gear enabling them to operate on land or water. While Pan American did, in fact, have a few twin-engined amphibians, the big Clippers were strictly flying boats.
Mitchell J. Mulholland
Becket, Massachusetts

Dear Sir: Without in the least belittling Bob Ford's superb flight in the *China Clipper*, it was not the first round-the-world. Bob and his crew left San Francisco westbound, landed in Auckland after the bombing of Pearl Harbor. They then continued on to New York, but from there took a commercial airliner to San Francisco and completed the circuit as passengers. The first flight completely around the world was in February 1934, under my command.
William M. Masland
Manhasset, New York

Orchids

Dear Sir: You forgot the largest and most famous orchid enthusiast of all—Nero Wolfe!
Ned Harris
Marietta, Georgia

Why not a VW Crumpet?

Dear Sir: I suggest Plymouth Plantation, Lincoln Nebraska, Saab Sister, Audi Ometer, Chevy Chase, Morris Dancer, Pontiac Pilate, Honda Road-to-Mandalay.
William B. Farnsworth
Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts

Wedgwood Unveils a Stunning Masterwork Honoring America's Symbol of Freedom

★ Strictly Limited Edition

★ Created in Blue-and-white Jasper

Shown smaller than actual size of 6½"

Nearly 100 years ago on October 28, 1886, a foghorn chorus and 21-gun salute heralded the unveiling and dedication of The Statue of Liberty in New York Harbor.

And now, to mark the Centennial of this historical symbol of freedom, The Hamilton Collection is proud to announce a limited-edition plate from the famed Wedgwood Studios, entitled "In Celebration of Liberty."

To fulfill Hamilton's commission, the Wedgwood artists sculpted a beautiful bas-relief plate in their renowned blue-and-white jasper, resulting in a remarkable image that evokes all the feelings of hope and freedom that "Lady Liberty" represents.

Surrounding the central image is the title of the plate, along with the years "1886-1986." Completing this stirring tribute is a border design inspired by the metalwork around the base of her torch, and 13 stars honoring the original American colonies. The result is a lasting tribute to one of the world's most significant landmarks.

"In Celebration of Liberty" is available ***exclusively*** from The Hamilton Collection, but only until the end of the Centennial year, 1986. You may order "In Celebration of Liberty" at no risk under the terms of The Hamilton Collection ***100% Buy-Back Guarantee.*** Enjoy the plate for a full 30 days, and if you should return it at any time during that period, you will receive a full refund.

Demand for a plate of such quality and commemorative importance is sure to be strong for several reasons: the superb craftsmanship of this jasper ware issue, and the market potential of a new and historic commemorative plate from world-renowned Wedgwood. ***So, don't miss out on this opportunity — return your order immediately!***

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FINAL POSTMARK DATE: January 31, 1986

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All applications must be signed and are subject to acceptance.

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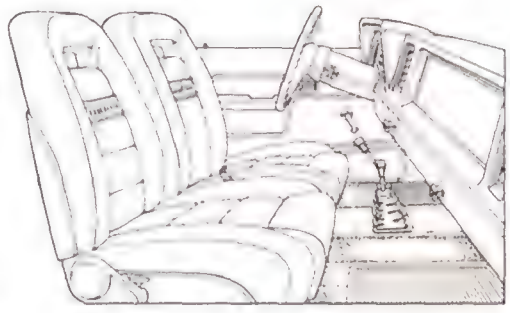

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Around the Mall and beyond

Nek Chand and friends pose in his new Children's Museum fantasy garden.

Children and art get along together annoyingly well. My grandchildren treat even the most outrageous abstractions with comfortable familiarity, as though Jackson Pollock, Willem de Kooning and Mark Rothko were kids up there in the fifth grade who sometimes knocked out a roiling, blazing, baffling composition between the usual sketches of 21st-century space vehicles.

This casual acceptance of their work pleases most artists, including Nek Chand, the Indian folk sculptor who was the subject of a SMITHSONIAN article by Board Editor Bennett Schiff in June 1984. Chand, famous for his vast sculpture garden at Chandigarh, recently completed a small one in Washington, D.C., for the Capital Children's Museum.

Chand sculpts not with clay but with found objects—in other words, things which in ordinary context we might justly consider plain old litter. At Chandigarh he used special rocks and plantings along with truckloads of garbage to convert a 12-acre patch of cobra-infested scrubland into a kind of gateway to the city—a rich fantasia of endlessly surprising figures made out of everything from bottle caps to bicycle frames.

After hearing about it, Ann Lewin, energetic and imaginative director of the Children's Museum, decided to see it for herself. Against all advice she went to the Punjab at a time of political upheaval and explored the garden. "I felt," she said later, "as if I were walking through a man's soul." She asked Nek Chand to fashion a little of his garden in Washington as the same sort of mystical entryway for her own domain.

Chand paid a visit to Washington just a year ago to look over the courtyard where his creatures would greet the kids and lead them into the museum. The space was tiny compared to what he was used to, but he lined up 33 tons of both hard and soft sculpture back at Chandigarh, and the Indian government shipped it over here, free. It arrived during the summer, and Chand was waiting for it. More than 30 Washington contractors chipped in labor and materials for necessary rebuilding. But Chand had trouble getting rocks: Washington rocks, he complained, lacked "soul."

My colleague, Diane Bolz, managed to get a look at Chand's new garden just after it was finished, and only hours before the sculptor said good-bye and headed home. "The garden that greets you under the new sky-lit entrance is a bouquet of color," she reported. "It's a traditional Indian village with musicians, a wedding procession, people spinning, plowing, milking goats, mostly done in soft sculpture. I asked Nek Chand how the children had reacted to him while he was working on it. He answered that they would ask his name and then say, 'You have created this thing?'

"He showed me how small pieces of cloth, formed into balls, had become a dog or a human figure. 'Who cannot say that there is life here?' he asked. *I* certainly couldn't. I wondered aloud if he was pleased with the garden. 'Yes,' he answered, matter-of-factly. 'Why not?' Then he saw me taking a few notes. 'Do not write,' he told me. 'Just look.' So I did, feeling somehow that I had never really 'looked' before. I waited until I got

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Lithograph of charming turn-of-the-century Children's Room shows painted ceiling recently uncovered in the Smithsonian castle.

back to my car to quickly scribble down these few impressions."

The Capital Children's Museum is certainly one of the foremost of its kind in the country. But the idea isn't new. Back in 1900, a Washington paper hailed a "new museum" at the Smithsonian—one designed for children. It wasn't a new building, but a room on the ground floor of the castle behind what is now the information desk in the Great Hall.

Originally this room was the entryway for the castle's south door, opening onto the south yard. Recently plans were made to reopen that door after the huge new underground Center for African, Near Eastern and Asian Cultures is finished. People will then be able to step out into the new Victorian Garden and walk to the Center's two museum pavilions.

When my friend Cynthia Field, architectural historian at the Smithsonian, went to check out that castle room she found that Samuel Pierpont Langley, Secretary at the turn of the century, had turned the space into a room for children, that he had got the leading interior designer of the day to do its decor and that in the 1930s a fresh coat of paint had covered the whole thing over.

"The decision had been made to restore the room to its turn-of-the-century appearance. The decor at that time led you outside and matched up nicely with the new function of the space," Cynthia told me. "While we were getting estimates on the restoration, we called in the Smithsonian Conservation Analytical Laboratory to take a look at the paint on the ceiling to get an idea of what we were in for," she continued. "No one dreamed that the painted ceiling was actually still intact. But when Ron Cunningham began very carefully flaking away the paint, colors and then leaves started to appear."

We were standing in the room, currently an office of the Visitor Information and Associates' Reception Center. I looked up at the high, old-fashioned ceiling. The paint had been removed from much of it, and underneath was an honest-to-God ceiling painting. I could see a sort of trellis within a green arbor. The sky beyond it was blue. And peering down at me from one of the ceiling panels were two birds—parrots, apparently, red and blue-green.

"There's another bird somewhere," Cynthia said. "We've seen it in old photographs, but we haven't uncovered it yet. Perhaps we won't be able to." She pointed out that the art had that Edwardian look of the turn of the century—romantic and bright.

If all goes well, the ceiling and its room will be restored to their former charm and will once again lead visitors to the out-of-doors. Finding the painting has released a lot of information about the early children's room which had been long gathering dust.

For one thing, Secretary Langley appears in an entirely new dimension. The present generation remembers Langley as the unsuccessful flight pioneer, who couldn't get into the air, whose big, awkward, tandem-winged plane slopped into the Potomac "like a handful of wet mortar," as a newsman reported. Oh, yes, Langley was also an astronomer and established the zoo.

But what about this children's museum? "He was supposed to be an aloof sort of scholar," Field says, "but he stood closely over the design of this Children's Room. He wanted brightness and fun in the decor—green and gold and that trellis overhead."

Langley's memos bear out his interest in the children's project. He named himself honorary curator. He demanded doors and transoms and grilles that brought light into the room. And he wanted the ceiling to recapture the magic of one he'd seen in Parma, Italy, in which cherubs looked down from on high.

Two architects, Hornblower and Marshall, who were putting in the galleries over at the Arts and Industries Building, came in to have a look at the room. Grace Lincoln Temple was brought in to consult on the decor. She was a "Designer of Interior Decoration" who had done a number of public spaces in Washington. For the new children's gallery she designed wall panels in special shapes and otherwise adorned the room. Peacock feathers sprouted in its corners; marble mosaic covered its floor.

As for that ceiling, Secretary Langley settled for birds instead of cherubs. "We're not certain yet who actually painted it," Cynthia Field said, but whoever the artist, his ceiling pleased Langley, who apparently nourished a glowing ember of poetry somewhere beneath his trimmed Victorian beard and stiff, white collar. The captions that he wrote for some of the exhibits, combining hard fact and gentle thought, indicate a far broader personality than history suggests.

Langley's Children's Room succumbed to the inevitable Smithsonian pressure for space. It became a storage area during the Depression years and was painted to look like stone. Uncovering that ceiling has cheered everyone up over at the Reception Center. It's brightened the whole castle as surely as if Nek Chand had filled the halls with his colorful stuffed figures and stones with soul.

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336578-396572. Bach: Flute Sonatas—Rampal, flute; Pinnock, harpsichord, etc. (Counts as 2—*Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

317081. Bach: Goldberg Variations—Glenn Gould (*Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

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326983. Bach: Organ Masterpieces—*Toccata & Fugue in D Minor*, etc. A. Newman (Sine Qua Non)

334714-394718. Glenn Gould—Bach, Vol. 2. *French Suites (Nos. 1-6)*; etc.(Counts as 2—CBS Masterworks)

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BEETHOVEN

326090. Beethoven: Cello Sonatas 4 & 5—Yo-Yo Ma, cello; Emanuel Ax, piano (*Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

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332122. Beethoven: String Quartet In A Minor, Op. 132—Fitzwilliam Quartet (*Digital*—London)

334342. Beethoven: Septet For Strings And Winds, Op. 20—Boston Symph. Chamber Players (Nonesuch Silver Series)

232496. Beethoven: Symphony No. 3 (Eroica)—Bernstein and New York Philharmonic (Columbia)

321570. Beethoven: Symphony No. 5; Schubert: Symph. No. 8 (Unfinished)—Maazel, Vienna Philhar. (*Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

331108. Beethoven: Symphony No. 7—Tilson Thomas, English Chamber Orch. (CBS Masterworks)

252874. Beethoven: Symphony No. 9 (Choral)—Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orch. (Columbia)

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BRAHMS

307884. Brahms: Double Concerto—Zukerman, violin; Harrell, cello; Mehta, N.Y. Phil. (Columbia)

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330118. Brahms: String Quintets in F and G Major—Boston Sym. Chamber Players (*Digital*—Nonesuch)

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326280. Brahms: Violin Concerto—Isaac Stern; Ormandy, Philadelphia Orch. (CBS Great Performances)

337774. Brahms & Mozart Clarinet Quintets—Michele Zukovsky and Sequoia String Quartet (*Digital*—*Nonesuch*)

CHOPIN

306183. Chopin: Piano Concerto No. 1—Murray Perahia; Zubin Mehta and N.Y. Phil. (*Columbia*)

330100. Chopin: Piano Concerto No. 2; Saint-Saens; Concerto No. 2—Licad; Previn, London Phil. (*Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

329144. Chopin: Waltzes, Mazurkas, Polonaises—Ivan Moravec, piano (*Digital*—Vox Cum Laude)

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HAYDN

326561. Haydn: 3 Favorite Concertos—Cello in D (Yo-Yo Ma); Violin in C (Cho-Liang Lin); Trumpet in E-Flat (Wynton Marsalis). (CBS Masterworks)

257956. Haydn: Symphony No. 101 (Clock), **No. 103** (Drum Roll)—Bernstein, N.Y. Phil. (Columbia)

332569. Haydn: Symphony No. 94 (Surprise), **No. 100** (Military)—Solti, London Phil. (*Digital*—London)

MAHLER

334508. Mahler: Symphony No. 1 (Titan)—Muti cond. Philadelphia Orch. (*Digital*—Angel)

329094-399097. Mahler: Symphony No. 2 (Resurrection)—Lorin Maazel, Vienna Phil. (Counts as 2—*Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

317685. Mahler: Symphony No. 4—Ameling; Previn, Pittsburgh Sym. (Angel)

325357. Mahler: Das Lied von der Erde—soloists, New York Philharmonic under Bruno Walter (Masterworks Portrait)

MENDELSSOHN

318824. Mendelssohn: Symphony No. 4 (Italian); **Schumann: Symphony No. 4**—Tennstedt, Berlin Phil. (*Digital*—Angel)

330142. Mendelssohn: Violin Concerto; Saint-Saens: Concerto No. 3—Cho-Liang Lin; Thomas con. (*Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

332056. Mendelssohn: A Midsummer Night's Dream; etc.—Zinman, Rochester Philharmonic (*Digital*—Vox Cum Laude)

MOZART

294264. Mozart: Piano Concerto No. 21 (Elvira Madigan) and **No. 17**—Ashkenazy plays, conducts Philharmonia Or. (London)

328740, Mozart: Piano Concerto 26 (Coronation); **Rondos**—Murray Perahia, English Chamber Orchestra (*Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

337782. Mozart: Divertimento, K. 563—Kremer; Kashkashian; Yo-Yo Ma (*Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

321224. Mozart: Overtures—*Don Giovanni; Cosi Fan Tutte; Marriage of Figaro*; etc. Marriner, Academy of St. Martin (*Digital*—Angel)

338723. Mozart: Requiem—Christopher Hogwood, soloists, chorus, Orch. of Academy of Ancient Music (*Digital*—L'Oiseau Lyre)

314955. Mozart: Symphonies No. 40 & 41 (Jupiter)—Szell, Cleveland Orchestra (CBS Great Performances)

RACHMANINOFF

245043. Rachmaninoff: Piano Concertos No. 1 & 2—Ashkenazy; Previn, London Sym. (London)

334540. Rachmaninoff: Piano Concerto No. 2; Rhapsody On A Theme Of Paganini—Cecile Licad; Abbado, Chicago Symph. (*Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

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334565. Rachmaninoff: Symphony No. 2 (complete version)—Rattle and L.A. Phil. (*Digital*—Angel)

334516. Rachmaninoff: 5 Preludes; 4 Moments musicaux; etc.—Gavrilov, piano (*Digital*—Angel)

SCHUBERT

322487. Schubert: "Death and the Maiden"; "Quartettsatz"—Tokyo String Quartet (*Digital*—Vox Cum Laude)

321729. Schubert: The Impromptus, Op. 90 & 142—Murray Perahia, piano (*Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

325092. Schubert: Sonata in B Flat; etc.—Alicia de Larrocha (*Digital*—London)

TCHAIKOVSKY

318444. Tchaikovsky: 1812 Overture; Serenade For Strings—Muti, Phila. Orch. (*Digital*—Angel)

308874. Tchaikovsky: Piano Concerto No. 1—Gavrilov; Kitaenko cond. (Columbia/Melodiya)

329169. Tchaikovsky: Symphony No. 4—Lorin Maazel, Cleveland Orch. (CBS Masterworks)

245399. Tchaikovsky: Symphony No. 6 (Pathetique)—Ormandy and Phila. Orch. (Columbia)

304352-394353. Tchaikovsky: The Nutcracker—Davis, Toronto Sym. (Counts as 2—Columbia)

336461. Tchaikovsky: Violin Concerto; Serenade—Pinchas Zukerman; Zubin Mehta, Israel Philharmonic (*Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

312777. Tchaikovsky: Capriccio Italien; Rimsky-Korsakoff: Capriccio Espagnol; etc.—Bernstein (CBS Great Performances)

240473. Copland: Appalachian Spring (complete)—Copland and London Symphony (Columbia)

309500. Copland: "Billy The Kid" (Ballet Suite); **Four Dance Episodes from "Rodeo"**—Bernstein cond. (CBS Great Performances)

328005. Debussy: Images (complete); **Estampes**; etc.—Ivan Moravec, pianist (*Digital*—Vox Cum Laude)

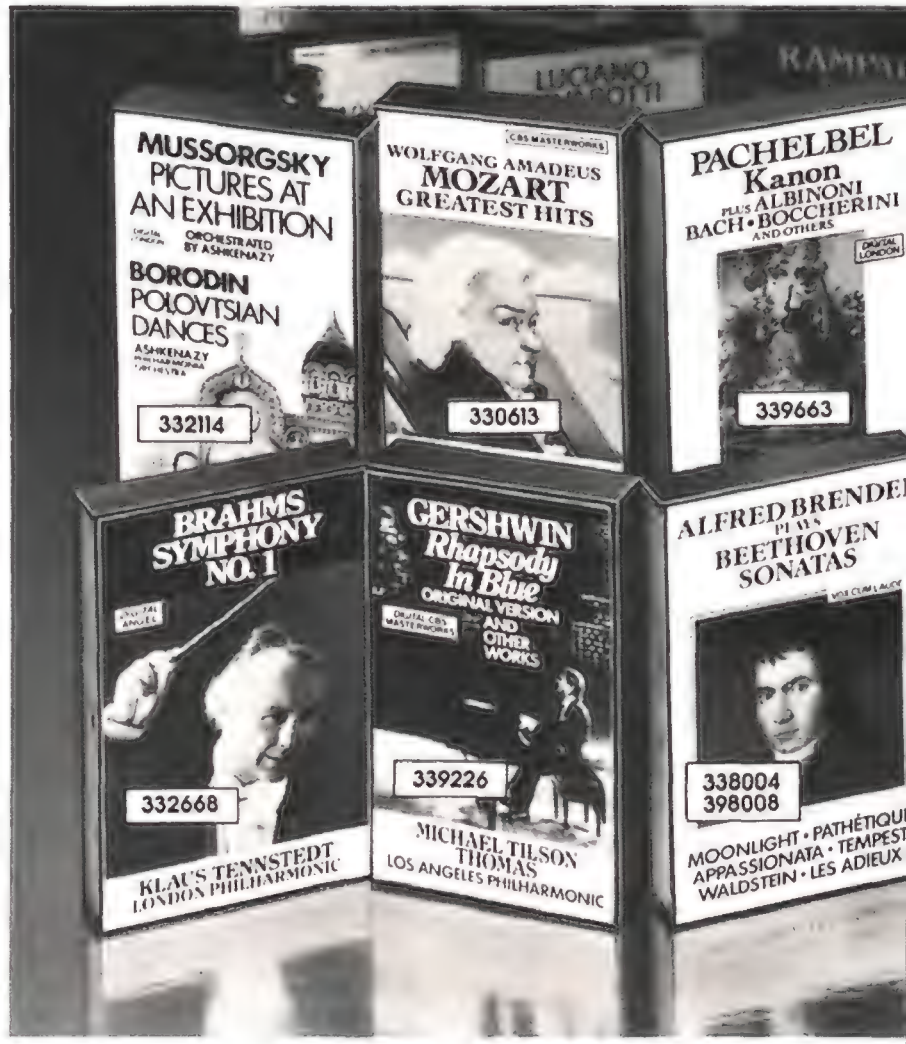
304931. Debussy: Images Fór Orchestra; Prelude To An Afternoon Of A Faun—Previn, London Symph. (*Digital*—Angel)

333450. Shostakovich: Symphony No. 8—Haitin Amsterdam Concertgebouw (*Digital*—London)

326405. Stravinsky: The Firebird (complete ballet)—Dohnanyi; Vienna Phil. (*Digital*—London)

ROMANTICS

331595. Bizet: Carmen Suite; L'Arlesienne Suites 1, 2—Ozawa, Orch. National (*Digital*—Angel)

333518. Bruckner: Symphony No. 7—Chailly, RSO Berlin (*Digital*—London)

BAROQUE

323543. Handel: Royal Fireworks Music; Oboe Concertos 1-3—Karl Munchinger, Stuttgart Chamber Orch. (*Digital*—London)

329615. Handel: Water Music. Malgorie, La Grande Ecurie & la Chambre duRoy (*Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

324897. Vivaldi: Four Seasons—Maazel, cond. (*Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

332544. Vivaldi: 6 Flute Concerti. Op. 10—Rampal; Scimone, I Solisti Veneti (*Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

324525. An Isaac Stern Vivaldi Gala: Concertos For 2 and 3 Violins; etc. Stern, Zukerman, Perlman, etc. (CBS Masterworks)

MODERN

329714. Bartok: Concerto for Orchestra; Dance Suite—Solti conducts Chicago Sym. (*Digital*—London)

325316. Bartok: Violin Concerto No. 2; Rhapsodies 1-2—Isaac Stern; Bernstein, New York Phil. (Masterworks Portrait)

325274. Berg: Lulu Suite—also works by Webern and Schoenberg. Philadelphia Orch., Ormandy (Masterworks Portrait)

263293. Bolling: Suite For Flute and Jazz Piano—Jean-Pierre Rampal and Claude Bolling (Columbia)

326439. Copland: Rodeo; Dance Symphony; El Salon Mexico; Fanfare for Common Man—Dorati, Detroit Sym. (*Digital*—London)

331439. Enesco: Violin Sonata No. 3; Dvorak: 4 Romantic Pieces, Op. 75; etc.—Stern, violin; Zakin, piano (CBS Masterworks)

321471. Gershwin: Concerto in F; An American In Paris; Rhapsody In Blue—Andre Previn and London Symphony (Angel)

326488. Gershwin: Porgy & Bess Suite; Second Rhapsody; Cuban Overture—Previn, London Symph. (*Digital*—Angel)

319004. Glass, Philip: The Photographer—(CBS)

326272. Holst: The Planets—Bernstein, New York Phil. (CBS Great Performances)

330126. Kodaly: Hary Janos Suite; Alfven: Swedish Rhapsody—Comissiona, Baltimore Symphony (*Digital*—Vox Cum Laude)

318691. Prokofiev: Love For Three Oranges Suite; Lt. Kije Suite—Michael Tilson Thomas, Los Angeles Phil. (CBS Masterworks)

338731. Prokofiev: Symphonies No. 1 (Classical) **& 7**; etc.—Previn, London Sym. (*Digital*—Angel)

318451. Ravel: Bolero; Pavane; Daphnis Et Chloe (Suite No. 2)—Andre Previn, London Symphony (Angel)

331447. Ravel: Ma Mere L'Oye (Mother Goose); **Le Tombeau De Couperin**; etc.—Dutoit, Montreal Sym. (*Digital*—London)

324533. Respighi: Feste Romane; Pines & Fountains Of Rome—Dutoit, Orch. de Montreal (*Digital*—London)

326454. Dvorak: Cello Concerto; Bruch: Kol Nidrei—Harrell, cello; Ashkenazy cond. (*Digital*—London)

333526-393520. Dvorak: Slavonic Dances (Op. 46, 72); **American Suite**—Dorati, Royal Phil. (Counts as 2—*Digital*—London)

325183. Dvorak: Symphony No. 9 (New World)—Solti, Chicago Symph. Orch. (*Digital*—London)

333575. Elgar: Enigma Variations; Pomp And Circumstance Marches—A. Davis, Philharmonia Or (*Digital*—CBS Masterwork

336990. Grieg: Peer Gynt (Incidental Music)—Lucia Popp; Marriner, Academy St. Martin (*Digital*—Angel)

321190. Liszt: Hungarian Rhapsodies 1 & 4; more—Boskovsky cond. (Angel)

338228. Offenbach: Gaite Parisienne; Gounod: "Faust" Ballet Music—Dutoit, Orch. symphoniqu Montreal (*Digital*—Londo

318436. Rimsky-Korsakov Scheherazade—Yevgeny Svetlanov and the Londo Symphony Orch. (Angel)

338749. Rossini: Overture—*William Tell, La Scala di Seta; Semiramide*; others. Muti, Philharmonia Orch. (*Digitally remastered*–An

325100. Saint-Saens: Carnival of the Animals; etc.—Philip Jones Brass Ensemble (*Digital*—Londo

331082. Saint-Saens: Symphony No. 3 (Organ) Hurford; Dutoit, Montreal Sym. (*Digital*—London)

260. Salieri: Sinfonia neziana; more—Pesko d London Symphony S Masterworks)

771. Sibelius: Symnies No. 4 and **7**—glund, Helsinki Philharnic Or. *(Digital*—Angel)

250. Sibelius: Violin ncerto; Schumann: in Concerto—mer; Muti, Philharmonia h. *(Digital*—Angel)

888. Smetana: Moldau, ered Bride Overture, ces; etc. Bernstein, Phil. (Columbia)

310086. Wagner: Overtures —*Flying Dutchman, Rienzi,* etc. Maazel, Philharmonia Orch. (Columbia)

337451. Wagner: Siegfried Idyll—also Tchaikovsky's *Andante Cantabile;* Grieg's *Two Elegiac Melodies;* many others. Marriner, Academy of St. Martin-In-The-Fields *(Digital*—Angel)

VIRTUOSO!

328013. Nancy Allen—virtuoso harpist in music by Ravel and Debussy. With Rampal, Tokyo String Quartet *(Digital*—Angel)

325886. Liona Boyd—Live In Tokyo. Works by Dowland, Soler, Falla, etc. *(Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

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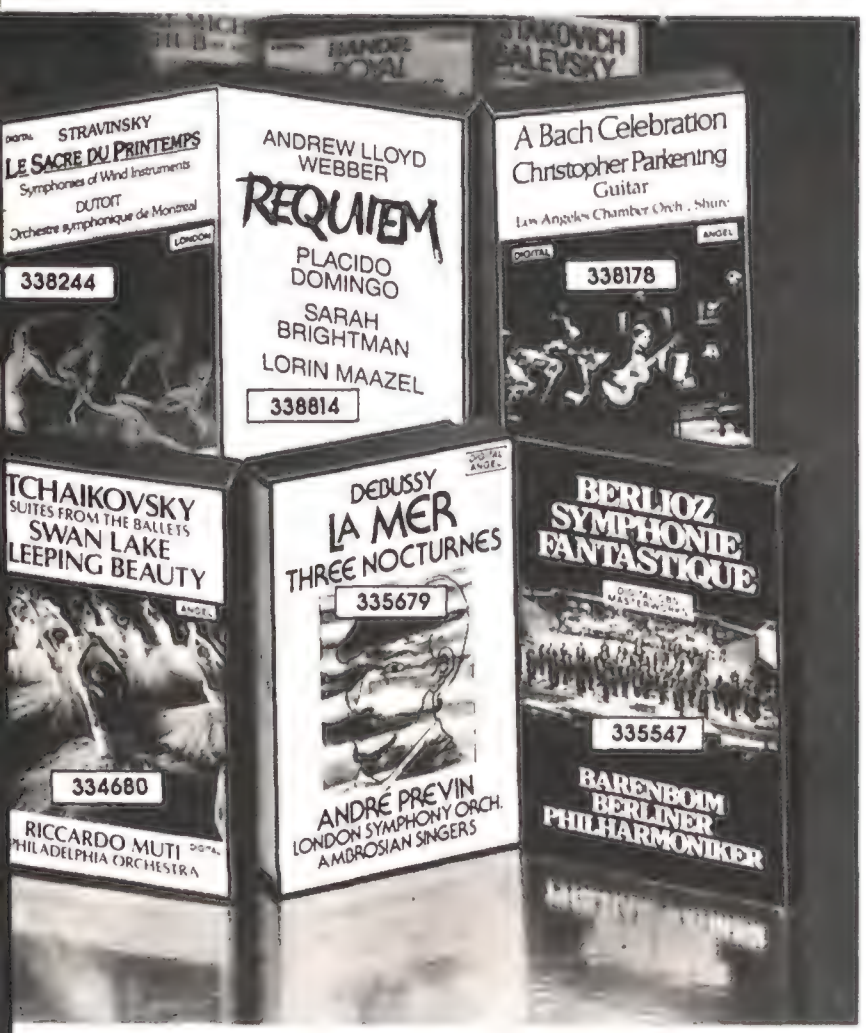

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Phenomena, comment and notes

Bears in the culverts, salamanders in the pool: biologists find that field study, like charity, begins at home

Science is wonderful. Once I worked downtown. Now I work in a cliff-organic detritus ecosystem. At night I don't just go home; I cross a remnant ecosystem/ natural island to the urban savannah.

Such labels are new to me, and they are relatively new to the world. I spent a November weekend at the National Zoo in Washington, attending a symposium called Wildlife Survivors in the Human Niche. The organized study of urban wildlife is about 15 years old, dating back to a 1968 symposium sponsored by the Department of the Interior. In the past ten years there have been a few others. And even in a journal with the title *Urban Ecology*, as Professor Robert S. Dorney of the University of Waterloo pointed out, only about ten percent of the papers within the past decade have to do with wildlife; the majority treat pollution, forestry and social issues.

Now it would seem the field is beginning to catch on. Aelred Geis, who did the pioneering studies of wildlife in the new town of Columbia, Maryland, is the first urban wildlife specialist of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service. By something more than coincidence, Columbia is the home of the National Institute for Urban Wildlife, which plans to run its own symposium on urban wildlife next November. The Institute has published a guide to urban wildlife management and a series of updated teaching materials for fourth through seventh grades.

To me, urban has always meant concrete canyons, habitat for the nighthawks and chimney swifts on the "cliffs" as well as the rats and feral dogs that feed on the "organic detritus" otherwise known as garbage. (Central cities may even be advantageous places for the aforementioned predators. Cities are heat islands, and the rising warm air may carry their insect prey to greater heights—and vulnerability—than usual.)

But for these wildlife specialists, urban means the built-up city, suburbs and beyond to what were once called exurbs: those largely undeveloped areas where some city workers choose to live. Dorney defines the urban shadow as extending as far as commuters will travel. If you think of urban wildlife as everything that lives in areas affected by human activity, then a large fraction of the wildlife in the United States is urban and should be studied as such. A recent issue of *Ecology* argues, in fact, that you have to have a "patch" of land the size of Great Smoky

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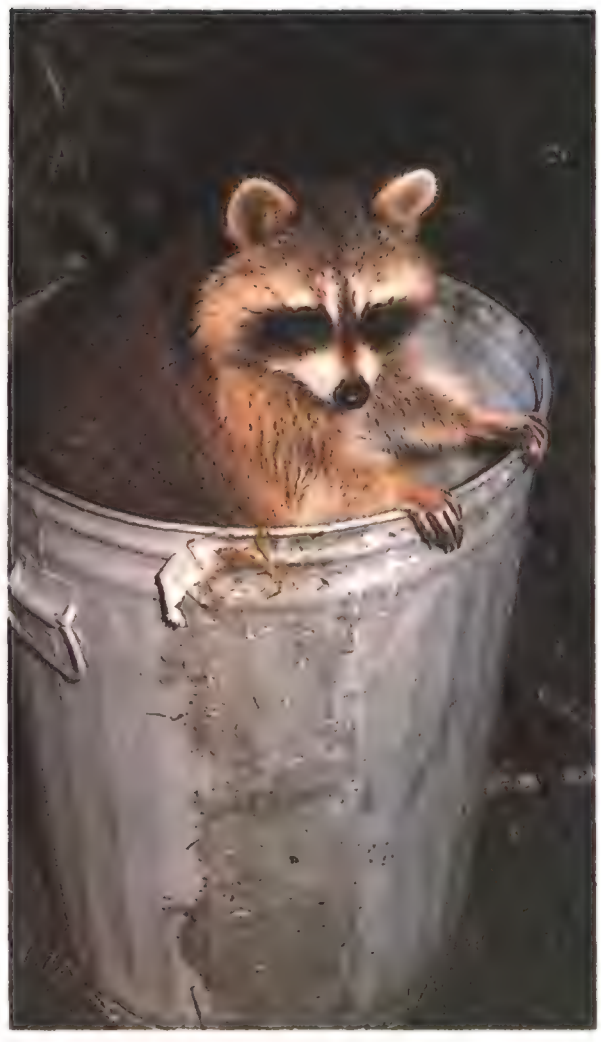
Mountains National Park to see wildlife nearly free of urban effects.

The field is still so new, Dorney explains, that scientists have yet to devise some standard methods and units. Work done in one city may not be comparable to that in another, and studies in North America often cannot be compared with studies in Europe. Further, most of the work done so far in North America has been done primarily in one biome, areas that once were eastern deciduous forests. Urban wildlife in the tropics, deserts, northern coniferous forests or the Arctic has hardly been studied at all. We are in on almost the very beginning.

Even in the Northeast, we are still finding out which wildlife manages to coexist with us. Charles Stine, a practicing dentist who has gone on to become a doctor of science and teach ecology and animal behavior at Johns Hopkins, noted the amphibians found in the Baltimore metropolitian area: bullfrogs and leopard frogs, American toads and spring peepers, and spotted salamanders. Gray tree frogs invaded a neighbor's pool and attempted to breed there; hundreds of red-backed salamanders drowned when they crawled under the cover of another pool.



Raccoons are one opportunistic species that has adapted to the urban ecosystem.

Vagan Flyger, professor of animal science at the University of Maryland, talked about the stresses of city-park crowding on gray squirrels and the scars they carry—signs of life completely different from their country cousins. He startled me with the statement that a nocturnal animal I have never seen is even more common than the gray in metropolitan Washington: the flying squirrel (SMITHSONIAN, June 1985). A little peanut butter smeared high on the trunk of a tree will bring them, he said, and by the time you read this I will know if it works.

Biologist Gary Alt of the Pennsylvania Game Commission brought down the house with his accounts of finding and removing members of one mammal species that dens in highway culverts and rock piles and hollow trees as close as 50 feet to occupied houses: black bears. Imagine the feelings of the homeowner who angrily demanded to know what Alt was doing in his front yard with a radio antenna. Alt pounded on a tree with a

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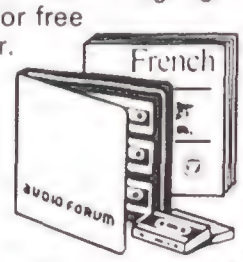

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piece of two-by-four, they heard a *Woof!* and a radio-collared bear emerged, none too happy at the disturbance.

The study of urban wildlife involves finding out which creatures can live in human environments and the how and why. With understanding comes the ability to manage human environments in ways to attract a more diverse wildlife, a goal most people polled say they want. This is not a new idea, of course. A pamphlet on how to attract birds has nearly been sold out at the Government Printing Office. Craig Tufts reported at the symposium that more than 2.5 million copies of a National Wildlife Federation reprint on backyard habitats have been distributed since it was published in 1973. But the more we know, the better we can do.

Management can take many forms. The engineering of suburban subdivisions includes provision for storm-water runoff, a necessity when water has been concentrated by roofs, roads and parking lots. Unchecked runoff means less recharging of groundwater supply, more flooding downstream, increased erosion and sediment transport. Instead, some water is channeled into detention basins, where it is held temporarily, or into permanent retention ponds. These last can also serve to attract more wildlife than ponds in more rural areas.

Columbia, Maryland (again!), has had remarkable success. Lowell Adams of the National Institute for Urban Wildlife there gave a checklist for wildlife found in the impoundments one spring and summer. Mallards nested on the ponds (as did pairs of Canada geese, mute swans and wood ducks). Great blue and green-backed herons fed there, along with killdeer, snipes and sandpipers. Swallows, martins and swifts hunted insects over the water. Green frogs and bullfrogs moved in.

Urban wildlife may never be glamorous. But it somehow seems philosophically satisfying to start literally in one's own backyard. And it is exciting to feel that one's own beginning coincides with the beginning of another step in the human search for understanding. Besides, it is more fun to look out the window as I type and see not a minuscule backyard but rather the urban savannah. Who knows what's out there?

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By Timothy Foote

Fifty years on, 'O Best Beloved,' Kipling is making a comeback

In the half century since his death, interest has risen about the elusive genius who created Kim, Mowgli and all of the others

It is 50 years since Rudyard Kipling died, and close to a century since—hardly more than a boy—he burst like a starshell over the sonorous gloom and decadent filigree of late Victorian literature. Esthetes like Oscar Wilde and Aubrey Beardsley had about run their course. Kipling was a new voice. He was brash and he was brilliant, and he wrote like a house afire, both in verse and prose, and readers couldn't get enough of him.

He dropped his aitches artfully and he sang rough songs about common soldiers and told tall tales about subalterns, some apparently able to run a subcontinent single-handed. In an age not noted for candor (or realism) he dealt briskly with war and casual death, cruelty and the cost of discipline, addiction to the Black Smoke (opium) and seasonal seductions in Simla, the summer capital of the British Raj in darkest India. In the world of the young Kipling, a Djinn might come out of a bottle, but a Martini was a rifle and the writer seemed to know all about its action and muzzle velocity. And if the Sahibs he chronicled were not always pukka (true), Kipling still saw in the work of empire the likeness of a noble aspiration.

He was only 23 when he turned out "The Man Who Would Be King," a matchless adventure story with a built-in moral. Soon afterward he was rich and revered, and nearly as famous as a modern rock star. In 1901 he brought out *Kim*, a long, loving and philosophical meditation upon India that masquerades as a tale of espionage and of growing up. It was a masterpiece. In 1907 he became the first Englishman to win the Nobel Prize in Literature. A citation noted "primordial imaginative power," celebration of "courage, self-sacrifice and loyalty" and a "feeling for the poetry of nature."

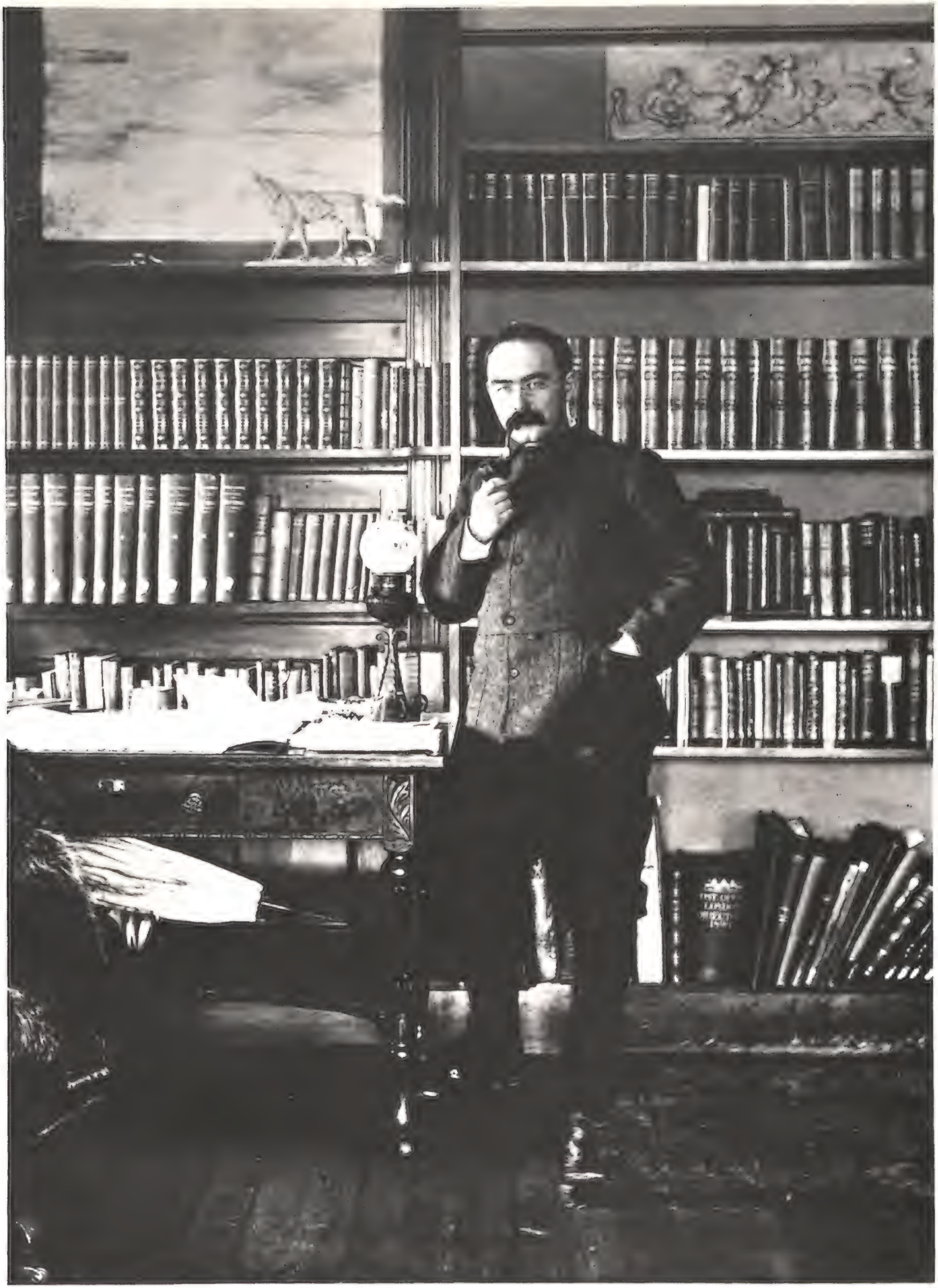
Whole generations of young readers—he addressed them as "O Best Beloved"—have joyfully learned from Kipling how the First Cat tricked the First Woman into giving it a place near the fire by making the First Baby laugh, and how with help from his insatiable curiosity the elephant's child got his trunk on the banks of the great gray-green, greasy Limpopo River. They know the Law of the Jungle as laid down for Mowgli by Baloo the Bear and Bagheera the Black Panther. Legions of parents pinned "If" to the wall, fondly hoping it would inspire their children (as late as 1937 it was the favorite poem of the graduating class of such a sophisticated place as Princeton University).

Kipling still takes up 13 pages in *Bartlett's Familiar Quotations*, and two columns in *Books in Print*. He is probably the most quoted (as well as misquoted) writer of his century. He is certainly the last to have sizable chunks of his verse learned by heart. He is also the writer who, for decades, the Higher Criticism consigned to the ash heap of history as a brute, a bully, a jingo imperialist and a committer of vulgar doggerel.

Everyone agrees, however, that this genius of perplexing reputation loved children. At the drop of a hat he would forsake adult company to play with children, listen to them and tell them stories. In all other respects he was an intensely private man, whose personal life and papers were fiercely protected. Kipling regarded curiosity about the private lives of famous people as "the Higher Cannibalism." At the end of his life he begged his readers to let him lie "quiet in that night which shall be yours anon." And for "the little, little span/ the dead are borne in mind, Seek not to question other than/ The books I leave behind."

It is easy to sympathize.

And yet, and yet. For anyone who has been happily carried away by the roll and thump of Kipling's music-hall verses, or by the austere eloquence in poems of sorrow and service, or followed the man in stories from



In 1893, world-famous at 28, Kipling allowed a rare portrait in his book-lined, Vermont study. The mantelpiece bore an inscription carved by his father: "The Night Cometh When No Man Can Work."

Prettied up illustration romanticized "Drums of the Fore and Aft," a gritty story about how two drunk drummer boys rally a collapsing British regiment.

the distant Punjab to the soft green fields of Sussex, which Kipling used as a takeoff point for time travels into English history, it is hard to feel like a cannibal for wanting to know more about the man's life. And the life, like the talent, is an astonishment.

On both sides, Kipling's people were fierce Wesleyite Methodists who believed in hard work as the key to salvation, and the Devil take the hindmost. Kipling often showed what he called his "pulpit streak." But there were other strains as well. His mother, one of the five clever Macdonald sisters, was celebrated in the family for having tossed a treasured lock of John Wesley's hair into the fire, exclaiming "Hair of the dog that bit us!" His father, John Lockwood Kipling, was devoted to learning and skilled at art and design. At age 28 he got a good appointment, to run the Sir Jamset Jeejeebhoy School of Art in Bombay, married Miss Macdonald and moved to India, where Joseph Rudyard Kipling was born December 30, 1865.

Not far away from the Bombay house stood a Tower of Silence on which Parsees exposed their dead, to be dried by the sun and borne away by kites and vultures. One of Kipling's earliest memories was of his mother's distress "when she found a child's hand in our garden and said I should not ask questions about it. I wanted to see that child's hand." Ordinarily Kipling's garden was filled with fine flowering trees and loving servants who spoke in Hindi and seem to have spoiled Ruddy; it is remembered that the unruly boy tossed lumps of clay into the classrooms at the art school. History also records that once, on a visit to England at age three, he chugged down High Street in the town of Bewdley shouting, "Out of the way, out of the way, there's an angry Ruddy coming!"

What with typhoid, cholera and heat, death did not take many holidays in India. At six, Kipling's parents packed him and his three-year-old sister, Trix, off to England for safety, to board at the house of a woman whose name they got from an ad in the newspapers.

The Bible was his punishment

Trix was made much of. But as everyone knows who has read the sad, fierce story "Baa, Baa, Black Sheep," Kipling was mistreated, unfairly punished, told he was bad and sent off to school wearing on his back a sign that said LIAR. Critics have suggested that the experience explains the cruelty that sometimes appears in his stories, and the high frequency of revenge as a theme. Kipling denied this. He did say that it made him pay attention "to the lies I soon found it necessary to tell: and this, I presume, is the foundation of literary effort." One of his punishments—until his tormentors discovered that he enjoyed it—was to be sent to his room to read the Bible. He had a prodigious

Formidable Ruddy at age six, in 1871, and (right) as a benign raconteur of 37 surrounded by shipboard friends, telling stories during trip to Capetown in 1902.

memory; the sound of the Old Testament would ring in his writings for a lifetime.

After five years of this, Kipling was sent to an army cram school in Devon for the sons of not-so-well-off officers. He was smallish, nonathletic, with dark beetling brows (Henry James would later describe him as "the little black demon of genius"). His thick, pebble glasses blocked him from any career in the army. But he was tough, funny and clever. He read his head off and made his mark as school wit and versifier. Moreover, he won a permanent role playing the part of Beetle in the genial skirmishing with housemasters and bullies that would become *Stalky & Co.*

As the time for graduation approached, his worried father wrote the headmaster about Ruddy: "I must confess that it is the moral side I dread a breakdown on. I don't think he has the stuff to resist temptation. Journalism seems to be especially invented for such desultory souls." Lockwood Kipling feared that the impressionable youth might come to grief in sinful, bohemian London. And so it was that in 1882, not yet 17, Ruddy was dispatched to Lahore, to become "50 percent of the staff" of the *Civil and Military Gazette*, a frontier daily. Lahore was in the Punjab, part of India's northwest frontier confronting Afghanistan. It was standard practice to take 30 grains of quinine in your sherry. Men and women died all about him, from typhoid and cholera. The night, Kipling wrote, "got into my head," setting off a habit of sleeplessness that plagued him all his life. For relief he prowled the dingy world of all-night liquor shops and opium dens, looking for reportorial color.

He broke down twice from heat and fatigue and disease. But he managed to work ten to 15 hours a day under the rather hellish conditions described at the start of "The Man Who Would Be King." And as an escape from what he called "the horror of the great darkness" he wrote much of what would become his first two books, *Departmental Ditties* and *Plain Tales from the Hills*. In the latter was "The Gate of a Hundred Sorrows," a shattering monolog by an opium addict whose subtly orchestrated diminution of will and interest is more familiar to readers today than it was to shocked English audiences in 1888.

He learned to write fast, and short. He traveled as reporter, covering all the constructive work of empire which in the Punjab was largely administered by the army. He would always have an insatiable curiosity about work, how it was done, the men and even the machinery that did it. It was the people, Indian and Briton alike, who, sweating and risking their lives, actually farmed the land, dug the wells, built the dams and bridges, set up medical dispensaries, that he admired all his life. He called them the Sons of Martha (as opposed to the Sons of Mary who did not have to work) and he tended not to include politicians in this

Expressive portrait of Cat that Walked by Himself was best of pictures Kipling did for his own books.

useful group. Naturally he was interested in war, too. Though he sometimes showed an infernal, boyish glee in writing about it, there was nothing glorious in the treatment: "When you're wounded and left on Afghanistan's plains/ And the women come out to cut up what remains,/ Jest roll to your rifle and blow out your brains,/ An' go to your *Gawd* like a soldier."

He never actually saw a battle, though, the Second AfghanWar having ended before his return to India. When he moved on to a job in Allahabad, he found that the newspaper there ran three- and four-thousand-word short stories, often reprints of famous writers like Bret Harte. Why waste money? he asked. I'll write them. And, on top of his full-time job, he did.

After six and a half years he sold all his stories and poems for £250 to a company that had offered them in paperback editions at railway stations in India. Putting all his money together he set out around the world. The house where he took cheap rooms when he reached London, on Villiers Street beside Charing Cross Station, now sports a royal blue medallion saying that he lived there. But in 1889, the cheeky sign he put up read: "To publishers, Classics while you wait."

In less than two years he was a celebrity, praised by everyone from Oscar Wilde to Henry James. Magazines and newspapers clamored for his stories and poems. No one since Dickens had had such a rapid rise, such a lightning facility with words. Perhaps partly as an attempt to exorcise the experience of falling in love with the wrong woman, a bachelor girl named Flo Garrard, he tried a novel, with Flo as the prototype for Maisie, an artist-heroine who won't agree to marry. *The Light that Failed* came with two endings, one in which boy gets girl, one in which boy loses girl—plus his sight and his life as well—but, except perhaps for love-sick youths longing for romance and adventure, modern readers are likely to find it a fizzle either way. Kipling's later poem, "The Vampire," may have gone straighter to the mark:

> A fool there was and he made his prayer
> (Even as you and I!)
> To a rag and a bone and a hank of hair
> (We called her the woman who did not care)
> But the fool he called her his lady fair
> (Even as you and I!)

He was not much happier about some of the literary company his new fame made him keep: "I consort with long-haired things/ In velvet collar-rolls,/ Who talk about the Aims of Art,/ And 'theories' and 'goals,'/ And moo and coo with womenfolk/ About their blessed souls." In 1890, suffering from something like a nervous breakdown, Kipling quit London, setting out on a soothing voyage.

He would always say how fortunate he was that life had dealt him the cards it did, that all he had to do was play them as they lay: the two childhoods, East and West, that gave him two worlds; the journalism that taught him his trade and gave him the whole dazzling tapestry of India to work on. But beginning in 1890, fate or chance seemed to jerk him crankily about. After his sea voyage he made friends with a young American, Wolcott Balestier. He met Balestier's sister Caroline, and soon was collaborating with him on *The Naulahka*, another romantic novel featuring another girl, an American this time, who wouldn't say "Yes." Except for spots of brilliant writing about the intrigue in a petty Rajah's palace, *The Naulahka* is best forgotten. Kipling took to the seas again, but during the voyage Wolcott Balestier died suddenly. Kipling was called back. On January 18, 1891, just eight days after he reached England, he and Caroline were married. No other Kiplings were there. But Henry James gave the bride away.

They settled in Vermont where the fates pursued Kipling once more. He was looking for a home, and

A member of SMITHSONIAN*'s Board of Editors, the writer also serves on the Executive Board of the National Book Critics' Circle.*

space, outside of England—which he called "my favorite foreign country"—and he took to the New England landscape around Brattleboro where his wife's family lived. Surrounded by snow in a rented cottage in 1892, he wrote the first *Jungle Book*, his imagination dreaming backward to India and the green mysteries of the Seeonee Hills and steamy Waingunga River. Then he built a large house and wrote the *Just So Stories* and *Captains Courageous*, the latter filled with characteristically careful reporting about the work and rigging of a Gloucester fishing schooner.

Teddy Roosevelt and "reeking bounders"

Kipling liked many Americans, one of them being Theodore Roosevelt. But he was far from diplomatic. "I never got over the wonder," he wrote, after a visit to the Smithsonian, "of a people who, having extirpated the aboriginals of their continent more completely than any modern race had ever done, honestly believed that they were a godly little New England community, setting examples to brutal mankind." When he explained this to T.R., "he made the glass cases of Indian relics shake with his rebuttals."

New York he saw as "the shiftless outcome of squalid barbarism and reckless extravagance." And though many Americans in the time of Grover Cleveland agreed with his description of Washington, D.C., as a place of "reeking bounders," some did not appreciate the judgment coming from a 27-year-old English visitor, even if he *was* a genius.

Unfortunately, America outraged one of Kipling's deepest convictions, his belief in the Law. By the word he did not mean a set of statutes, or even legal justice. He meant an agreed-upon and widely held conviction of the need for self-discipline in behavior, and more or less fair dealing in public and private affairs. After his experience in India, he considered such law the only hope of holding natural disorder at bay in a world essentially inclined to chaos. The United States, he said, had "unlimited and meticulous legality, but of law abidingness, not a trace."

As if to illustrate the point, his brother-in-law Beatty Balestier, a charming deadbeat given to easy anger, got into a smoldering argument over the use of some land, and one day in a fit of rage, threatened to kill Kipling. A foolish lawsuit against Beatty, which Kipling won, gave the American papers a field day. In 1896 the Kiplings packed up and went back to England.

Three years later, when they ventured back, at least as far as New York, Beatty threatened a countersuit. He had no case, but could promise more frightful publicity. Just at that moment Kipling came down with pneumonia. Besieged by the press, which treated the story as front-page news, his wife and Frank Double-

Kipling's patriotism stirred Max Beerbohm to this cartoon showing him out with "Britannia, 'is girl."

Best of many Kipling films was 1975 *Man Who Would Be King*. Christopher Plummer (left) was Kipling.

day, his U.S. publisher and lifelong friend, stood round-the-clock watch. He finally recovered. What they could not tell him, as his own life hung in the balance, was that during his illness his daughter Josephine, seven, the "O Best Beloved" for whom he told the *Just So Stories*, had died of fever.

All his life Kipling had suffered from "deep melancholy and self-distrust," a sort of free-floating angst. His child's death was a specific wound, the first of two that he would never recover from. He lived for 37 more years. For decades to come in America, Kipling was a leader on the Doubleday sales list. But he never set foot in the United States again.

Earliest published books were these paperbacks sold for one rupee apiece in Indian railway stations.

He had long attacked his own countrymen for their sneering treatment of British soldiers and their families, and for "making mock of uniforms that guard you while you sleep": "For it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, and 'Chuck him out, the brute!'/ But it's 'Saviour of 'is country' when the guns begin to shoot." People back home didn't understand the real England ("What should they know of England, that only England know?"). He, at least, saw England not as a remote, indifferent little island, but as a worldwide community aimed at gradual progress. Now, near the turn of the century, two poems appeared that would later draw violent criticism, but defined his view of imperialism and foreshadowed his growing distress at Britain's increasing failure to live up to the responsibilities of empire. One was written as a warning to Teddy Roosevelt, then embarking on what Kipling correctly feared might be frivolous colonial adventures in the Philippines: "Take up the White Man's burden—/ Send forth the best ye breed—/ Go bind your sons to exile/ To serve your captives' need."

The second was "Recessional." A great hymn, whatever its sentiments, it was taken as a paean of praise to the British Empire and to Queen Victoria on her Diamond Jubilee. But it is something else, a warning written out of deep misgivings, about the brevity of power and the dangers of its arrogant misuse:

> Far-called, our navies melt away;
> On dune and headland sinks the fire:
> Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
> Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
> Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
> Lest we forget—lest we forget!
>
> If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
> Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
> Such boasting as the Gentiles use,
> Or lesser breeds without the Law—
> Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
> Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For more than 30 years Kipling would watch, and often protest in silly ways, as his country, in the name of peace but actually through fecklessness and failure of will, grew weak, abandoned its responsibility to the people of its empire and stumbled, unprepared, toward three wars.

The first, against the Boers, was so ineptly conducted that it cost England 22,000 unnecessary casualties. Kipling complained in polemical verses, and raised £250,000 for the relief of common soldiers. On the scene in South Africa, along with reporting, he helped see that the wounded got medical care. Afterward, when Old Boys and generals did not seem to learn from their mistakes, an angry Ruddy struck out at them, "The flannelled fools at the wicket/ The muddied oafs at the goals."

In the second war Kipling lost his son John, just 18, killed at the Battle of Loos in 1915, as a subaltern in the Irish Guards. His father had used army connections to help get the boy a commission. Mostly he spared others his grief. But one poem mercilessly said it all, for himself and all parents: "That flesh we had nursed from the first in all cleanness was given/ To corruption unveiled and assailed by the malice of Heaven/ By the heartshaking jests of Decay where it lolled on the wires/ To be blanched or gay-painted by fumes—to be cindered by fires."

The verses reproduced throughout the article were taken from *Kipling's Verse: A Definitive Edition*, Doubleday and Co. Inc.

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Mowgli's greatest friend and teacher in *Jungle Books* is Bagheera, the sophisticated black panther.

This splendid illustration by E. J. Detmold shows moment when the boy first learns the use of fire.

A Kipling Sampler:

Yet, if you enter the woods
Of a summer evening late,
When the night-air cools on the trout-ringed pools
Where the otter whistles his mate,
(They fear not men in the woods,
Because they see so few.)
You will hear the beat of a horse's feet,
And the swish of a skirt in the dew,
Steadily cantering through
The misty solitudes,
As though they perfectly knew
The old lost road through the woods. . . .
But there is no road through the woods.
(From "The Way through the Woods")

'What makes the rear-rank breathe so'ard?' said Files-on-Parade.
'It's bitter cold, it's bitter cold,' the Colour-Sergeant said.
'What makes that front-rank man fall down?' said Files-on-Parade.
'A touch o' sun, a touch o' sun,' the Colour-Sergeant said.
They are hangin' Danny Deever, they are marchin of 'im round,
They 'ave 'alted Danny Deever by 'is coffin on the ground;
An' 'e'll swing in 'arf a minute for a sneakin 'shootin 'hound—
O they're hangin' Danny Deever in the mornin'!
(From "Danny Deever")

Ah! What avails the classic bent
And what the cultured word,
Against the undoctored incident
That actually occurred? . . .

It is not learning, grace nor gear,
Nor easy meat and drink,
But bitter pinch of pain and fear
That makes creation think.
(From "The Benefactors")

Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet,
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great Judgment Seat;
But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed, nor Birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, though they come from the ends of the earth!
(From "The Ballad of East and West")

The female of the species is more deadly than the male.
(From "The Female of the Species")

He went back through the Wet Wild Woods waving his wild tail, and walking by his wild lone. But he never told anybody.
(From "The Cat That Walked By Himself")

Now this is the Law of the Jungle—as old and as true as the sky;
And the Wolf that shall keep it may prosper, but the Wolf that shall break it must die.

As the creeper that girdles the tree-trunk the Law runneth forward and back—
For the strength of the Pack is the Wolf, and the strength of the Wolf is the Pack.
(From *The Second Jungle Book*)

It takes a great deal of Christianity to wipe out uncivilized Eastern instincts, such as falling in love at first sight.
(From *Plain Tales From the Hills*)

The Camel's hump is an ugly lump
Which well you may see at the Zoo;
But uglier yet is the Hump we get
From having too little to do.
(From "How the Camel Got His Hump")

I could not dig: I dared not rob:
Therefore I lied to please the mob.
Now all my lies are proved untrue
And I must face the men I slew,
What tale shall serve me here among
Mine angry and defrauded young?
(From "A Dead Statesman")

The Devil whispered behind the leaves,
"It's pretty but is it Art?"
(From "Conundrum Of The Workshop")

I've taken my fun where I've found it,
An' now I must pay for my fun,
For the more you 'ave known o' the others
The less will you settle to one;
An' the end of it's sittin' and thinkin',
An' dreamin' Hell-fires to see;
So be warned by my lot (which I know you will not),
An' learn about women from me!
(From "The Ladies")

Many religious people are deeply suspicious. They seem—for purely religious purposes, of course—to know more about iniquity than the unregenerate.
(From *Plain Tales From the Hills*)

Take of English earth as much
As either hand may rightly clutch.
In the taking of it breathe
Prayer for all who lie beneath.
Not the great nor well-bespoke,
But the mere uncounted folk
Of whose life and death is none
Report or lamentation.

Lay that earth upon thy heart,
And thy sickness shall depart!
(From *Rewards and Fairies*)

We're little black sheep who've gone astray,
Baa—aa—aa!
Gentlemen-rankers out on the spree,
Damned from here to Eternity,
God ha' mercy on such as we,
Baa! Yah! Bah!
(From "Gentlemen-Rankers")

More men are killed by overwork than the importance of the world justifies.
(From "The Phantom 'Rickshaw")

I 'eard the knives be 'ind me, but I dursn't face my man,
Nor I don't know where I went to,
'cause I didn't 'alt to see,
Till I 'eard a beggar squealin' out for quarter as 'e ran,
An' I thought I knew the voice an'—it was me!
(From "That Day")

Down to Gehenna or up to the Throne,
He travels the fastest who travels alone.
(From "The Winners")

When Earth's last picture is painted and the tubes are twisted and dried,
When the oldest colours have faded, and the youngest critic has died,
We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it—lie down for an aeon or two,
Till the Master of All Good Workmen shall put us to work anew. . . .

And only The Master shall praise us, and only The Master shall blame;
And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for fame,
But each for the joy of the working, and each, in his separate star,
Shall draw the Thing as he sees It for the God of Things as They are!
(From "L'Envoi" to *The Seven Seas*)

He would be asked to write a history of the Irish Guards and to become a commissioner of England's 750,000 war graves. With painful care he did both, and worked as he always had on behalf of veterans.

But if he had spoken for everyone's grief and patriotism during the war, after the war he was at odds with prevailing values, and an avalanche of critical scorn now fell upon him.

The fiercest attacks came from the literary left. England was exhausted from war. English liberals especially were strongly pacifist, hoping the way to untroubled rest lay through appeasement. Many of them, touched by fashionable Marxism, liked to feel that any future hope for international fairness and order lay with the communist experiment. They could see in Kipling's imperial vision only pure hypocrisy or economic exploitation. But Kipling was outraged by what was going on in the Soviet Union. Like Churchill, he also understood that another war with Germany would come unless England and France were strong, and he called for rearmament.

His father illustrated Kipling's three soldiers with bronze relief. From left: Ortheris, Mulvaney, Learoyd.

He had made fun of liberals all his life and once slightingly referred to "brittle intellectuals who crack beneath the strain." He still spoke of heroism, duty, courage and sacrifice, words tarnished by their use to incite the young to face the horrors of trench warfare. Some attacks were genial enough, like this spoof of Kipling and his friend H. Rider Haggard, the author of *She* and *King Solomon's Mines*:

> 'Every Bolsh is a blackguard,'
> Said Kipling to Haggard
> —'And given to tippling,'
> Said Haggard to Kipling
> 'And a blooming outsider,'
> Said Rudyard to Rider.
> —'Their domain is a blood-yard,'
> Said Rider to Rudyard.

Some attacks were not. He found himself labeled a warmonger and a fascist. His writing was dismissed as sadistic and shallow, drenched with bourgeois sentimentality. Besides, wasn't he patronizing the working class, writing all those soldier poems in dialect?

For two decades, according to British historian Paul Johnson, critics and educationists on both sides of the Atlantic assailed him. "This attempted effacement of a great writer," Johnson notes, "is without parallel in any country this side of the Iron Curtain." Critic Edmund Wilson would put it more simply. Kipling, he wrote, "had been dropped out of modern literature."

He died in 1936. The year of Stalin's purges. The year when, unopposed by the British and French, Adolf Hitler marched into the Rhineland.

This spring seminars and ceremonies will mark the half century since Kipling's death. Partly because of that, partly because the copyright on all his work is running out, there will be a rush of new collections and studies. Fortunately for students, and readers generally, a process of critical reassessment has long been under way. It has helped turn the emphasis away from polemics to Kipling's art, to his chameleon poet's skill as a writer.

The reassessment started in the 1940s, most notably with George Orwell and poet-critic T. S. Eliot. Because he came from the political left, Orwell's comment had political impact. Kipling might sometimes be "morally insensitive and aesthetically disgusting," Orwell granted, but he was no fascist. And no capitalist exploiter, either, since he saw British imperialism

In 1900, as war-correspondent (lower right) Kipling covered Britain's inept and costly Boer War in South Africa. He also wrote poems and led rallies to raise money for wounded soldiers and their families.

not as a "money-making concern" but as "a sort of forcible evangelising." Orwell noted that the line "Lesser breeds without the Law" did not refer to benighted natives, but mainly to the lawlessness of the Germans. The term "white man's burden," Orwell suggested, "instantly conjures up a real problem, even if one feels that it ought to be altered to black man's burden." He pointed out the deep feeling and beauty of some of the soldier poems.

A consummate craftsman himself, Eliot praised Kipling's immense skill at verse, his concern for poetic craftsmanship. Noting his music and "remarkable" rhythmic innovations he cited the "Harp Song of the Dane Women" as an example: "What is a woman that you forsake her/ And the hearth fire and the home acre,/ To go with the old grey Widow-maker?"

More important, as one of the high priests of modern criticism, Eliot lent weight to an obvious point: Kipling's verses, written in a long and honorable tradition, were often sneered at simply because the tradition had gone out of style. Just before World War I, rhyme schemes, heavy metrics and poetic language had given way to free verse and Ezra Pound's order "to compose in the sequence of the musical phrase, not in the sequence of the metronome." The new poetry aimed at capturing the exact curve of intricate private experience, and sought the complexities that have made poetry, once widely understood and read aloud, inaccessible to the general public. Accustomed to regard obscurity in a poem as proof of its seriousness, modern critics tended to be "contemptuous of poetry which they understand without effort." Kipling's ballads were aiming at something older and more generous: a poetry of direct statement, written

Desk at Bateman's, the house he lived in for 34 years, looks on Sussex countryside he grew to love.

in order to stir a "response from all readers, and only the response which they can make in common."

The relation between serious criticism and commercial publishing, or the public acceptance of a writer, is fairly tenuous. But biographies and studies proliferate, and within the past decade there has been something of a Kipling boom.

Opinion is still divided, but on different (and more favorable) terms. Some think Kipling's real claim to a place in history owes most to the early writing on India, and soldier stories like "Black Jack" and "On Greenhow Hill." Others prefer the less well-known later stories, notably "An Habitation Enforced" and "The Wish House," mostly set in England and often intricate, abstruse, layered in meaning.

The number of visitors who journey down to Sussex to Bateman's, Kipling's spacious house, has lately jumped from about 5,000 to more than 55,000 a year. Once there they can buy books and see the dam and brook that figure in such later stories as "Under the Mill Dam" and "Friendly Brook." In 1983 in England, as a result of relaxed restrictions on the use of Kipling's letters, out came *O Beloved Kids*, a selection of his letters to his children—no doubt a shocking invasion of privacy, but funny and touching and full of marginal sketches and fond exhortation.

For the past two years actor Alec McCowen has been touring with a compelling, cranky and eloquent stage portrait of Kipling, grumping because people "half quote" him to suit "*their* prejudices," but gradually quoting himself correctly to explain his life.

What emerges is no political thinker, but a stoic man of genius and surpassing literary charm, a gentle-violent man full of affection and knowledge, who took refuge from inner and outer darkness by praising and holding to his idea of the Law, doggedly following duty and work and loyalties outside himself—even as you and I. Fortunately, he could write about, seem to inhabit, and speak for, all manner of animals, people, places and moments in history, re-creating for anyone willing to read, a vision of Victorian India and the England of his dreams.

"If you really want to know what I thought, read the books," McCowen says at the show's end, slamming his hand down on the pile of books on his desk. Pause to glare at the audience. Then he adds scornfully, "But you *won't*."

Perhaps so. But this would be an appropriate year to prove him wrong.

Late in life, with Caroline. "Men and Things come round again," he would write, "eternal as the seasons."

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Three nickels inserted in slot, a twist of the knob at left and presto!—glass hatch popped open, enabling diners to help themselves to fruit pies. Philadelphians regularly ate two million servings of apple a year.

By Daniel Cohen

For food both cold and hot, put your nickels in the slot

Horn & Hardart opened its first Automat eatery in 1902 to serve good dishes cheaply. As the chain thrived, so did the jokers

Even a seasoned Automat customer raises his eyebrows as plum pudding is flambéed in cartoonist's spoof.

In 1930, Jean Harlow arrived in New York for the premiere of Howard Hughes' airplane adventure film *Hell's Angels*. Between personal appearances, the star slipped away to fulfill a cherished dream of life in the big city. Luxuriating at the Savoy-Plaza? Partying till dawn at El Morocco? Not at all. The Blonde Bombshell went straight to an Automat and ate four nickels' worth of baked beans. In those days the cafeteria with its food in coin-operated windows and its coffee spouted from dolphin-head spigots could lure almost any visitor to Gotham. Sleek and airy halls that gleamed with chrome and Carrara marble, the city's three dozen Automats were a symbol of metropolitan worldliness for more than 50 years after their own New York debut in 1912.

The Automat's blend of mass marketing and mock grandeur inspired a *Who's Who* of artists, writers and performers. At various times, Irving Berlin and Ira Gershwin wrote lyrics about the Automat. Filmmakers from Preston Sturges to Francis Ford Coppola set films there. Edward Hopper and Norman Rockwell painted it, and Berenice Abbott included it in her classic photography project, *Changing New York*. The Automat was the butt of jokes by comedians such as Jimmy Durante and Jack Benny, an irresistible target for innumerable cartoonists including Peter Arno and Helen Hokinson, and a periodic backdrop for comic-strip characters from Winnie Winkle to Sad Sack.

For throngs of New Yorkers of every social caste, the Automat worked another kind of magic. It served sturdy, plain fare—macaroni and cheese, beef stew and coconut cream pie—that was confoundingly cheap, soothingly consistent and grabbed without a second's delay. A sandwich, dessert and beverage totaled no more than 30 cents, and even a nickel cup of coffee could be comfortably nursed there all day.

With that unorthodox formula, Horn & Hardart, the company that developed and ran the Automats, served as many as 800,000 meals a day. Although it operated in just two cities, New York and Philadelphia, those sales made Horn & Hardart one of the nation's largest restaurant businesses for more than 25 years, well into the 1950s.

Only one Automat remains in operation today—in New York, at 42nd Street and Third Avenue—but the Automat left behind a remarkable record of the changes in urban life in this century. Its buildings mirrored fashions in architecture and design, from the Gilded Age to the rebirth of historical revivalism. Its recipes for blueberry pie, baked beans and hot cocoa, for example, became classics of "square-meal" cooking that still inspire rhapsodies. "My favorite meal was the roast beef, sweet potatoes and creamed corn," Beverly Sills of the New York City Opera has recalled, adding, "My mother took me there often, after singing lessons

At Sample Table in 1908, Horn (second from left), Hardart (second from right) monitored food quality.

with Estelle Liebling." Enthuses New York's Mayor Koch: "They had absolutely the best coffee ever." Even the Automat's plunge from popularity in the '60s reflects such trends as the meteoric rise of truly automated fast food—the assembly-line hamburger—and today's fashion for more exotic cuisine.

The Automat's founders, Joseph V. Horn and Frank Hardart, met in 1888 when Horn, a young Philadelphian anxious to become a restaurateur, advertised for an experienced partner and received only a single reply, penciled on a scrap torn from a sugar sack: "I'm your man," signed "F. Hardart." On a handshake, the pair opened a tiny, 15-stool lunchroom in central Philadelphia, using $1,000 borrowed from Horn's reluctant family and a recipe for French-style drip coffee that Hardart, a journeyman of the quick-lunch trade, had mastered while growing up in New Orleans. For the next 50 years Horn swore that the first customer had told him, "You serve the finest cup of coffee I've ever tasted." Since Philadelphians of the day were used to sipping boiled coffee clarified with eggshells, few doubted the story.

The lunchroom succeeded and the partners opened several more, along with a central commissary where nearly all the firm's cooking and baking were done to keep costs down. The food was delivered to the outlets around town. In 1898, the two men incorporated as Horn & Hardart Baking Co., with Horn as president and Hardart as secretary-treasurer. Two years later, Hardart, who by then had spent 37 of his 50 years working in lunchrooms, toured Europe to celebrate his hard-won prosperity. On his return, he announced that he had spent $30,000 in Berlin to buy duplicate equipment of that city's celebrated "waiterless restaurant," the Quisisana Company Automat, which dispensed hot and cold food and beverages. When the freighter carrying the assorted hardware sank off the British coast in 1901, Horn & Hardart ordered a replacement, which the company installed at 818 Chestnut Street in Philadelphia in 1902.

Created in a wave of mechanical inventiveness in the 1890s, the Automat seemed to offer a solution to the contamination scares that had swept American cities a decade earlier. Using baths of boiling water and ice, it could serve customers food and beverages—including perishable milk products—at safe temperatures without delay. That made it appealing to the growing number of city dwellers who needed low-cost meals away from home but were skeptical, often with good reason, of the food at corner lunchstands.

The first Automat was, however, relatively complicated to use. Customers deposited a coin, took a brass token, waited for attendants to hand-crank food into the cubbyholes and only then retrieved their order. Horn & Hardart's chief engineer, John Fritsche, began to streamline the contraption, so that its display cases popped open with a twist of a knob. With further redesign, Horn & Hardart made the name Automat synonymous with the nickel-in-the-slot eatery.

"The real trick: sell a good item cheaply"

From the beginning, it had been Joe Horn who enforced inflexible standards on the company cooking. "There is no trick to selling a poor item cheaply. The real trick is to sell a *good* item cheaply," he pontificated, not only out loud but in a leather-bound rule book distributed to every manager in the chain. The book listed the proper way to handle each one of nearly 400 menu items, including intricately detailed instructions on the preparation and serving of coffee. "Coffee was the heart of our business then," Robert F. Byrnes, a senior executive of H&H in New York, who began work there in 1925, observed recently. "We kept the roasting recipe for the coffee locked up in a safe."

Keeping watch on the quality of food from the commissaries, one in each city, was harder. By 1932, the mammoth H&H kitchen in Philadelphia was annually turning out 2.6 million servings of coconut pie, a million bowls of clam chowder and 127,000 turkeys—along with comparable quantities of scores of other dishes. Two thousand pies an hour emerged on conveyer belts from the oven. "The basic premise of the commissary was fresh food prepared twice a day," notes Augustin S. Hardart jr., a grandson of the founder,

Times Square Automat in '40s gave New Yorkers high-crafted dining room and (below) feast for eyes only.

Interior featured relief carvings, beveled mirrors; window display flaunted skills of French chef-in-chief.

In scene from *Face the Music,* 1932, high society assembled at Automat to mark downward mobility in Depression. Irving Berlin's "Let's have another cup of coffee" became Horn & Hardart's theme song.

who began in the Manhattan commissary in 1945 and left the firm in 1980 as vice president.

Every day at 12:30, the founders and top executives met at what they called Sample Table (p. 52) to make sure their recipes were adhered to. Horn, who had an astounding capacity for food—and awesomely discriminating taste buds—became the final arbiter of the menu; the most extravagant praise he ever accorded a dish was "good." "Joe had the common palate," comments Alice Clements, whose advertising agency represented H&H from 1925 to 1970. "What he thought was good the public thought was good. He was hell on coffee and on mashed potatoes."

Matching Horn's gargantuan appetite and enduring his rebukes for inexact judgments made Sample Table an excruciating exercise for some executives, who dubbed it the "ulcer table." But the searching review of customers' and managers' complaints about the food did keep the quality constant. Horn's successors enforced his preferences for years after his death in 1941. "We sent back 500, a thousand, gallons of soup because an ingredient was missing. Not because it was bad—an *ingredient* was missing!" reminisces John T. Faitakes, a Sample Table veteran.

What catapulted the Automat to stardom, however, was its 1912 opening on Manhattan's Times Square, the city's—and nation's—most glittering stage. For H&H, the site on Broadway at 46th Street was a dream location. The subway disgorged 200,000 people each day onto the streets of the Great White Way. Besides the after-theater crowd, the boardinghouses and cheap hotels that lined the side streets assured it a three-meal-a-day clientele of theater hands, clerks and blue-collar workers. Restless New Yorkers, their numbers swelled by almost a million immigrants in the preceding decade, stayed up late, moved fast and positively *enjoyed* buying from machines—the transit system already sported more than 4,000 vending machines of all types. Sensing its big chance, the Philadelphia firm launched a sister Horn & Hardart company to run its New York outlets (New Yorkers were found to prefer stronger cheeses and sweeter stewed tomatoes).

The Times Square Automat made sure it wouldn't be overlooked. It featured a stained-glass window 30 feet wide and two stories high, designed by Nicola D'Ascenzo, who also created windows for New York's Cathedral of St. John the Divine and Washington's Folger Shakespeare Library. Backlit by fixtures inside, the glass front, with the name "Automat" framed by garlands of fruit and flowers, acted as a billboard worthy of the city's brightest strip. D'Ascenzo decorated the dining room with relief carvings of boughs, foliage and fruit that climbed the central column and spread across the ceiling (p. 53). Gargoyles, grinning over cups and bowls, peered from on high. Mahogany-bordered beveled mirrors crowned the machinery, while the obligatory white-tile floor and marble tabletops completed the spectacle.

Such splendor had the intended effect. On its first day, the Automat collected a rousing 8,693 nickels, and from then on it was packed. Its clientele included show-business personalities, who adopted it not only as a meeting spot but also as a part of their stage material. "I put a slug into the Automat, and whaddya think

For Automat research, Mr. Cohen was aided by an Architectural Fellowship from the N.Y. State Council on the Arts and Educational Facilities Laboratory.

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In *Easy Living*, 1937, hungry Jean Arthur covets ample meal of ampler Automat detective Robert Murphy.

Pushbuttons, not knobs, face out-of-work Doris Day as she awaits handout from pal behind hatches, 1962.

As a princess-impersonating actress, Sylvia Sidney works her wiles at Automat on the set of a 1934 film.

came out?" Jimmy Durante deadpanned. "The manager!" W. C. Fields, a Ziegfeld Follies comedian at the time, said he liked to eat at the Automat, then pick his teeth in front of the Hotel Astor, two blocks away.

Broadway's funny bone had been bumped. Jaded New Yorkers, humorist Robert Benchley quipped, could be persuaded that the Automat was run by "little gnomes with long beards and green union suits" if only Maude Adams, idolized for her portrayal of Peter Pan, would "flit about from cavern to cavern, holding out her hands and beseeching them to say that they believed in Fairy Macaroni and Cheese." In sketches by top cartoonists such as Otto Soglow (*The Little King*) and Peter Arno (p. 51), Automat windows delivered lit matches, runaway cats, fisticuffs, five-cent shaves and amorous proposals. Edward Hopper's 1927 painting portrayed a solitary woman's evening against its impersonal background (p. 61).

The dramatic potential of the Automat particularly struck two generations of filmmakers. *The Beautiful City*, for example, a 1925 silent melodrama starring William Powell and Dorothy Gish, turned on the hero's robbing an Automat of nickels for desperately needed cash. It served as a meeting place for Sylvia Sidney and Cary Grant in *Thirty-Day Princess*. In *That Touch of Mink*, 1962, Audrey Meadows, working behind the glass hatches, dispensed advice and free meals to Doris Day, her unemployed roommate.

"Less Work for Mother"

In 1924 the company first opened take-home stores to sell prepackaged Automat cuisine. Eighty-four of them eventually appeared cheek-by-jowl with subway and El stops in New York and Philadelphia, offering everything from dessert treats to family-size main dishes. The outlets adopted the familiar slogan "Less Work for Mother," which emblazoned H&H advertisements for nearly 40 years. The company boasted that at a nickel a cup its "gilt-edge coffee" was "as great a public value as the 5¢ subway fare" (and its coffee kept that price for two years after the price of a subway token had doubled).

The slogans were penned by I. W. (Ike) Clements, whose advertising agency represented H&H beginning in 1925. Two years later, Clements and his wife, Alice, created *The Children's Hour*, a Sunday morning radio —and later TV—talent show for youngsters which was sponsored by H&H and became one of the longest-running programs in broadcast history: it stayed on the air for 29 years. Aspiring child performers and their parents flocked to Alice Clements, who auditioned 50 to 70 of them before each show. An appearance was considered the pinnacle of amateur success—even a launching pad for a show-business career, which, for

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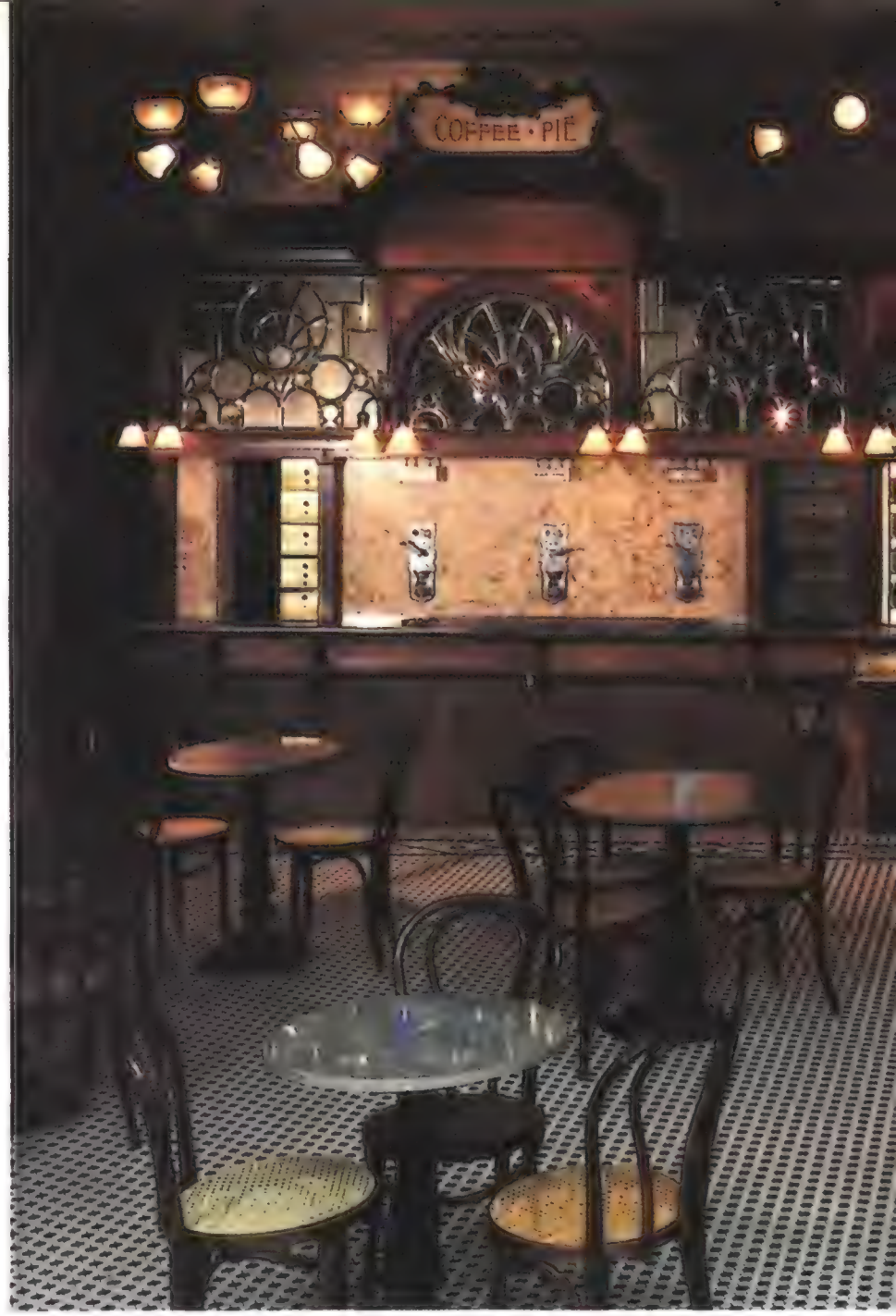
Horn & Hardart's amazing Automat



Called world's "largest automatic restaurant," first U.S. Automat opened June 12, 1902, in Philadelphia.

Eddie Fisher, Bernadette Peters, Robert Q. Lewis, Gregory Hines and Kitty Kallen, it was.

The Automats flaunted gourmet "class" by hiring Cordon Bleu chef Francis J. Bourdon away from the Plaza and Sherry-Netherlands hotels in 1933. Marseilles-born Bourdon, who never appeared without his white toque, supervised the New York commissary staff of 1,200 for 34 years and double-checked the making of broths and pastries. He produced spectacular centerpieces of molded table sugar—a sculpture based on the Prometheus at Rockefeller Center, perhaps, or a sparkling winter landscape—for display in the window of the Times Square Automat along with his impeccable "Sweetbreads Printanier" and "Parfait of Fatted Goose Liver Perigourdine," which he entered in events of elite eating clubs.

The earliest Automats used expanses of white tile and generous doses of Beaux-Arts detailing to emphasize cleanliness and respectability. Their look sought to reassure a public that was both newly germ-conscious and not yet convinced that any reputable woman should enter a quick-lunch emporium. When social rules relaxed, less formal decor followed. By the late '20s, the company adopted a look of flashy modernity in Art Deco style with glittering fields of metallic flowers. An allegorical stained-glass mural celebrated the bridging of the Hudson River. The owners' travels inspired other designs: Horn found the dolphin's snout for his coffee spigots on a Pompeiian fountain in Italy.

Such idiosyncratic buildings caught the eye but gave Automats little consistent image, a key role for commercial design. So H&H chose Ralph B. Bencker, the preeminent Art Deco architect in Philadelphia, to impose a more uniform look. He created the streamlined surfaces, Egyptian-style columns and jazzy detailing that became the Automats' enduring decor. Of more than 40 outlets he designed, the most grandiose was the smoothly rounded, pink-stone one with gold edging, on Manhattan's West 57th Street (p. 60); it survives as a non-H&H delicatessen. When it opened in 1938, critics thought it too opulent. "Emptily monumental," snapped Lewis Mumford. Harrumphed columnist Walter Winchell: "So hoity-toity it must make a nickel feel outta place."

With so many trappings of elegance, the Automat's most impressive commercial success arrived only with the Great Depression. By attracting customers who might have spurned it in more prosperous times, H&H increased its volume by 50 percent in the two years following the 1929 stock-market crash. Its profits and stock rose while most of the economy was still sinking. The company boasted of hiring more than 1,000 new workers in New York during that time; its employment in both cities topped 10,000. H&H's work force, grateful to have a steady job during the crisis—what's more, one that offered free meals and a Christmas bonus—resisted all attempts at unionization for decades.

Closed in 1968, it was given to the Smithsonian. A part (above) is installed at Museum of American History.

The public flocked to the Automat in part because the rules allowed them to sit there as long as they could make a reasonable show of eating. For a population that was counting every nickel, the Automat became a combination living room and social club. Each one drew a distinctive crowd, with horse players occupying the rear of the branch on West 72nd Street. Social activists debated leftist theory at the Union Square outlet. The cabaret crowd gathered at the Columbus Circle Automat, as one late-night participant would put it, "to eat scrambled eggs after drinking too much at speakeasies." Professional singers and dancers unwound after rehearsals at the one on West 57th Street, where "I spent a lot of my life as a dance student," says Jerome Robbins, now the New York City Ballet's co-ballet master in chief. In the late '30s, Robbins was trying to live on five dollars a week. "I had the same lunch every day, for 25 cents—three vegetables, a roll and cocoa—and then I'd sit there reading until my next class. I read a lot there. No one ever did ask you to leave. It was a very comfortable place."

© 1948 Al Hirschfeld, courtesy Margo Feiden Galleries

Posh-lifestyle fantasy versus true nickel-in-the-slot existence of theater folk was recurring cartoon theme.

Street smarts could substitute for the necessary ten or 15 cents. A. J. Liebling described such esprit among the group he dubbed "telephone-booth Indians." Of this type of Broadway scrambler, Liebling wrote, "He has as yet acquired not even the nickel with which to make a telephone call, and so must wait in the booth until another fellow calls him." Members of the Automat's nickel-less tribe, by contrast, installed themselves behind used dishes left at the table. That allowed not only an open-ended respite, but a supply of free ice water. The more daring concocted two celebrated Automat beverages, using only ingredients from the well-stocked condiment table: lemon wedges, table sugar and cold water became lemonade; ketchup, pepper, maybe a sprig of parsley and hot water created "tomato soup." The Automat riposted by rationing lemon wedges—and by enforcing an ironclad no-smoking rule. "It was a way to keep traffic moving," H&H's Robert Byrnes would concede. Thundered Walter Winchell: "The best coffee in town comes out of slots at the Automat, but what good is it? They don't let you have a ciggie there after a cup of it."

Nevertheless, Broadway toasted the Automat in Depression-era comedies. To satirize the "woes" of the rich in their 1932 musical *Face the Music*, Irving Berlin and Moss Hart raised the curtain with New York's elite gathering at the Automat to lament their sudden penury (p. 54). The begowned and morning-coated chorus sang what Berlin then considered "the best lyric I ever wrote," which ran in part: "Times are on the fritz./ So they have all left the Ritz/ And the social column sits/ At the Automat."* Feeding on the regular five-cent fare, the members of high society would then harmonize, "Let's have another cup of coffee, and let's have another piece of pie."** It brought down the house.

* Excerpt from "The Automat Song" by Irving Berlin
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** Excerpt from "Let's Have Another Cup of Coffee" by Irving Berlin
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Street-level entry to basement restaurant was jazzed up with lights to lure clientele down the stairs.

Called "emptily monumental" at its 1938 opening, streamlined New York building now is non-H&H deli.

The 1937 film farce *Easy Living* portrays the hungry and unemployed sitting balefully in front of the well-stocked hatches. When Ray Milland, an Automat worker, tries to slip penniless Jean Arthur a free beef pie, a hard-nosed house detective confronts him. Milland starts a brawl that trips a "secret" lever, flinging open every food-promising door. A pie-throwing melee follows as down-and-outers race to get free food.

High society, meanwhile, turned the Automat into its playground, cementing the restaurant's role as a publicity backdrop. Throughout the years, the press noted visits by celebrities like David Niven, Gloria Vanderbilt, Andy Warhol, Madame Chiang Kai-shek, Aimee Semple McPherson, Tennessee Williams, Brooke Shields and generations of politicians.

But it was Jack Benny who staged what was perhaps the greatest publicity coup at an Automat. Benny, who had built himself up as the cheapest man in Hollywood, hosted the kickoff party for his 1960 TV season at New York's cheapest restaurant. Invitations were penny postcards; at the party Benny stood in the cashier's booth solemnly handing each guest a $2 roll of nickels. With limousines lining the block, klieg lights and even a red carpet, the event captured nationwide attention.

There would be little enough partying for H&H in the decade that followed. In 1960, E. K. Daly, only the second company president in 72 years, died leaving no carefully chosen successor as Horn had. The Automats, once bustling symbols of the future, by the '60s had become cavernous, dingy hangouts for people with nowhere else to go. "We used to have all four-seaters, four strangers sitting at them," says the company's Robert Byrnes. "But later, people didn't like sitting with strangers. It might have been a bum. They preferred the counters, lined up looking straight ahead."

"I ate there so long and so often"

The problems the Automat faced were a catalog of the changes transforming American life in the postwar years. The prosperous younger generation sought more elegant dining "experiences." Loyal Automat customers left the city—or lost their taste for Automat food. "I ate there so long and so often," says Jerome Robbins, "that I vowed never to eat there when I could afford not to." And other standardized restaurant chains were expanding rapidly into new territory, with limited menus and counter or waitress service.

Despite its assurances of life-long employment, a free meal for every three hours of work and Christmas bonuses, the company offered virtually no health or pension benefits. That tested the employees' devotion after decades of service. "It was the classic case. My father gave his life to the company and was heart-

broken later," says Roger Mohovich, whose late father, a 42-year machinist for H&H, received a pension of "less than $10 a month" on retirement in 1965. The next year the employees unionized for the first time. Because the Automat's food standards—and costs—were so high and its prices so low, it had no margin to accommodate increased pay and benefits. Red ink appeared in the ledgers in both cities for the first time in the mid-'60s. The Philadelphia operation tried to transfer its reputation for quality food to a posher suburban setting, without success; it filed for bankruptcy in 1971. The last Philadelphia H&H, a waitress restaurant in a shopping center, survives on a month-to-month lease. The firm donated part of the first Automat, which shut its doors in 1968, to the Smithsonian's National Museum of American History, where it remains on permanent exhibit (pp.58-59).

H&H in New York tried valiantly—and failed—to resuscitate the Automat concept. It introduced a Windomat with streetside food slots; it installed a cowboy-theme hamburger stand in the balcony of the Times Square Automat and imposed an unheard-of 20-cent minimum to keep out vagrants. But H&H *has* survived—and then some—in New York. A decade ago it transformed all but one of the Automats—at many of Manhattan's choicest locations—to fast-food franchises. With 60 percent of its revenues now coming from Hanover House, a fashion and housewares mail-order business, H&H has grown to a robust $339 million corporation. The last Automat, recently refitted with Art Deco as a memento, sells gourmet cookies from a kiosk and caters to private parties, where guests disco among the glass hatches. The slots no longer accept nickels or even quarters, but special tokens sold by a cashier. The coffee, at 35 cents a cup, remains one of New York's greatest bargains.

Horn & Hardart's enterprise was immortalized in 1927 by artist Edward Hopper, who often put figures in restaurant settings. He portrayed introspective young woman with a coffee cup and called it *Automat*.

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1934 PACKARD V-12 LEBARON SPEEDSTER

Shown smaller than actual size of 8½" in length.

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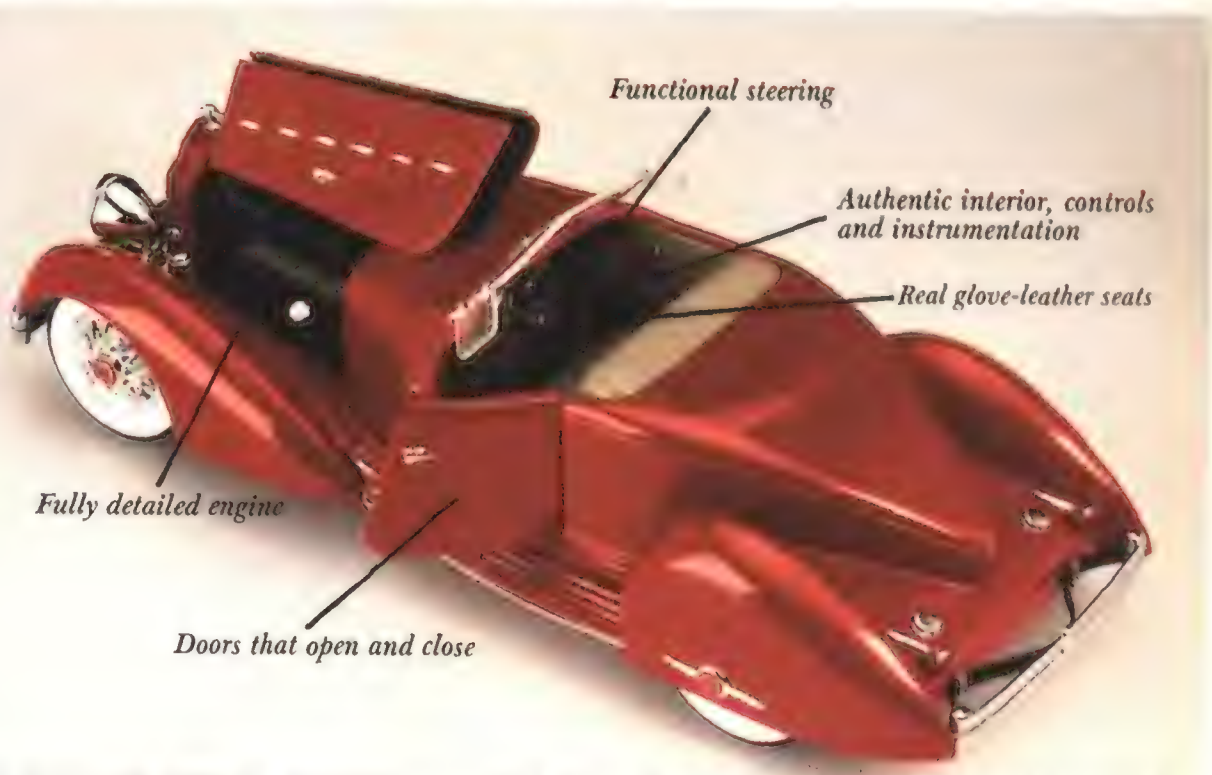

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By Richard Conniff

We shed 50 million skin cells a day; they make good scents to a hound

When a bloodhound is hot on the trail of a missing person, it snuffles up a whole constellation of distinctive olfactory clues

On the afternoon of May 18, 1983, three ten-year-old girls on a class camping trip in a Connecticut state park accidentally took a left turn instead of a right, and became missing children. The girls' parents spent a windy, wet night at a state-police command post in the park, listening to searchers radio back about their progress through the dense, rocky terrain and imagining what they might find. It was easily the worst night of their lives. Ambulances were waiting nearby at dawn, and a hundred or more fresh volunteers were ready to renew the search. Among this group was an ancient bloodhound, red-eyed and loose-fleshed, who was called Clem. The dog's handler, a state trooper named Andrew Rebmann, slipped on its harness at the last place the girls had been seen. The dog then sniffed at an article of clothing one of the girls' parents had brought from home. "Find 'em," Rebmann said.

Clem worked silently, pulling hard on the lead when the scent was strong, hesitating and casting from side to side when it faded. After three miles, he dropped his nose on a purple barrette. A mile farther down the trail, sniffing the air now instead of the ground, the dog came to the edge of a swamp. The searchers shouted and, from across the swamp, they got a reply. Rebmann followed the hound through waist-deep water and, on the other side, on high ground, found the girls safe. Rescuers carried them out on their shoulders to greet their parents, medical attendants and, finally, the press. Back home again, the youngsters did the right thing: they sent Clem a bone.

In the annals of the breed, it was an unextraordinary case. The bloodhound, a large, doleful-looking creature bred specifically to recognize people by scent alone, has saved countless missing children and adults as well, often where large numbers of human searchers have failed. The bloodhound is not the most intelligent dog in the world, or the easiest to train. The German shepherd is better at sniffing out certain kinds of objects—bombs, for example. The black Labrador retriever excels at searches that call for sweeps across a given area of land. But when it comes to following the specific trail of a particular person, the bloodhound is in a league by itself. "It'll work and work, in any kind of weather, until it can't stand up anymore," says Jerry Newcomb, a Los Angeles photographer and longtime bloodhound handler who belongs to the California Rescue Dog Association. "A bloodhound just won't quit on a trail."

Over the centuries, bloodhounds have chased one fugitive king (Robert I of Scotland) and been prized by two queens (Elizabeth I and Victoria), not to mention many other monarchs as well. They have trailed sheep stealers, cattle rustlers, arsonists, murderers and rapists. Bloodhounds have also been used to help recapture escaped convicts, of course, but in real life their quarry is seldom as sympathetic as some of the characters who have been hounded in the movies—Tony Curtis and Sidney Poitier in *The Defiant Ones*, for example, and Paul Newman in *Cool Hand Luke*. When James Earl Ray, the killer of Martin Luther King jr., escaped from Brushy Mountain State Prison in Tennessee in 1977, bloodhounds tracked him down.

Even so, the bloodhound is no popular hero. Indeed, the animal is widely disliked and universally misunderstood. A family that buys an Irish setter can be reasonably sure that the dog will be admired for its sleek good looks and warm heart, and someone who buys a Doberman knows that the dog will at least get

A bloodhound named Buford sniffs his way across a mountain stream during practice session in California.

Keeping up with the bloodhound

Hound named Belker waits in car before training run with member of an upstate New York rescue squad.

David Onderdonk, Moonshine trail accused killer who escaped last fall from jail in Troy, New York.

some respect from strangers. But a bloodhound owner can have no such assurance.

The problem begins with the bloodhound's appearance, which does not constitute heroic good looks. A good bloodhound has more dewlap than a Renaissance cardinal, and enough loose flesh at the back of the neck to form a clerical cowl. Drooping skin and long leathery ears are among the chief characteristics of the breed. The ears supposedly sweep up the scent as the dog moves its head from side to side, and the loose flesh, which falls forward when the dog has its nose "on the ground," tends to "cup" the scent. The general droopiness extends to the lower eyelids, which, in some but not all bloodhounds, hang down, revealing wet, red underlids. These are the eyes of an opium addict, ravaged and yet sublimely calm. In extreme instances, the skin hangs down so far that the eyes themselves aren't even visible. The raw, pink underlids look almost as if the eyes have been plucked out, contributing to the breed's ghoulish image.

The final—and some say ultimately damning—element of the bloodhound's appearance is called slobber by fanciers and froth by those who mistakenly believe the bloodhound is a cutthroat monster that has come straight out of hell. Some owners argue that this excess of saliva is functional: as the dog snuffs steamily about, it tends to vaporize dried-up particles of scent on the trail, making them more palpable to the nose. Others say that this is nonsense, and that you would slobber, too, if your upper lips were flapping around several inches below their lower counterparts. In any case, the slobber is decorative for a bloodhound. It

hangs down in ropes from the upper lips, or flews, and sometimes gets festooned between the lip and the end of either ear. When the dog shakes its head, the loose flews snap slobber in all directions. It can thus become a decorative detail for the bloodhound owner, too, who may discover it midway through an important business meeting lying like an epaulet across the shoulder of his best suit.

Bloodhound owners, who otherwise share the normal human abhorrence for the word "sag," prize all this loose flesh. They like to explain that a bloodhound's flews hang down far enough to look right only if the dog can hold a beer can in its mouth undetected. Obviously, this is a specialized sort of taste, which may account for the relative scarcity of bloodhounds. In 1984, the American Kennel Club registered just 1,247 new individuals (out of 329 litters), making the bloodhound the 64th most popular dog on the list of 128 breeds. By contrast, the German shepherd ranked fourth in popularity last year, with 59,450 new individuals registered.

The bloodhound's name may have as much to do with its image problem as its appearance. Fanciers of the breed spend a good deal of their time patiently explaining that the creature just now setting its enormous forepaws on an honored guest's shoulders has little or no interest in actual blood. What it wants is to give you a kiss. "Blood" got into the name, they say, because these were among the first thoroughbreds, the first canine bluebloods. Modern bloodhounds descend from the hunting packs kept by monks and noblemen in the Middle Ages. The most famous of these packs was a strain of black hounds established in the late seventh and early eighth centuries A.D. by a Belgian monk, François Hubert, who eventually became the patron saint of hunters. These were "blooded hounds," or bloodhounds, supposedly because they were bred from known bloodlines.

James Thurber, whose cartoons regularly featured bloodhounds of a benign and likable disposition, did not find this explanation wholly satisfying. "My own theory," he wrote, "is that the 'blood' got into the name because of the ancient English superstition that giants and other monsters, including the hound with the Gothic head and the miraculously acute nose, could smell the blood of their prey. The giant that roared, 'I smell the blood of an Englishman!' had the obscene legendary power, in my opinion, to smell blood through clothing and flesh. . . . It seems to me . . . that legend and lore are more likely than early breeders and fanciers to have given the bloodhound his name."

Richard Conniff was formerly managing editor of Geo *magazine. In the original Irish, his family name means "son of a black hound."*

Hilda Onderdonk feeds Mountain Dew a sandwich. Off duty, hounds behave like any other household pets.

A final possibility—one all bloodhound owners abhor—is that the name originated in a considerably more direct connection to blood. Some writers have theorized that bloodhounds were originally used to track wounded game by the drops of blood on the trail. An alternative suggestion is even less attractive: that the bloodhound got its name because it tore its prey to gory bits.

The modern bloodhound is unimaginably gentle, affectionate with children and tolerant even of inquisitive journalists measuring the 28- to 30-inch span of its ears. In England, hunting groups use bloodhounds to pursue human runners for sport. Even in the fury of the "hunt," the kindly dogs do not lay a tooth on their quarry. The gravest danger faced by the runner is that he will be licked to death.

Some bloodhound owners blame the breed's hellhound image on Harriet Beecher Stowe. "*Uncle Tom's Cabin* gave the bloodhound such a fearsome connotation," write Catherine Brey and Lena Reed in *The Complete Bloodhound*, "that to this day many people believe he is a savage and dangerous animal." Another author complains that on hearing the word bloodhound, "nine people out of ten conjure up a tearful scene of poor Liza . . . frantically scrambling across the ice floes with a pack of vicious, red-eyed, froth-drooling beasts baying sadistically . . . at her heels." Bloodhounds did, in fact, appear in this scene in the 1927 movie and a number of 19th-century stage productions, but Mrs. Stowe's version of Eliza's crossing does not include any dogs at all, and her book never once mentions "bloodhounds."

Bloodhound gives handler affectionate nudge during break in dog show at England's Ascot Race Course.

The real problem for the bloodhound is not, after all, its appearance or its name, but the whole troubling question of scent, which human beings are ill-equipped to understand. David and Hilda Onderdonk of East Greenbush, New York, have often traveled long distances to help in a search, only to have their hounds' findings ignored or even ridiculed. In the case of an 18-year-old man reported missing, they drove to Bennington, Vermont, and put a dog on a trail that was then eight days old. The dog picked up the man's scent on bushes in a residential area and followed the trail into a grocery store and a bank, sniffing high up on storefronts and other buildings. He stopped finally at a bench outside the bus terminal. But the man's family refused to believe the dog not just because the trail was old and ran through impossibly busy streets, but also because investigators already knew that no one in the terminal had sold the man a ticket. This turned out to be correct. The man later phoned from California and said that he had never gone into the terminal, but bought his ticket on the bus, for which he waited on the bench outside.

Hilda Onderdonk puts the case for believing the bloodhound this way: "You buy a coonhound to run coons. You buy a beagle to chase rabbits. You buy a bird hound to flush out birds. So why do you find it so hard to believe that bloodhounds can find people?"

Three likely reasons spring to mind. People don't want to think that they are smelly. They particularly don't want to think that they smell different from everybody else. And if indeed they *must* smell, they don't want to think that, even after vigorous bathing, they leave an odiferous wake lingering behind them for days at a time, as if they were no better than a raccoon fresh out of the garbage can. More to the point, humans cannot detect whatever it is about them that the bloodhound smells. And because this scent, this aura, is imperceptible, it also seems implausible.

Why dogs smell better than people

In the human nose, all of the olfactory cells, which do the work of smelling, are located high up in the nostrils in an area less than one inch long. In a bloodhound, the drawn-out canine snout accommodates an olfactory membrane that is at least six times as long. But length only begins to suggest what is really an exponential increase in sensitivity. The olfactory membrane in all mammals is spread out across tiny, paper-thin bones rolled up in scrolls called nasal conchae. "The more scrolls, the larger the surface area for the olfactory membrane," says Rosemarie Williams, a veterinary neuropathologist at Tufts University, "and that's factor number one. The second factor is that this membrane contains individual olfactory cells, and each cell has little cilia, or hairlike fronds, that project from it. They're actually extrusions of the cell, to increase its surface area."

In humans, the scrolls and cilia translate into about three square centimeters of olfactory membrane. But in a bloodhound's heavy snout, with the dignified Roman bump accommodating more conchae and thus more smelling power, there may be as many as 150 square centimeters of membrane. Humans also have more highly developed mechanisms for shutting off the sense of smell. In Man and bloodhound alike, the olfactory cells rapidly get used to a new smell; they accommodate their electrical polarity so that they stop sending out nerve impulses unless the concentration of scent increases. This is part of the reason a smell that is overpowering on entering a room seems almost unnoticeable a minute later. In addition, humans have evolved a powerful mechanism in the brain to suppress the conscious recognition of an odor. "We need to direct our attention toward other things," says Williams. "This adaptation that we have evolved is one reason that we are a more intelligent animal."

But an animal that needs its nose to locate prey might be fatally handicapped by these same mechanisms. A bloodhound thus does not have a strong suppression mechanism; it needs to continue con-

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Owner and dog huddle together at Ascot. The average adult hound is 26 inches tall and weighs 90 pounds.

sciously following the scent until it finds its prey. It also needs to avoid olfactory fatigue—the adaptation in electrical polarity—so as not to miss minute particles of scent on the trail. Fortunately, it is possible to revive the olfactory cells with short, sharp bursts of air, alternated with momentary pauses during which the nose is emptied and the olfactory cells rest. Humans (even wine tasters) do this ineptly; they need to use their diaphragms to sniff. Bloodhounds and most other mammals use just the muscles located in their nostrils and pharynx.

Bloodhounds are biologically adapted for trailing their prey in one further regard. The process by which the nose recognizes an odor is not fully understood, but there are apparently specific receptor sites for specific odors. In one explanation, recognition occurs when a scent molecule fits into its corresponding receptor site, like a key into a lock, causing a mechanical or chemical change in the cell. Bloodhounds apparently have denser concentrations of receptor sites tuned to human scents. It is possible, according to Williams, that these receptor sites also have lowered thresholds for recognition of human scent molecules. These traits no doubt occurred fortuitously in a few animals early on. By breeding those animals together, and then breeding their offspring back to them, people have engineered a breed in which this highly specialized talent has become dominant.

This brings us, after much hemming and hawing, to the real point: when a bloodhound trails a human being, what does it actually smell? "Pull out the front of your shirt," orders Hilda Onderdonk, as the Rensselaer County Search and Rescue truck lurches and bumps through the streets of East Greenbush. "Do you feel hot air rising?" The Onderdonks regularly lecture schoolchildren about bloodhounds, and they have this lesson down pat. "Your skin is 98.6 degrees," she says, "and the air next to your body is also being heated to 98.6 degrees. Now, your body is constantly shedding skin, and that hot air brings up the bits of skin and the bacteria that feed on them. These little pieces of skin are called 'rafts.'

"They come out over your head," Onderdonk continues. "Then they get cooled and they fall. It's like an invisible dandruff and it falls in an umbrella effect around your feet. If there's any breeze, it'll get blown away. But sooner or later it gets caught in the grass or the bushes. This is a scent pattern, the way it falls, and a bloodhound trails that scent."

The human body, which consists of about 60 trillion living cells, sheds exposed skin at a rate of 50 million cells a day. So even a trail that has been dispersed by breezes may still seem rich to a bloodhound. The body also produces about 31 to 50 ounces of sweat a day. Neither this fluid nor the shed skin cells have much odor by themselves, but the bacteria working on both substances are another matter. In his book *Life On Man*, microbiologist Theodor Rosebury estimates the resident population of a clean square centimeter of skin on the human shoulder at "multiples of a million." As they go about their daily business breaking down lipids, or fatty substances, on the skin, these bacteria release volatile substances that usually strike the bloodhound's nose as a whole constellation of distinctive scents.

Diet, bathing habits, toiletries, the home environment and other factors can all influence the number and variety of bacteria on the skin and also an indi-

Tongue and ears flapping like sails, gangly hound breaks into a lope. Breed can run hours on trail.

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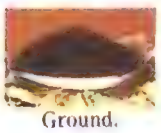

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vidual's scent. People from the same family not only share the same basic genetic constitution, but also the same soap or food or laundry detergent and will thus naturally have a similar scent. This can sometimes be confusing for a bloodhound, according to David Onderdonk—for instance, when a child is missing and the family has just crisscrossed the neighborhood in a futile search. Still, everyone's scent, or constellation of scents, strikes the bloodhound nose as distinctly individual; it is another sort of fingerprint. The bloodhound has been bred to discriminate even among the subtle differences within a family, and in the end this is what makes the breed most remarkable.

To demonstrate, the Onderdonks have arranged for an Albany police officer and his twin daughters to meet the rescue truck at a nearby golf course. En route, the Onderdonks' dogs are utterly blasé about the challenge ahead of them. Indeed, they are sleeping in their cages, each of them a heap of dewlap and flews dreaming on its own double cushion of foam rubber, with a personal fan nearby for added comfort. Meanwhile, the human rescue workers sit on uncushioned plywood in the back, with no fans, bouncing across the potholes and sweatily throwing off volatile substances. Hilda Onderdonk is unapologetic about the disparity. "Could *you* find the victim?" she inquires.

In truth, this disparity extends to the Onderdonks' whole way of life. They refer to themselves as guests in their own home and to their home as a large doghouse. Their front door is boarded over and barred to human access, but the two bloodhounds can come and go at will via a hatchway leading to the fenced-in yard. In the bathroom, the roll of toilet paper, a favorite bloodhound plaything, is hidden in a closet. David Onderdonk started to hide his dentures at night after waking up to find a bloodhound named Mountain Dew staring gleefully down at him with a mouth full of human uppers. The Onderdonks have owned bloodhounds for 15 years, having got the idea much earlier when one of their six children disappeared briefly. Now that the children are grown, the elder Onderdonks say the rescue work gives meaning to their lives. They see the dogs as extensions of themselves, or vice versa. On the trail, David Onderdonk, who weighs just 130 pounds, stumps along behind his dog as if the two of them are permanently attached: "I've been pulled over a cliff. I've had my head split open. I've got scars all over from being banged into things." A bloodhound on the trail, he says, is very single-minded. Bloodhound owners tend to be the same way.

At the top of the tenth fairway, Onderdonk gives instructions to the two 14-year-old girls. These twins are so identical, according to their father, that as infants they had to go back to the hospital several times to have their names straightened out according to their footprints. One of them must now wear her hair short, the other long, so their parents can tell them apart and also to prevent them from swapping places in school. According to their mother, they do everything else, down to perfume and deodorant, alike.

The long-haired girl leaves behind a nightshirt as a scent article for the dog, and the two of them strike out across the golf course for a hundred yards. Then they split, with long-hair heading out of sight on the left. The dog named Moonshine now comes out of its cage, looking semiconscious. Onderdonk puts on its harness, offers the dog the scent article and gives it the command, "Find 'em." In an instant he is being dragged across the fairways by a dog who is completely indifferent to the scent trails of twosomes and foursomes that have been hacking their way across this landscape all day. It is unmistakably on the trail of the two girls, and at the split it heads left at a lope, without a moment's hesitation. It quickly overtakes the long-haired twin, gives her a quick confirming sniff of recognition. Then, just as suddenly as it began, Moonshine lapses back into happy indolence.

Scent obviously has a power humans can never fully understand. For us, no sense plays more evocatively across the mind or has as quick a hold on the emotions. Yet it is a language that we hear only distantly and incompletely, and one we perhaps suppress because we vaguely intimate its force. The bloodhound meanwhile hears every nuance. It reads us better than we read ourselves, better than a mother reads her own child. Is it any wonder that some people think bloodhounds are spooky?

Notwithstanding its doleful expression, this hound is quite content. Saggy skin is typical of breed.

By Alfred Meyer

Mr. Hundertwasser has finally built his dream house

This new apartment complex in Vienna might seem eccentric, but its famous designer has his own ideas about how a city should look

Hundertwasser hopes tenants will decorate walls around unique windows, one of which frames him here.

Jonathan Chapman, alias Johnny Appleseed, became a legend in early 19th-century America by planting apple seeds wherever he went. Appearing each autumn at western Pennsylvania cider mills, he scavenged for seeds and then spent the rest of the year dispersing them from his worn leather bag.

Friedrich Stowasser, alias Friedensreich Hundertwasser, is fast becoming a legend in the late 20th century, also by planting wherever he goes—but more than apples and more than trees. To be sure, the horse chestnuts, poplars, cedars and dozens of other species he has put in the ground grace sites today in Austria, Italy, the United States, France and New Zealand, among other places. Indeed, this willowy, 57-year-old Vienna-born arborphile seems at times bent on reforesting the Earth single-handedly, keeping in his tattered address book the names of far-flung nurserymen so that he can buy trees on his travels and leave them growing in his wake. But Hundertwasser is neither an ecologist nor a forester. He is instead one of the world's prominent artists and while his trees may provide shade, tranquility and reconstituted oxygen, his paintings and graphics deliver brilliance, provocation and cortical electricity. If canvases could dance, his would.

Fascinating facade is a melange ranging from classical Greek to Hansel and Gretel to pure fancy.

Now, moreover, Hundertwasser is on the verge of completing what for him amounts to a glorious leap upward and onward, a gyration propelled by his worship of trees, his certain art and his passionate convictions both about creativity and the nature of human dwellings. The audience is still a little stunned by the performance.

For decades a demonstrative and outspoken critic of modern architecture—like so many others, reviling the profession for "its dehumanizing, rationalist, Bauhaus-inspired conformity"—Hundertwasser finally prevailed on the city of Vienna in 1980 to let him be the designer of a 50-unit middle-income apartment house it had already decided to finance and build. Here was his chance to show that public housing, or private for that matter, could be more than a drab assemblage of identically replicated living units heaped on top of each other. As he argued in the course of his campaign to win approval for his design, the world had enough buildings that resembled cubbyholes, chicken coops, ice trays and milk crates to last it awhile. New York, London and Moscow were cluttered with them, as were most large cities including, increasingly, Vienna. His design called instead for an apartment house that fostered human individuality rather than squelched it. Each living unit would be unique, art would play more than a perfunctory role throughout, and nature

Photographs by Erich Lessing

Private collection

Irinaland Over the Balkans is a Hundertwasser fantasy of egg, oil, chalk/zinc white on aluminum cardboard.

Onion-dome motif appears both on his new building and in his fanciful paintings like the one above.

would be brought into the very fabric of the building, all done within the usual budgetary, time and legal constraints of standard construction.

Part vision, part dream and part painting, the design nevertheless promised a structure that would be palpable and solid, one on which it would be possible to knock and in which it would be possible to walk. Inside, corridor floors undulate, as do their lateral walls, resulting in something like primordial passageways. Treads on the stairs are indented to give the feeling of long use. Bathroom and kitchen tile, laid slightly awry, come alive with optical illusions. The convex corners of room walls are shaved and rounded, making it seem as if they have been subject to interior weathering, as in the chambers of limestone caves.

The painterly conception is more visible on the outside, however. Each unit is clearly defined, distinguished not only by colors—including maize, lavender and soaring North African blue—but also by a dark, sinuous (hand-drawn) line that flows around the facade of each one. Every window is unique as well, either in position, proportion, size or peripheral coloration—like the decorated eyes of exotic women. Cascading down one side toward the central corner, a set of brick-rimmed terraces bear would-be forests. More than 900

Grass for Those Who Cry is dominated by tight spiral, Hundertwasser's symbol for cycle of life and death.

tons of topsoil line those terraces and more than 240 trees and bushes grow on them. From behind the lower terraces rises a glittering vertical wall, its front flecked with assorted plates of odd-shaped gold and silver tile and irregularly placed windows. Above everything loom two onion-shaped domes, one brown and one golden, straight out of Byzantium—or a Hundertwasser painting.

Resistant initially, the city nevertheless could hardly turn him down despite vociferous opposition in the local press, which regarded him as an ecological activist and a publicity hound. Even so, Hundertwasser's artistic reputation was sky-high. His paintings were being exhibited worldwide and commanded ever steeper prices, he had just won the prestigious Austrian State Prize for Art and he had been granted an appointment to lead a Master School at the Vienna Academy of Fine Arts. Impressive credentials to be taken into account. That Bruno Kreisky, then Chancellor of Austria, was an ardent Hundertwasser fan also undoubtedly helped sway the city at last to formally entertain his design, unconventional though it was. Were those actual trees sprouting from the windows?

Vienna by then had learned to take its artists somewhat seriously, or at least to suffer them with stoic for-

The spiral motif appears again in the apartment building's two multicolored, ten-story staircases.

Hundertwasser's dream house in Vienna

Wall's shape is meant to have pleats like a curtain; undulating floor furnishes a "symphony for the feet."

In Hundertwasser's view, this is a "tree-tenant," destined to become even more beautiful as it grows.

bearance. After all, it has its own considerable reputation as an artistic center to uphold. It is also likely that the city—at any rate the underbureaucracy that fusses with budgets, zoning laws and building codes—fully expected Hundertwasser to disappear once his design was officially approved. That's how things usually worked. Then a city-appointed architect and the general contractor, being practical men, would be able to modify details as they went along, reining in or even eliminating whatever they regarded as unwieldy, extravagant, illegal or simply too outrageous. Not to worry.

In this case, however, a miscalculation entered the picture. For instead of returning meekly to his studio, Hundertwasser hovered over the project like a guardian angel, attending every design meeting, every planning session, every zoning and budget hearing. Moreover, once construction began he virtually camped out at the building site, not only to protect the integrity of his concept but to enhance it as real brick and mortar began to replace blueprints, or the scale model or what had taken shape in Hundertwasser's brain at the outset. Process and execution, he had quickly discovered, were as vital as having thought the thing up.

The first casualty of what then became almost daily conflicts between Hundertwasser and the building team was veteran Viennese architect Josef Krawina, an advocate of hard edges, straight lines and windows all in a row. Assigned to the project by the city, Krawina withdrew in a huff after a year, complaining to the press that Hundertwasser was turning the project into a personal monument. Surprisingly, the city responded by conscientiously searching its ranks for a more flex-

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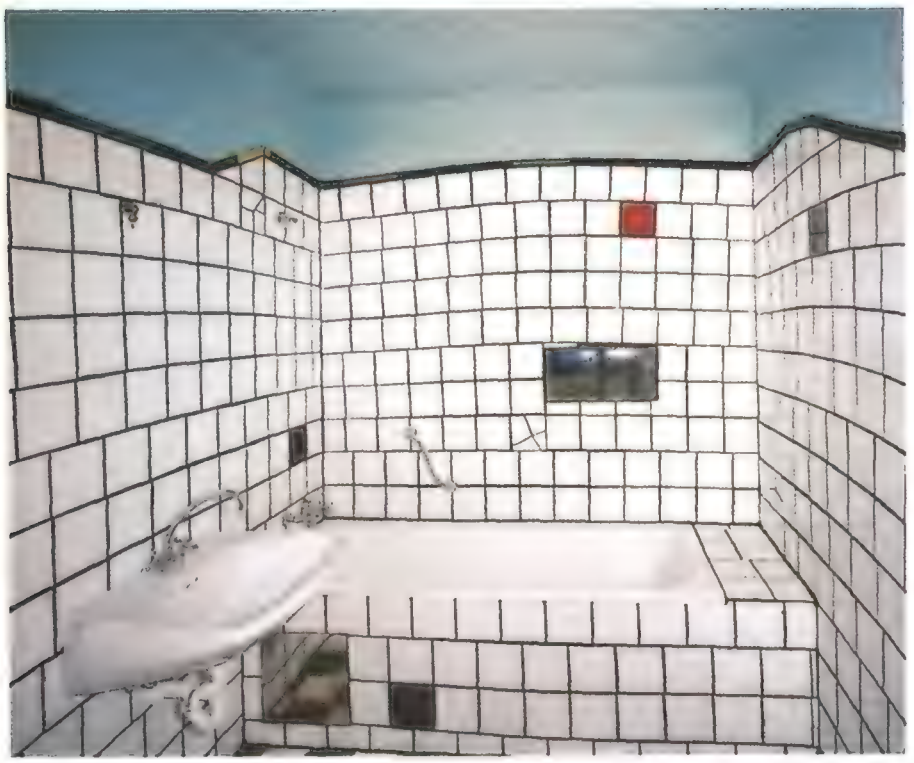

The idea of this irregularly tiled bathroom is to provide an escape from a too-rational world.

ible and cooperative replacement. A younger architect, Peter Pelikan, moved onto the job three weeks later.

After the storm, the pace of construction picked up and, as scaffolding rose, Hundertwasser could be seen each morning poking about wherever there was activity, dust in his beard, smudges on his gaily striped shirt, his floppy hat set at about 20 degrees. But it was much later, when all the structural work was finished and before the final exterior stucco was applied, that a more revealing image became a common sight over the space of a few days. It was Hundertwasser, in his usual outfit, clambering from scaffold to scaffold high above the street tracing a wavy line on the facade with a carpenter's fat red crayon. The effect of scale made an inescapable and lasting impression: a nimble elf artist had taken it upon himself to sketch a design on a ten-story, three-dimensional, Brobdingnagian canvas. What took one's breath away was not the precariousness of his hold on the scaffolding but the sheer audacity of the act.

Afterward, while comparing the body of his artwork with the now rapidly emerging aspect of the apartment house, it struck home that, besides designing a supremely imaginative living space, Hundertwasser was attempting something far more subtle than trespassing on the property of giants, or gaining a victory over the building establishment or erecting a personal monument. In some topsy-turvy kind of way, the artist was trying to turn a creative, painterly conception into the real thing, rather than the other way around.

The other way around is the way most painters start out and Hundertwasser was no exception, his early work depicting barges on the Danube, village steeples, wild flowers, his mother and himself—all strangely peaceful studies considering they were done in the midst and at the edges of World War II. Nevertheless, after the war he was encouraged to become a painter, directly by Austrian artist Herbert Böckl and indirectly by two retrospective exhibits he saw at Vienna's Albertina Collection. The first featured Gustav Klimt and Walter Kampmann, the second Egon Schiele, all early 20th-century Viennese artists. The influence of these masters on the novice painter was profound. Although transmogrified, traces of Klimt's decorative, gold-emblazoned style, Kampmann's trees ("glass-jangling, transparent winter trees") and Schiele's brooding, neurasthenic sensuality would be detectable in much of Hundertwasser's work.

Following a stint at the Vienna Academy of Fine Arts and a period of travel—the traditional graduate school of aspiring artists, particularly those from landlocked countries like Austria—Hundertwasser's student realism gave way at length to the vibrant, romantic, color-dominated expressionism that has become characteristic of his work. Paris, Venice, Morocco and points between had each given a little of themselves, as of course had his native Vienna.

In 1949, fiddling with his identity, he translated the first syllable of his surname Stowasser ("Sto," which means 100 in Czech) into German, becoming Hundertwasser for the first time. Friedrich became Friedensreich, literally "realm of peace." He later assumed two other names, Regentag (rainy day) and Dunkelbunt (dark-colored), but Hundertwasser remained the most durable, particularly once it became widely recognized in art circles.

All-embracing spiral charged with magic

Then, in the mid-'50s, he settled on the spiral as a central motif in his painting, using it not only as a conscious symbol of the cycle of life and death, but also as a talisman to counteract the influences of the twin evils that obsessed him then and obsess him now: in architecture, the tyranny of the ruler and T square, reflecting industrial efficiencies rather than the comfort or esthetic sensibilities of human inhabitants; and in art, the apotheosis of intellectualism and the demise of genuine visual beauty (roughly equivalent in contemporary music, he allows, to the rise of atonality and such recent manifestations as minimalism). Yet, over the years, other themes and icons crowd his work as insistently as the all-embracing, magic-charged spiral. Steamboats, trees, faces, rain, tears, fences, windows,

Alfred Meyer is a Washington-based novelist, editor and journalist. He spent time with Hundertwasser in Vienna and then visited him at his home in Venice.

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THE FINE ART OF SNACKING

Giant black cobra encircles zodiac figures in a tile-decorated pool at the building's entrance.

Welcoming sunflower at staircase is the creation of a tile worker—with encouragement of Hundertwasser.

domes and, time and time again, houses—alone, clustered, stacked. All in all, these forms and shapes are childlike and preliterate in their simplicity, making them directly comprehensible and perhaps even archetypal in their psychological appeal. Nor do these elements occur in isolation, instead becoming kindred landmarks in hauntingly familiar landscapes. More often than not, those landscapes are illuminated by houses that shine in their sensual, metallically ornamented surrounds like lanterns.

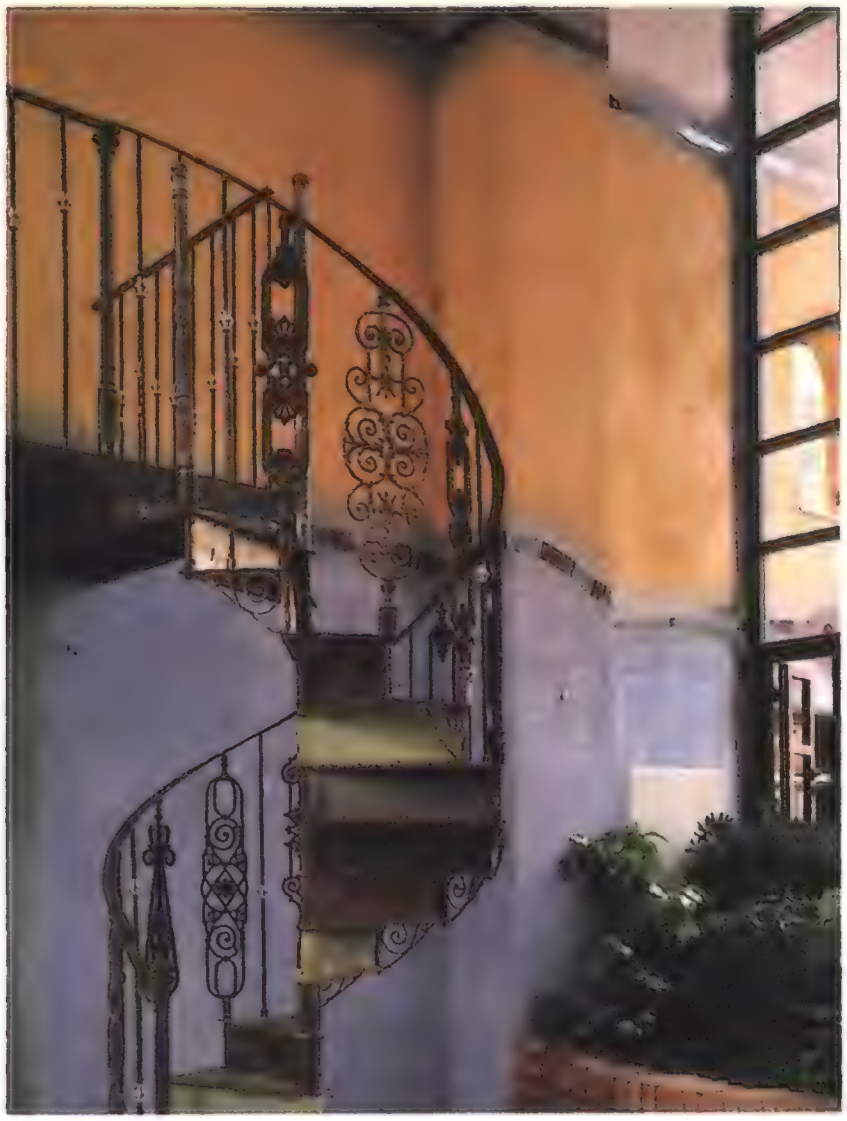
No one need have been surprised that Hundertwasser would gather his various trees, his repertoire of colors and the experience of all those houses and one day build the real thing.

A few months before the real thing was scheduled to be finished and when construction was proceeding smoothly, Hundertwasser slipped away for a week to his garden in Venice where he often paints. Directly opposite the Piazza San Marco, across the Canale della Giudecca and on the island of Giudecca, it is bound by a side canal, the Laguna Veneta and a former monastery that is now a prison. To be in Venice in the first place, with its spires and golden domes and where water constantly whispers to stone quays, is to be in another world. To be in this garden at the same time is to be twice removed from all that is ordinary.

Perhaps the largest private garden in the historic part of Venice, it is paradisaical in an almost literal sense, having been originally built by an Englishman, Frederick Eden, late in the 19th century. It was his intent, largely realized, to create something resembling a well-manicured classic garden so he installed pools, fountains and an orchard. These complemented a wide variety of horticultural splendors. He scheduled his plants to bloom on time and in succession, and in deference to Italian gardens and viticulture, erected a pergola, which today still stretches as far as the eye can see and grows heavy with grapes in September.

Subsequent owners, including the widow of a King of Greece and the former Queen of Yugoslavia, inherited and generally adhered to Eden's plan, except that the latter banished all deciduous trees from the garden, preferring to stroll in an illusion of eternal summer, forgivably enough.

Hundertwasser, on the other hand, who moved to the garden in 1976, has insisted that it run riot, wishing as a matter of principle not to interfere too much with the vegetative energies and harmonies that suffuse it. Although he plants continually, as he does on his land in New Zealand when he is there, or near his house in Normandy when he happens to be there, he does so with spontaneity and abandon, inducing in the garden, as a result, the untamed vigor of benign neglect. Paths are disappearing, vines curl unimpededly sun-



Staircase to nowhere, for the sheer fun of it, was built in part of iron bits found by the artist.

Hundertwasser is fascinated by windows at random and uses eight sizes and shapes placed irregularly.

ward, and an old, perhaps even ancient, lichen-encrusted brick wall crumbles in a deeply shaded grove.

In a way, the real garden is asserting itself, for rather than orchestrating or exerting mastery over all that grows, like Frederick Eden or the queen, who were used to that sort of thing, Hundertwasser more or less stands back, intent on providing opportunity instead of control and exulting in the response.

"That is why I refuse to teach, even while I have students," he says, referring to his school at the Academy back in Vienna. He is reclining in a leather chair in the expansive living room of the villa, at which Igor Stravinsky and Ernest Hemingway reputedly paid royal visits in their golden days. The walls are covered with paintings, mostly reproductions—his own, those of friends, several Viennese masters and one by the American primitivist Joseph Pickett, in which the sky flows into a river and perspective is reversed, houses in the foreground rendered smaller than those behind. At one side of the room, near the fireplace, shelves overflow with art books, many of them by or about the avant-garde artists of pre-World War I Vienna, when painters like Klimt and Schiele broke the bounds of traditional and academic art.

"I believe it is impossible to teach art," he continues. "Either you have it or you don't. All a teacher can provide is an environment, a creative atmosphere. So I fill my classroom with plants and leave the students alone to discover their own selves rather than follow a master."

Here, however, I reminded him of the apartment house, with which he had scarcely played a distant, non-involving role. "That is the same but, yes, different in some respects. The building will be left to evolve mutually with its tenants. And of course I also consider the trees to be tenants, just like people, or pets or flowers in pots on windowsills for that matter. What I have helped make is an environment, a habitat in which all these tenants can live together happily and be creative."

He continued the theme: "But listen, a wonderful thing happened during construction with the workers. The bricklayers, tile setters and mortar workers, for example. Not only were they used to taking orders like good soldiers, they were judged on how straight they could lay their brick and tile. When they realized I wanted variation—wavy lines in the bathroom tile, for example, instead of that brutal rigidity typical of our industrial age—and when they further discovered we would not be overruled by the building bosses, it was as though they had been set free. They couldn't wait to get to work in the morning. They began to play with designs of their own, treating their craft with dignity and creativity. Naturally, I left them alone after that.

Hundertwasser's house nears completion. To some: "Disneyland." But to others: "Irresistible."

"In fact," he said, rising as the bell sounded at the garden gate, "when I think back over the last five years, it sometimes seems to me that I have been involved in a sort of war, one in which the sensation of power found itself pitted against the sensation of love. Needless to say," he smiled, "I am happy with the outcome."

A Franciscan monk from the nearby Redentore Monastery then swooshed into the garden, his brown cassock flapping. After swift introductions, he asked the way to the bees, for he had come to spruce up the apiary, a traditional service performed by the local monks apparently since the days of Eden. As always in his striped shirt, floppy hat and mismatched socks, Hundertwasser led the monk past a row of abandoned cold frames to the center of an overgrown meadow where the bees live. The grass was still dewy underfoot. After donning a head net, the monk lit a smudge pot, smoked the bees into passivity and briskly swept debris from the wooden trays where the bees take off and alight. Then, in the profusion of the garden, the monk and the artist talked about the wisdom of pruning. There was no telling what century it was for few clues availed themselves.

Last month, seven years after it was conceived and following two of actual construction and, at last tally, an outlay of more than $4 million, the apartment house was ready to be occupied. (Rents range from $207 to $327, about the same as for comparable apartments in the city.) Vienna will never be quite the same. For to take the little red-skirted N trolley from downtown toward the Danube and—at the corner of Löwengasse and Kegelgasse in a predominantly middle-class neighborhood—to come upon the Hundertwasser House is like having sailed to Byzantium or some other equally scintillating kingdom. It is a gold-tipped city rising out of the sea like Venice. It is Mesa Verde rinsed in pastel starlight. It is Babylon transplanted. It is a house shining like a lantern.

"Excuse me, madame, but what do you think?"

She is in her 60s, tiny and rotund. Her cheeks are Rome apples and her eyes are dusty green like a loden coat. Judging from the plastic shopping bag at her side, she is on her way to the grocer's or butcher's.

"Pure kitsch!" she explodes. "It belongs in the Prater," she adds, referring to Vienna's famous amusement park. "You know, Disneyland."

She bustles off, happy to have got it off her chest.

The next one is younger, perhaps more in tune with the times. Her hair is frizzy but her dress is neat, tucked in smartly at the waist.

"A fantasy. An expensive fantasy, which is a pity since the rent will put it out of reach of a lot of people. Remember, this was supposed to be public housing."

Then her face suddenly softens.

"But it is thrilling and beautiful. Irresistible. I'm on the list for an apartment and just hope everything works all right, plumbing and that sort of thing."

The apartment house will be the subject of intense scrutiny in the next few years, not only by tenants, neighbors and the people who built it, but also by city inspectors, politicians, newspaper reporters, architects, urban planners, artists, tourists and a good number of ordinary Viennese, whose tax dollars paid for it. Many of their questions will be practical, like the one about the plumbing. Are the roots of the trees coming through the ceiling? Can a wheelchair negotiate those corridors? Does anyone plant tomatoes in the terrace gardens? Others will be strictly economic, like what did the building ultimately cost and is it paying for itself. It may even come to pass that an art critic or museum curator will ask whether it is art. But the key question will be directed to the tenants. What is it like living there?

By then, who knows how many more trees Hundertwasser will have planted, or where, or how many more paintings he will have finished or whether New Zealand will have adopted the new national flag he proposed for it. No matter what, he will be secure in knowing that his trees, his art and those luminous houses that glow so urgently in his mind had at least on one occasion coalesced into the real thing. In one long, harrowing, embracing leap, he had managed to bridge several worlds.

Wobbly-looking columns are really structurally sound; they frame tenants' glassed winter garden.

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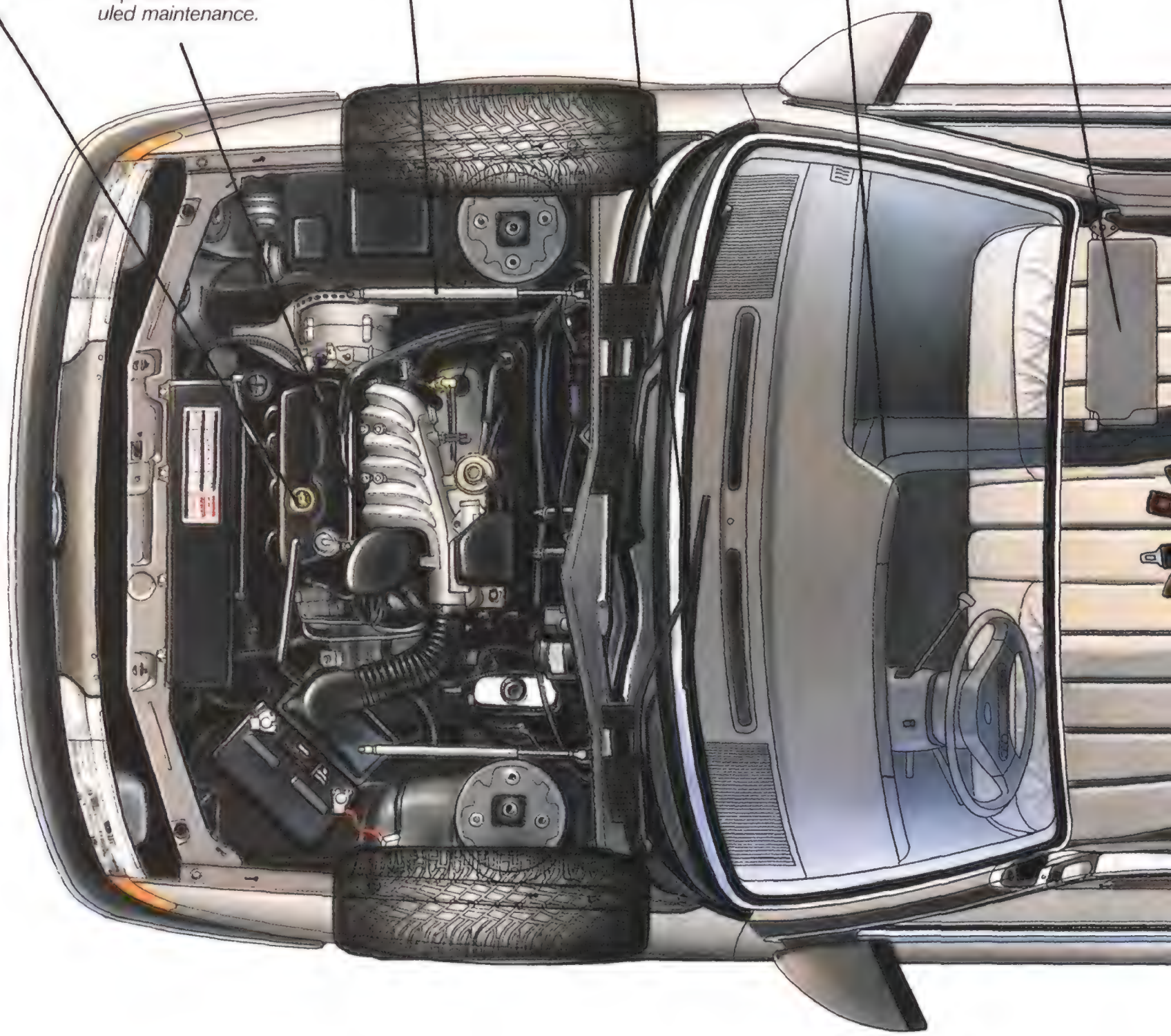

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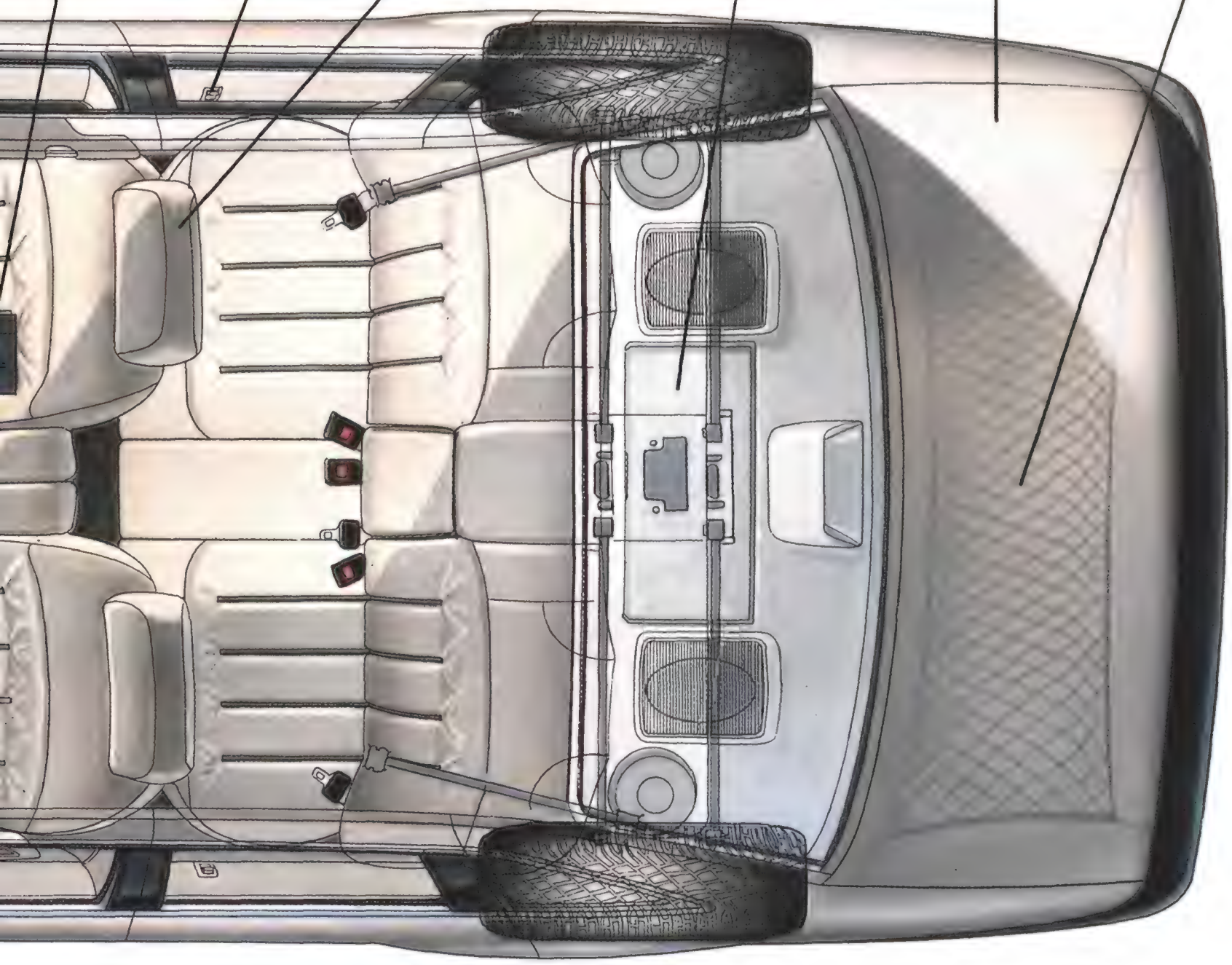

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By Gina Kolata

Weight regulation may start in our cells, not psyches

Recent research shows overweight problems may be caused by body's fat cells, which can 'learn' to counteract repeated dieting

Every year, Susan Goldsamt, a Weight Watchers lecturer in Washington, D.C., tells her classes her life story. Her struggle with weight began when she was three years old and discovered bananas—gobs and gobs of them—with which she stuffed herself. She started her first real diet when she was 14 and began what was to be more than a decade of dieting and regaining weight. Her weight, she says, fluctuated 50 to 60 pounds a year. And, with each diet, she found it harder and harder to lose weight at all. Finally, in 1972, her weight soared to a new high of 237 pounds, she joined Weight Watchers for the fifth (and last) time, and after five years and nine months, she reached her goal of 137 pounds and became a Weight Watchers lecturer. But, she says, the years of yo-yo dieting took their toll. Now she can eat only about 1,100 to 1,200 calories a day if she wants to maintain her weight and she keeps her eating habits under rigid control by writing down a menu plan each day and recording every bite of food that goes into her mouth. She has done this for the past seven years. "It's not easy," she says.

Mrs. Goldsamt's story rings all too true to the millions of people who have tried again and again to diet. But there are elements of it that particularly intrigue medical researchers who are beginning to uncover the mystery of why some people are overweight and what can be done about it. There are now hints of scientific evidence, for example, that the signals to overeat may come from the fat cells themselves. Some formerly obese people, who have large numbers of fat cells, may actually be in a state of starvation, as far as their fat cells are concerned. And there is animal research indicating that repeated dieting may result in an altered metabolism that makes it harder and harder to lose weight, even on extremely restricted diets. The new obesity research cannot yet promise cures for overeating or being overweight, but medical scientists are convinced that the study of the biochemical basis of obesity at least has the potential for leading to an eventual treatment.

The thrust of today's obesity research is "a 180-degree change of direction," says Albert Stunkard, a slender, white-haired psychiatrist who heads the Obesity Research Group at the University of Pennsylvania. For years, it was widely believed that obesity resulted from an emotional disorder. According to this psychogenic theory, people are overweight because they use food to relieve anxiety and depression. Then, of course, their obesity makes them even more anxious and depressed, so they end up eating still more. This vicious cycle got started early in life when they were either deprived of the food or oral gratification they craved or were given too much food, as a reward or to comfort them. But, gradually, a very different theory has emerged. As researchers studied how animals regulate their body weight and started to look at the biochemistry of obesity, they began to question the pat psychological explanations. They began to suspect, Stunkard says, that "the emotional disorders so closely linked to obesity are the result, rather than the cause, of obesity. In fact, they may be partly the result of trying to control obesity by dieting."

No such thing as "fat eating behavior"

Many obesity researchers now believe that there is no such thing as a "fat eating behavior." Some fat people eat when they are under stress, for example, but so do some thin people. Some fat people gobble their food or go on eating binges. But thin people do, too. One behavior that does seem to be more characteristic of fat people than of thin people is the night-eating syndrome in which people secretly binge at night and hardly eat during the day. But, scientists suspect, even that syndrome is not innately associated with obesity. Instead, it results from the constant pressure obese people feel to lose weight. After strictly dieting all day, their hunger gets the best of them. Embarrassed, they stuff themselves in secret.

It is possible for obese people to diet and stay thin,

As research focuses on fat cells, people with weight problems are finding out why dieting is so frustrating.

Photographs by Yoav/Phototake

Obesity laboratory's electromagnetic chamber is a new way of measuring lean body mass compared to fat.

particularly for those who are not too fat to begin with, but the new findings about the causes of obesity are leading researchers to be cautious in the advice they give. "I tell people that the only way to lose weight and keep it off is to continually mount a counterforce to the forces making them fat," says Jules Hirsch of Rockefeller University. "I advise them to make small changes in their lifestyle—to eat less and to exercise more—and to realize that any changes they make will have to be maintained forever. I also tell them that the more radical the diet they go on, the less likely it is to succeed."

M. R. C. Greenwood of Vassar College is a bit more circumspect. She remarks that although Hirsch's advice is good, it also is very difficult for most people to make lifelong changes in their diet and exercise patterns. "I tell patients that most of our treatments of obesity are predicated on a view of obesity as a behavioral disorder that can be cured by changing behavior." This view of obesity no longer seems correct, Greenwood remarks, and it is increasingly clear that the behavioral treatments are not usually successful. For those individuals who must lose 20 pounds or more, the chances of reaching a normal weight and staying there are "dismal—less than five percent," Greenwood says. But frequently even losing a small amount of weight and increasing physical fitness a small amount can make obese people much healthier. And for those who are only a little bit overweight, Greenwood says, "my message is to zealously watch your weight." It is feasible to think of losing five to 15 pounds and keeping it off. So no one should let the pounds pile on and get to a weight where obesity is almost certain to become a way of life.

Stunkard maintains that the new obesity research really is not telling dieters anything they did not already know—dieting and maintaining a lower weight is inordinately difficult. "All the new theories do," he says, "is explain why you have to try harder if the genetic and biochemical dice are loaded against you."

The change of direction in obesity research began when investigators came to appreciate the significance of an observation that has been made by scores of scientists over a period of decades: most animals seem to have stable weights. If they are given all they want to eat, they maintain a constant weight. If they are deprived of food or force-fed, they lose or gain weight, but when they are allowed to eat naturally again, their weight returns to its original level.

Such experiments raised new questions: How do animals maintain their weight? And if maintaining a stable weight is so natural, why do so many people have such difficulty with it? Thirty-four million Americans are at least 20 percent above their ideal weights—the usual definition of obesity—and the recidivism rate in obesity treatments is estimated at two-thirds. It is as high as 95 percent for the morbidly obese who are 100 pounds or 100 percent above their ideal weights.

Even people whose weights are normal frequently must struggle to keep from gaining. This is reflected, notes Judith Rodin, a psychologist at Yale University, in surveys of healthy people of normal weight—women, in particular—in which respondents reveal that they constantly fear getting fat and are always on diets. Eating disorders are pervasive. Bulimia, in which people gorge themselves with enormous quantities of food and then purge themselves by vomiting or taking laxatives, "is strictly a Western phenomenon," says Rodin. It is a direct result, she believes, of the pressures that

The device is derived from machines originally used to determine the percentage of fat in live hogs.

Percent of fat tissue is calculated by measuring body density to compare dry weight to underwater weight.

women in particular feel to be slim—pressures that may not let up from youth to old age.

Susan Wooley, a University of Cincinnati psychologist, remarks that bulimia is becoming epidemic among young women because "it is one way to avoid becoming fat. As the standard of thinness has shrunk, more and more women are uncomfortable with their natural body size and diet until they get so hungry they lose control of their eating." She conducted a survey of 33,000 women for *Glamour* and found that about 20 percent of the respondents who were below age 20 reported that they had made themselves vomit to keep from gaining weight. And when Rodin surveyed 200 women ages 62 to 91, their second most widely stated problem after concern about memory loss was worry about gaining weight.

Anthropologists are puzzled by the emphasis on extreme thinness in our society, and especially extreme thinness for women. It was not always so, of course. In the late 19th century, Lillian Russell, considered a great American beauty, weighed 186 pounds. Even today, in non-Western cultures, fat men are frequently those of wealth and power, and fatness in women is associated with fertility. In Nigeria, relates anthropologist Claire Cassidy of the University of Maryland, young girls of the Ibo and Ibibio tribes once entered fattening houses when they reached puberty in order to gain weight before marriage. There they were prohibited from working and emerged later, "mountains of flesh" and fit for wedlock. Cassidy recalls that a few years ago, when she was doing fieldwork in Central America, she began to her dismay, to gain weight. But, she says, "the fatter I got, the more they admired me. 'Finally,' one woman told me, 'you're starting to look healthy. And furthermore, you are starting to look marriageable.' "

In our culture, fat people, far from being viewed as powerful or fertile, are scorned. One study found that children as young as six years old describe silhouettes of an obese child as "lazy," "dirty," "stupid" and "ugly." In a survey of employers by Daphne Roe and Kathleen Eickwort, 16 percent said they would not hire an obese woman under any circumstances.

So, to no one's surprise, many people feel extraordinary pressure to keep their weight down. The great puzzle is why staying thin should be so difficult to do. At Rockefeller University, obesity researchers Hirsch, Irving Faust and Rudolph Leibel believe an animal's—or a person's—stable weight, sometimes called its set point, has something to do with the fat cells in its body. The signals to overeat, they conclude, may come from the fat cells themselves. The number of fat cells in an animal's body is not necessarily fixed, says Faust, although once people or animals acquire fat cells they never lose them. But what does seem to be closely regulated is how large the fat cells become. If scientists

Gina Kolata, a Science *magazine writer, reported on computer crime in the August 1982* SMITHSONIAN.

Soprano Lillian Russell in 1890; she was considered a great beauty—even as she weighed in at 186 pounds.

destroy parts of a rat's brain that regulate its eating behavior, the rat will become grossly obese. As a consequence, its fat cells grow to four to five times their normal size. Or, says Faust, "we can push the fat-cell size in any animal to a bare minimum by depriving it of food. Knowing this, it is interesting to observe that if you leave an animal or a person alone, the fat cells will stay constant in size. It suggests to us that there is some sort of regulation in effect. We feel that there are signals between the fat tissue and the central nervous system." Since obese people tend to have fat cells that are two to two-and-a-half times larger than those of normal people, Faust and Hirsch hypothesize that the signals regulating fat-cell size may be perturbed in these people.

Faust's first test of the fat-cell hypothesis was to look at rats that have twice as many fat cells as usual. These rats regulated their eating so that their fat cells were the same size as those of normal rats. But since they had twice as many fat cells, they were twice as fat.

Next, Faust removed fat from young rats so that they had only half the normal number of fat cells. These rats, too, ate just enough to keep their fat cells of normal size, but since they had only half as many fat cells as they normally would, they were only half as fat as their littermates.

The next step was to look at people. Hirsch and Leibel began with a group of women and one man who belong to Overeaters Anonymous. All are of normal weight, but each was formerly obese, weighing more than 200 pounds. But although they look normal, their body chemistries are deranged. Their fat cells are tiny and they look like people with anorexia nervosa. The women do not menstruate, their pulse rates are low—about 50 to 60 beats a minute rather than the normal rate of 70 to 80 beats a minute—their blood pressures are low, they are always cold and they burn about 25 percent fewer calories than would be expected on the basis of their weights and heights. Not only do they look biochemically like people who are starving, they act like it. "They are always thinking about food," says Hirsch, "and many are in the diet business." They may become Weight Watchers lecturers, for example.

Analyzing every calorie for a year

Hirsch and Leibel posed a question: Would people of normal weight who had never been fat have similar biochemical changes if they were to lose weight? And would they have more or less the opposite biochemistries if they gained weight? So far, they have carefully studied one volunteer—"It took one year and was very difficult," says Hirsch—and they are halfway through similar studies with a second volunteer.

The volunteer was a young student who agreed to live in a small room in a ward at Rockefeller University for the duration of the experiment. When the experiment began, he was of normal weight for his height —about 190 pounds—and needed 2,850 calories a day to maintain his weight. Of these calories, 183 were used strictly to burn up the food he ate. In the first part of the experiment, he gained about 20 pounds, all of which ended up around his waist. He found it extremely difficult to gain and keep on the extra pounds and felt terribly uncomfortable carrying the excess weight around. When Hirsch and his colleagues measured his caloric needs, they found he now required 4,620 calories a day simply to maintain his weight and that 569 of these calories were used to burn up his food. It was as though a furnace was being stoked. He was burning up his calories at a furious rate, particularly just after meals.

The next step for the young man was to diet until his weight was 20 percent below normal. This time, his metabolism slowed down after meals. He needed 2,871 calories a day to maintain his lower weight but, of those calories, only 109 were used for burning food. What these numbers show is that as the body gains

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In "pup in cup" study, Vassar's David West varies the diet of young rats, to determine long-term effects.

weight, it burns up excess food at an increasing rate, but when it loses weight, it uses relatively few calories to consume food. In other words, it adjusts its metabolism to counteract any deviation from its ideal weight. The student was reacting like those laboratory animals that keep returning to a stable weight. And the second volunteer, so far, is behaving biochemically just like the first.

In his search to understand why people and animals seem driven to maintain particular weights, Leibel developed a method for measuring the propensity of fat cells to accumulate fat or to break fat down. And in doing so, he came upon an intriguing result. People who cannot spot-reduce—women who can't get rid of their large hips, for example, may have fat cells in their problem areas that simply will not release their fat.

Leibel is looking at small molecules on the surfaces of fat cells called alpha and beta receptors. The alpha receptors stimulate fat accumulation and the beta receptors stimulate fat breakdown. Human fat cells have both of these receptors on their surfaces, but they vary in which kind of receptor is predominant. Leibel and his colleagues found that women tend to have fat cells on their hips and thighs that have predominantly alpha receptors, which means they tend to accumulate fat. This may help explain why so many women have fat that accumulates on their hips and thighs, Hirsch says, and the receptor study in general shows why different people have different fat distributions—the fat goes where the fat cells have mostly alpha receptors.

The alpha and beta receptor story may explain the dilemma of some of the Rockefeller University group's patients. One woman who was pear-shaped at 170 pounds lost 20 pounds, but looked worse than when she began her dieting and exercise. The fat cells on her hips and thighs had mostly alpha receptors and simply did not release any fat as she lost weight elsewhere. A potbellied male patient had a similar problem. The fat cells of his abdomen had too many alpha receptors and so when he dieted he lost weight everywhere except in his paunch.

It would be wonderful if this understanding of receptors could lead to a "skinny pill" that forces recalcitrant cells to burn fat. But Hirsch and his colleagues think that is not forthcoming. They do have drugs, however, that, in the laboratory at least, make isolated fat cells burn up fat. These are drugs that block alpha receptors or stimulate beta receptors. Hirsch envisions someday using drugs such as these to help dieters lose weight where they want to lose it.

Since most overweight people diet not just once but over and over again, investigators are beginning to wonder whether dieting itself can be self-defeating. Is it better not to diet at all, they ask, than to diet periodically? At the University of Pennsylvania, Kelly Brownell is coordinating a multi-university study that asks what metabolic changes occur when people constantly gain and lose weight—the so-called yo-yo syndrome. He explains: "We got interested in this problem about two years ago when we noticed that many obese people in our clinic had been on many diets in the past. They tended not to do well in our weight-loss programs. Maybe, we thought, their past dieting history caused them to do poorly."

Learning the lessons of yo-yo dieting

In collaboration with Greenwood at Vassar College, Brownell's group carried out experiments with rats that clearly showed that animals who were yo-yo dieting got very food-efficient. The second time they were forced to lose weight, they lost it at only half the rate they did on their first diet, even though they had exactly the same caloric intake. And, after their second diet when they were allowed to regain the weight they had lost, they put on the weight at three times the rate that they did the first time they regained weight. "It

appears that the animals were defending their body weight," Brownell says.

George Blackburn of the Harvard Medical School is now looking at data from obese people to see if the animal findings might hold true in humans as well. He runs a metabolic ward in which very obese people come to live in an isolated environment and lose weight on a carefully controlled, very low-calorie diet. Blackburn has noticed that a number of people keep returning to the ward twice, three times, even five times to lose weight. And each time they come, they lose weight more slowly than they did the previous time. So he strongly suspects that these people, like the laboratory rats, have learned to be very efficient users of food as a result of yo-yo dieting.

If there is a common theme to the stories emerging from these laboratories and hospitals, it is the fat cell as culprit. Researchers are only beginning to grasp the metabolic nature of these cells. They can't yet say why some people have more than others, or where these extra fat cells come from. But they hope that, with a better understanding of these cells, the signals to overeat may be circumvented. Some researchers postulate that there may be periods of life when fat cells are particularly likely to be deposited. In rats, the first three weeks of life are critical—the young animals develop excess fat cells at that time if they are overfed. No one knows whether humans have a similar critical period or, if so, when it may be.

So, for the time being, the new studies of obesity cannot provide much help to people who want to lose weight. But for Susan Goldsamt, at least, the very fact that researchers are looking seriously at the biochemical basis of obesity is comforting. It is so much more satisfying, she says, than hearing over and over again that she was obese because she was weak-willed or a glutton, or being told that she was not losing weight on her diets because she was cheating.

Two Vassar laboratory rats, both eight weeks old, demonstrate the effect genes can have on body weight. The larger one is a genetically obese rat; it will become fat even if it is not permitted to overeat.

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After 51 days on the bottom, bow of the resurrected *Squalus* knifes out of the ocean near Portsmouth yard.

Sub was brought up by special lifting-pontoons that were inflated until she burst loose from bottom.

By Edwards Park

The death dive and brave rescue of the *Squalus*

In May 1939 a freakish accident sank a new U.S. fleet submarine in 240 feet of water. Many of its men were literally saved by a bell

Some of us still remember a half-century ago, when the film industry fell in love with the U.S. Navy. Week after week it seemed, there was Pat O'Brien playing a tough-but-tenderhearted chief petty officer. Then the newsreel would give us Navy biplanes wobbling past, and battleships digging broad bows into giant seas and shoveling green water over their foredecks while the music rose into that familiar theme and the camera lens came straight at us with "The Eyes and Ears of the World" printed across it.

Submarines were left out. By nature retiring, they quietly prowled the coast instead of parading for the cameras. They weren't photogenic. If you happened to see one, it looked like a black toothpick with a little box—the "sail," or conning tower—amidships. They weren't large or fast. The old F and H classes ran less than 200 feet; S boats a bit more. Surfaced, 15 knots was about the best they could do.

Subs seemed to rate coverage only if something happened to them. We learned a lot about the *S-4*, struck and sunk by a Coast Guard destroyer off Cape Cod in 1927 with the loss of 40 lives. Two years before that, newsboys hawked "extras" when a ship rammed the *S-51* off Block Island and sent her down with 33 men.

About 50 years ago, fleet submarines appeared, big enough (300 feet or so) to have long range, and fast enough (20 knots surface speed) to keep up with other ships. Instead of letters and numbers, they rated real names, the names of fish—*Sculpin*, a bullhead; *Tang*, a surgeonfish; *Squalus*, a small shark. Their World War

Illustrations by Arthur Shilstone

Cutaway view shows water rushing into the sub's stern compartments from an open air valve amidships.

II triumphs were fully recorded. (The 1943 movie *Destination Tokyo*, with Cary Grant, was actually used in the Navy as a recruiting film.) But before they saw action, we didn't know much about *them* either. Unless, of course, something went wrong. . . .

May 23, 1939, dawned at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, with a chilly northeast wind. Down the Piscataqua River and out past the Isles of Shoals slipped the fleet submarine *Squalus*, slicing through the whitecaps on her way to the sea trials required before she was assigned to fleet service. For she was a spanking new vessel, proudly manned by a crew of 51, five officers and, on this trial run, three civilian observers.

"We were headed out for our 19th dive. We called it the 'Secretary of the Navy dive' because he'd stipulated that we had to get down to periscope depth—that was about 60 feet—in 60 seconds while going ahead at 16 knots. If we could dive that fast in wartime, we'd have a good chance of getting under before a patrol plane spotted us. We'd come within two seconds of it on the 18th dive. I knew we could do it this time."

The speaker is a stocky man with a spring in his step that belies his 80-odd years. He looks at you squarely with very blue eyes as he talks. And you listen to that soft, courteous voice with a vestige of New Orleans in it, because of all the people who remember the *Squalus*, none knows more about her than Rear Adm. (ret.) Oliver F. Naquin of Arlington, Virginia. He graduated from Annapolis in 1925; his classmates knew him as Nake and considered him the hottest jazz trumpet player in town. Midshipman Naquin got a nibble from the famed Paul Whiteman band, but he turned it down for a career of service and a wife and family.

Edwards Park, who is a Contributing Editor of SMITHSONIAN, *is the longtime author of the "Around the Mall and beyond" column.*

After submarine school at New London, Connecticut, he was assigned to Pearl Harbor and the submarine *R-14*. Life could be dangerous and demanding on "pigboats," as early subs were called. They were so tiny that human bodies were forcibly blended into the innards of the vessels. Submariners bore bruises and smells to prove it. "Diesel exhaust would be sucked belowdecks," Naquin recalls, "and we'd all reek of it. My wife wouldn't let me in the house unless I'd head straight for the shower."

Naquin became commander of the *S-46* and worked

Naquin blew ballast tanks to stop descent. "We got the bow up, but there was too much weight to surface."

In engine room, men reach out toward ladder as water engulfs them. In all, 26 were trapped and drowned.

at the Navy Bureau of Engineering before being assigned to Portsmouth and command of the *Squalus*. Up till now, putting her through her paces had been a pleasure: "We rigged for the 19th dive and went down somewhere around half-past eight in the morning. Here it is in the log. . . ." The Admiral produces a photocopy of a scribbled sheet and there, written in the quartermaster's hasty hand, are the words, "0840 Dived Ship."

As Naquin points out, that was quite an operation in prenuke days. Diesel engines, used on the surface, had to be shut down and electric motors started up. Aboard *Squalus*, Lt. Naquin, on the bridge atop the conning tower, gave the order, "Rig for diving." Officers and men jumped to their stations in crowded compartments. Lt. (j.g.) John Nichols had charge of the forward section: its battery room and torpedo room. Ens. Joseph Patterson supervised the after compartments: the after battery room, the electric motor room, the torpedo room and two diesel engine rooms. Men stood by telephones that linked them with the control room, amidships.

There, Lt. William Doyle jr., the diving officer and Naquin's second-in-command, heard the reports that one compartment after another was rigged for diving. As a final assurance, the two junior officers reported in person to Doyle, then returned to their posts. Doyle notified the captain that the ship was rigged for dive and Naquin asked the officer beside him, Lt. (j.g.) Robert Robertson, to check the sub's position by taking a bearing. With the dive imminent, bow planes, acting as horizontal rudders, were swung out from the hull and a message was radioed to the Portsmouth

Shivering survivors began banging on hull, hoping to be heard on surface; one blow for dot, two for dash.

Navy Yard that *Squalus* was beginning to submerge.

"Stand by to dive," barked Naquin, then ducked below. Klaxons sounded through the ship. In the control room, Doyle gave the orders that would put her under, pitching bow planes downward, opening ballast tanks to let the sea into them, closing valves to keep the sea out of the watertight hull. Red lights on a panel warned of open valves. Quickly they began changing to green.

The last intakes to close included the main engine induction valve, 31 inches in diameter, which fed air to the diesels. Once they were silenced, this great opening could be closed, for electric motors don't have to breathe. A single lever controlled the hydraulic pistons which held the mushroomlike induction valve open or tugged it shut.

Aboard *Squalus* that May morning, the diesels stopped; but the momentum of 16 knots kept the vessel plowing deeper until the electric motors, fed by 252 batteries, could take over. Machinist's Mate Alfred Prien shoved the induction valve lever to the closed position. Automatically, all eyes noted the last red lights on the "Christmas tree" turning green. *Squalus* nosed into the sea at ten degrees. The skipper entered the control room. "Green board, sir," said Doyle. Naval architect Harold Preble, one of the three civilian technicians supervising the trials, checked his stop watches. It looked as though they had the Secretary's dive in the bag.

And then a yeoman in earphones turned toward Naquin and, ashen-faced, shouted five incredible and unforgettable words: "Engine rooms are flooding, sir!"

Impossible. The Christmas tree was green. Nevertheless the Atlantic Ocean was pouring aboard through that manhole-size induction valve. Like a flash, officers and men reacted. "Blow main ballast! Blow safety tanks! Blow bow buoyancy!" Compressed air roared into tanks, driving out the water that had just been taken in for the dive. "We got the bow up, but there was too much weight to get to the surface," Naquin recalls. "We hung on for a moment, then started going down by the stern, taking an angle of about 40 degrees. People couldn't keep their footing."

Hanging to the periscope handles, Naquin ordered bulkhead doors closed. He didn't have to; his men had been trained to "dog down" those watertight doors even if friends were trapped on the wrong side. In the control room, the seaman guarding the door to the flooding after battery room had to reach down for it and haul its massive weight up against the steep pitch of the sinking boat. He had just got a good grip when frantic voices shouted, "For God's sake, keep it open!" Said the guard later, "I couldn't just let them drown." Seven men stumbled through before he dogged the door tight against the cascading sea. There were 26 others who did not get through.

"The after batteries had shorted out," says Naquin. "But while we were going down the chief electrician managed to jump down on top of the cells in the forward battery room and pull the port and starboard switches to prevent fires and explosions. From then on we had nothing but flashlights to see by."

No one felt the vessel settle into the mud, 240 feet down, but all felt the deck angle decrease. Then the cold crept through the steel hull and into the bones of 33 trapped men. It was just 0845 hours.

False position from a garbled message

Adm. Cyrus Cole, commandant of the Portsmouth yard, learned that *Squalus* hadn't reported surfacing after her 19th dive. He orchestrated a huge, coordinated search-and-rescue effort, starting with the submarine *Sculpin*, sister ship of *Squalus*. He alerted the submarine base in New London, Connecticut, and the rescue ship *Falcon*, veteran of the *S-4* and *S-51* disasters. Then he waited. And worried.

"The trouble was," says Naquin, "our diving message had gotten garbled and came across five miles off our real position." At intervals the trapped men fired smoke rockets. They'd released the marker buoy, an orange can with a brass plate bearing the message:

"Submarine Sunk Here. Telephone Inside." Now, they too waited. "I wanted the men to sleep," Naquin remembers. "That way they'd avoid building up carbon dioxide, which will kill you if it reaches a concentration of seven percent. We covered ourselves with anything we could find to keep warm, and I made them lie still and keep quiet. I wouldn't even let them go to the head. I told them to use a bucket."

Submarines carried a kit to measure the vital CO_2 buildup, and Naquin remembers that at one point during the cold, dark wait, someone asked him if it wasn't time he checked the air. "It was the last thing I wanted to do," he says. "I knew the air was foul. It was making them sleepy. If I checked it, they'd worry and breathe harder and stay awake. So I asked the Gunner's Mate to hand me the test kit. I dropped and broke it, then said, 'Oops! How stupid of me! You guys go back to sleep.' "

The log, at this point a barely legible scrawl, heightens the drama with its understatements:

—1007 Hopes of attracting Sculpin firing red rockets
—1008 Established watch in Conning tower
—1024 Fired red rocket

On Naquin's orders to conserve energy, men lay down, breathed very slowly, and attempted to go to sleep.

Naquin, 35 at the time of the sinking, was a senior grade lieutenant, had put in ten years in submarines.

—1117 Spirits High men joking and planning on our escape
—1140 Fired red rocket
—1223 Chow down men joking about our chow
—1255 Heard propellers of Sculpin right overhead
—1301 Fired yellow rocket (saving our red)
—1306 Heard anchor of Sculpin drop
—1321 Made communication with Sculpin

Sculpin had seen the red rocket, then spotted the marker buoy and retrieved it. Naquin had taken care to brief Lt. Nichols about what to say on that phone: the main induction was open, the after compartments flooded. Listening, Nichols heard the welcome voice of Warren Wilkin, *Sculpin*'s commander. He passed along the message and sent for Naquin. "I got on the phone and said 'Hello, Wilkie!' and he answered 'Hello, Oliver!' and then the phone went dead."

Sculpin had been lifted on one of the blustery ocean swells and snapped the line. The line was the only link with *Squalus*. Down below, the shivering survivors broke out hammers and began banging on the hull to help *Sculpin* find them again with her listening gear. "We had four-pound sledges," Naquin recalls, "and we stripped off cork insulation inside the conning tower

and the forward torpedo room so we could strike bare steel. One bang was a dot; two a dash."

Sculpin got a bearing on the faint taps and came close enough to anchor. Then she too settled down to wait for the rescue vessels. On the bottom, the survivors ate again—canned pineapples, canned peaches, canned tomatoes. Naquin says he could hear teeth chattering in the dark. He located the source, the youngest member of the crew, and gave him his jacket.

On the surface, in increasing darkness and worsening seas, the Navy tug *Wandank* out of Boston and the Portsmouth tug *Penacook* began dragging for *Squalus*. They had to find her for the divers on their way to the scene aboard *Falcon*. "We could hear the grapnel running around up there," says Naquin. "And then it snagged a railing on deck." Naquin and his men couldn't hear the great cheer from *Penacook* when her grapnel caught and held.

That was at 7:30 P.M. Nine long, cold hours later, *Falcon* arrived, the sound of her propellers rousing the *Squalus* men to new hope. When they faded again, and no messages came to him, Naquin ordered a last red rocket fired. He got an instant response from *Falcon*'s oscillator: "Am mooring over you. Do not fire any more smoke bombs." At 10:19 A.M., 25 hours and 39 minutes after they began their dive, the crew of *Squalus* heard the clump of a diver's weighted boots on the deck above.

Naquin is amazed at the combination of good sense and good fortune that now aided the rescue. "The grapnel had caught us only a few feet from the forward hatch where the rescue bell would come down. And when the diver saw the broken end of the telephone cable lying across the hatch he had the sense to kick it out of the way. It would have broken the seal of the bell so that it couldn't have worked."

The bell was the McCann Rescue Chamber, never before used except in training exercises. After the loss of the *S-4*, the Navy adopted the Momsen Lung, a simple breathing device invented by Lt. Comdr. Charles Momsen, to allow individuals to escape from sunken subs. Naquin had lungs aboard *Squalus* and dealt them out to the survivors, mostly as a safeguard against the chlorine gas that became a hazard when batteries got flooded by salt water. Everyone realized it would probably be fatal to try an escape with the lung at this depth and in such cold water.

The nine-ton rescue chamber, designed by Momsen and Comdr. Allan McCann, looked like an inverted pear and worked like a submarine—with compressed air, ballast tank and a closed, watertight hull. With a crew of two and air-driven power it could winch itself down to a hatch on the sub's deck. Then, sealed in position by a rubber gasket, it would blow water ballast from its lower chamber, open its hatch and the sub's hatch and take aboard about eight men. Momsen and McCann were aboard *Falcon* to lend a hand.

The diver on *Squalus*' deck rigged the bell's downhaul cable to the sub. Then the chamber was lowered into the water from *Falcon*'s deck. At around half-past twelve, the weary survivors in the forward torpedo room were drenched with trapped water as the deck hatch opened. With understandable dread, they closed their lower hatch against it. Then they saw that hatch

Composite illustration shows two stages of rescue: diver reconnoitering deck, and descent of diving bell.

open, too, and heard a friendly voice: "Hello, fellows, here we are."

Naquin had selected seven men for the first ride up in the bell. Lt. Nichols would go to report on conditions below. Preble, the civilian, would go. The others were those in the worst condition. "The boy whose teeth had been chattering so badly went on that first trip," the skipper recalls. The rescuers handed down hot coffee and soda lime to absorb CO_2, and *Falcon*'s compressors blew air into the sub's hull. That made the long wait for the next trips a lot more bearable.

And then the cable jammed

Each trip took about two hours. The second and third brought up nine men. The rescue chamber started upward for the fourth time at 8:14 that evening with six enlisted men, Lt. Doyle and finally—the last to leave his ship—Oliver Naquin. Fate toyed with them. At a depth of 155 feet, the cable jammed. Clever work by McCann freed it enough to be hand-hauled to the surface but only after a four-hour wait. The cable had somehow torn and might have snapped. Naquin recalls that they all tried to keep cheerful by kidding about the great steaks they could look forward to once they got ashore. One reprobate said, "Make mine a blonde."

The Navy managed to raise and tow *Squalus* by getting chains under her and pumping air into lifting-pontoons. World War II was already two weeks old on September 15, 1939, when the mud-stained, rusting *Squalus* finally reached Portsmouth's dry dock. In the after compartments, 25 bodies were found and identified. The 26th, the second cook, must have floated out through an open hatch. A fascinated public followed both rescue and salvage in the newspapers, on the radio and in newsreels.

It takes a special breed to serve in subs—people who get on well together in ludicrously close quarters, don't panic, and make decisions with assurance. Oliver Naquin, easygoing but precise and an utterly competent engineer, was exactly the right skipper to keep 33 men very much alive. He still sorrows for the men he lost, but says "I have absolutely no sense of guilt. I know that I reacted correctly. We all did."

Yet losing a vessel can easily wreck a career. Naquin faced a court of inquiry. It ended by commending him for "outstanding leadership." He was then assigned as chief engineer of the giant battleship *California*. And he was still with her—but ashore—on the 7th of December, 1941. "If you remember Pearl Harbor," he says, "you'll recall that *California* was hit by a 1,000-pound bomb forward and two torpedoes amidships. She went down in shallow water on an even keel."

He moved on to the cruiser *New Orleans*. At Tassafaronga in 1942, she intercepted a Japanese force on its way to relieve Guadalcanal. By then Naquin was Navigator. He remembers that his watch glimpsed the Japanese ships, close to the beach, and fired on them. The *New Orleans* caught a torpedo. Says Naquin, "We lost a third of the ship. The bow was blown off and the strands of armor plate left sticking out looked like a cat's whiskers."

After bell was fitted over the sub's rescue hatch, escaping crewmen climbed up into its lower chamber.

As for *Squalus*, she was rebuilt and recommissioned. As the fleet submarine *Sailfish*, she at first had a career as far-flung as her former skipper's, sinking seven ships, one of them the Japanese escort carrier *Chuyo*. By a tragic irony, *Chuyo* carried 21 prisoners of war,

all survivors not only of an American submarine but of the one submarine that *Squalus* men would remember all their days with special warmth and gratitude: their old sister ship, *Sculpin*, which had found them when they were 240 feet down. Many of *Sculpin*'s crew had died when she was depth-charged by the enemy on November 19, 1943. Only one of the 21 who lived to go aboard *Chuyo* escaped *Sailfish*'s victory.

Oliver Naquin's much decorated career proceeded steadily until he retired in June 1955. Last October he attended his 60th class reunion.

He says he still hears from 13 of the *Squalus*' men. "They send cards, and I'm quick to answer. There was a bond, you know. . . ." His mind goes back to a day, early in the war, when he brought the *New Orleans* into Pearl Harbor to refit after the Battle of the Coral Sea. He happened to walk past his old ship, the *California*, lying in dry dock, still undergoing repairs from the Pearl Harbor bombing. He remembered, ruefully, that his wife had kept aboard the battleship a trunk filled with small family treasures—photographs of the children, knickknacks, the things that make a house a home. It was in the trunk room, near where a torpedo hit, and had been blown to smithereens.

Now, as he tells it, "Scoop buckets were bringing debris out of the *California*, and as I walked down the dock one of these scoops dumped its load right in front of me. And there was a little silver sailing ship given me by the people on *Squalus*. Right at my feet."

He pauses and looks at you with those sky-blue eyes. "I think that's the most extraordinary thing that's ever happened to me," he says.

In pile of debris dumped on Pearl Harbor dock after sinking of battleship *California* on which he'd served, Naquin miraculously found silver sailboat given him by the *Squalus* crew three years before.

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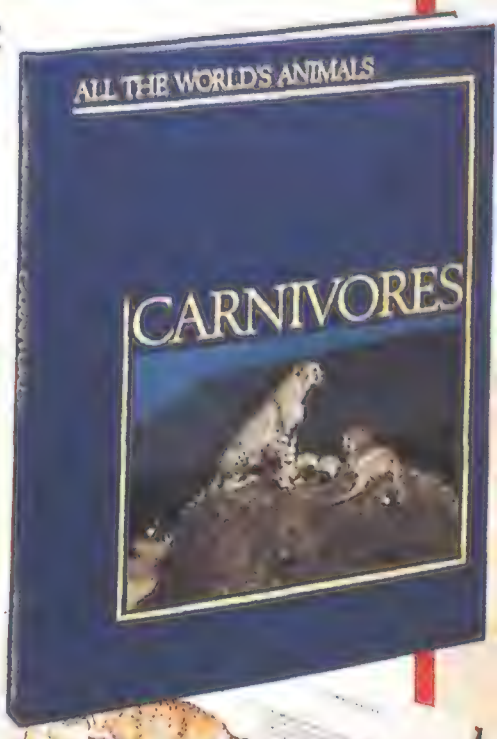

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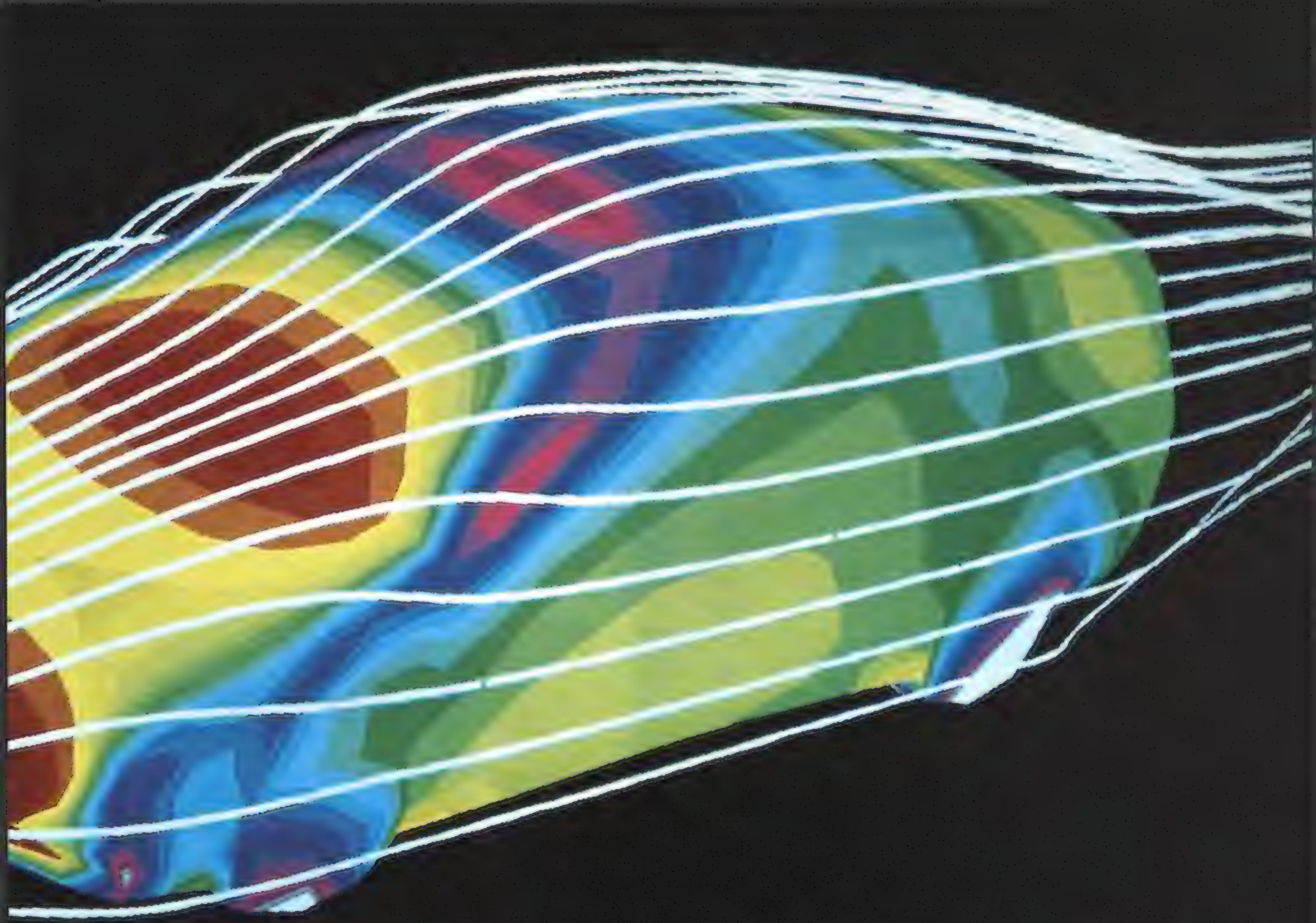

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By Robert Wernick

Sagas are still alive and kicking for Icelanders

The dreadful deeds and harsh courage of Grettir the Strong and Egil Skallagrimsson endure as inspiring literary treasures

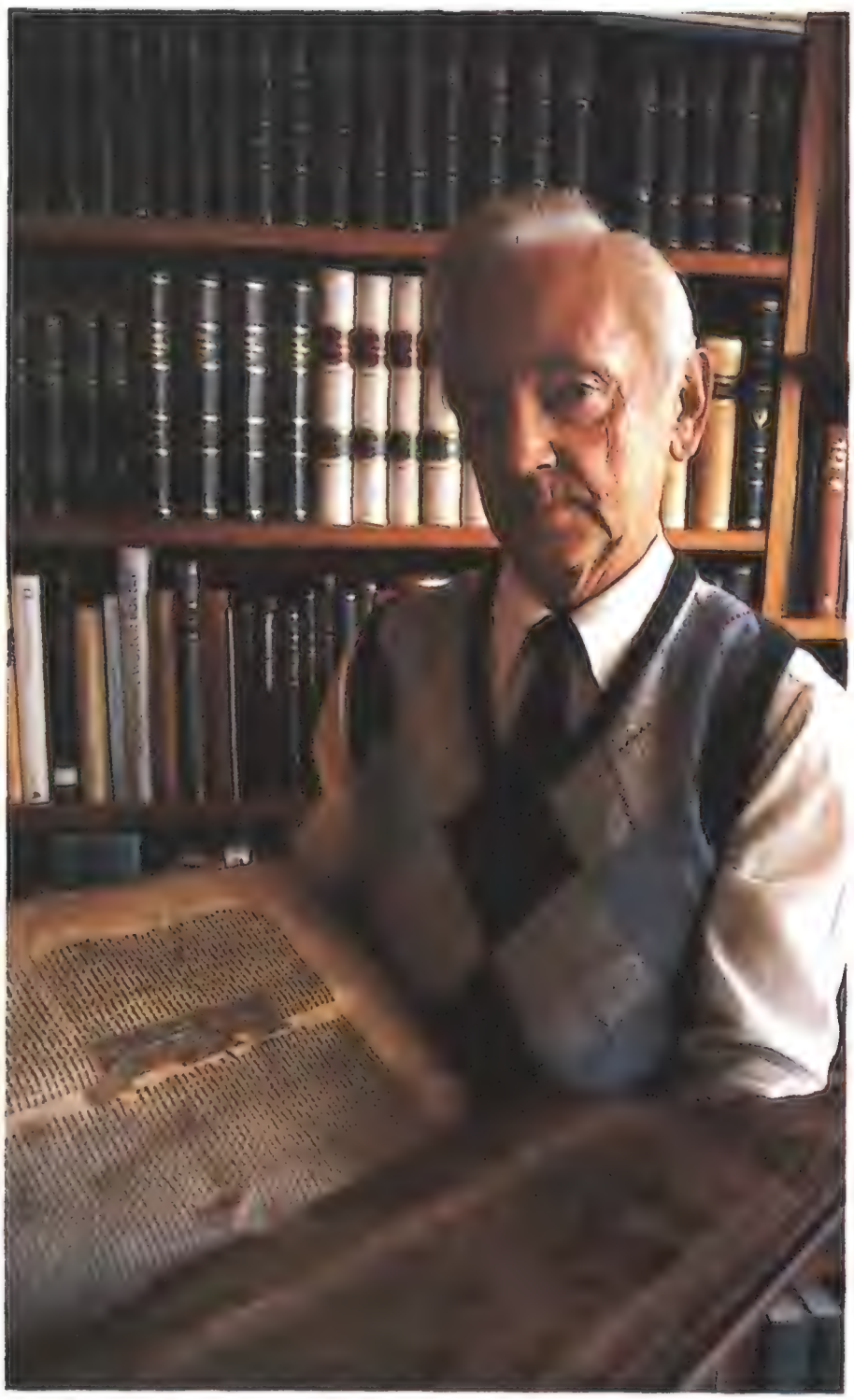
Jonas Kristjansson's blue eyes light with a mild scholarly gleam as he shows visitors the manuscripts of the most precious national treasure of Iceland. "Here," he says as he reverently turns the vellum pages of the *Flateyjarbok* with its scores of sagas copied in a strong, legible 14th-century script, "here is the saga of Egil Skallagrimsson, which I first read when I was seven years old."

Jonas, guardian of the Arni Magnusson Collection of Sagas, rushes on. "There was no electricity in the north of Iceland then, and I read it as my ancestors read it, by the light of an oil lamp in the long winter nights. Here is the chapter where young Egil gets into a football game and is bullied and beaten by a 14-year-old, and goes to fetch an axe, which he buries in the bully's skull. It starts a battle between their two families and their servants in which seven men and boys are killed and Egil's mother exclaims, 'What a fine little Viking we have in our family!' I was barely a year older than Egil at the time of the football game. For the first time I realized I too could become a man."

The *Flateyjarbok* was one of the manuscripts brought in 1971 by a Danish warship from Copenhagen, where they had lain in the royal library for 200 years. Many had been taken to Denmark by Arni Mag-

Rugged landscape at Thingvellir, site of world's oldest parliament, is a sacred place to the Icelanders.

Photographs by Randall Hyman



Jonas Kristjansson, director of the Arni Magnusson Institute, holds 500-year-old vellum *Flateyjarbok*.

nusson, a professor at the University of Copenhagen who traveled around Iceland in the 1700s collecting all the printed material that he could find. On his deathbed in 1730 he bequeathed his entire collection to the university.

It took years of aggressive negotiation to pry the manuscripts loose from the Danes. Iceland officially became a republic in 1944. But true patriots did not consider themselves free until the day the books that Magnusson collected had come home.

For these sagas created Iceland. No other people, except perhaps the Jews with their Bible, has had its life so intimately bound up with a body of literature. For about 600 years Iceland was a neglected province under a foreign king, cold, poor, disregarded. But the wretched remote island always thought of itself as a nation, its nationhood defined and given shape by such tales as *Grettir's Saga* and *Njal's Saga*. The stories they tell are of the proud, free, expansive old days when the first pioneers settled in an empty landscape and could grow rich by trading wool, walrus tusks and sulfur. They also pillaged and plundered everywhere from Novgorod in Russia to L'Anse aux Meadows in Newfoundland—or wherever it was that, according to the *Graenlendinga Saga*, the celebrated sailor-merchant Bjarni Herjolfsson first sighted America in A.D.

The small, rugged Icelandic horse, shown in ancient illustration and (above) today, has not changed much in size or shape for centuries, though the one at left, ridden by Odin, the king of the Gods, happens to be a magic mount that possesses eight legs.

985. Bjarni never landed. Leif Eiriksson did, however, and gets credit for the discovery in *Eirik's Saga.*

In Iceland, almost all prose narratives are called sagas. Barely had they settled in their new land toward the end of the ninth century than Icelanders began telling stories of all the appalling difficulties overcome in getting there and getting settled. A few centuries later the tales were being written down. They have never lost their popularity. It is because of them that the Icelanders, practically alone among the peoples of the world, still speak the same language their forebears spoke a thousand years ago, the original "Old Norse tongue" once common to all Scandinavia but as incomprehensible to present-day Swedes, Norwegians and Danes as Anglo-Saxon is to us.

The earliest sagas that survive are rather bald and clumsy. After about 1300 they became Frenchified, full of romantic posturing and fantastic adventures. But for a century or so in between, a group of superbly talented storytellers flourished who turned out a collection of masterpieces, rich and racy, full of movement and the breath of life, which count among the summits of world literature. The most popular have always been a half-dozen or so of the "family sagas," long and complex narratives tracing the lives of early settlers, often over several generations.

Njal's Saga, the greatest of them all, starts quietly enough with a quarrel over money. In what is considered an excellent match on both sides, Hrut Herjolfsson, a prosperous farmer, marries Unn, daughter of Mord Fiddle. But Hrut in his younger days had been a Viking who picked up a large legacy in Norway and won the favors of Gunnhild, the nymphomaniac Queen Mother of Norway. Unable to keep him from going back to Iceland, Gunnhild puts a spell on him so that he will never have sexual satisfaction with the woman he prefers to her. The spell works and Unn goes home to her father.

Mord sues to get back her dowry, but Hrut will not disgorge. More and more relatives and friends are drawn into the quarrel. Lawsuits and killings follow, and each killing demands revenge.When the men grow weary and start thinking of a settlement, the women come forward waving the bloodstained shirts of murdered husbands, calling for more blood. The action sweeps across Iceland and overseas. There are Viking raids into the Baltic. Christianity is introduced into Iceland. The battle of Clontarf is fought in Ireland.

A frequent contributor, Robert Wernick has recently written about Henri Toulouse-Lautrec and restorer Robert Johnson.

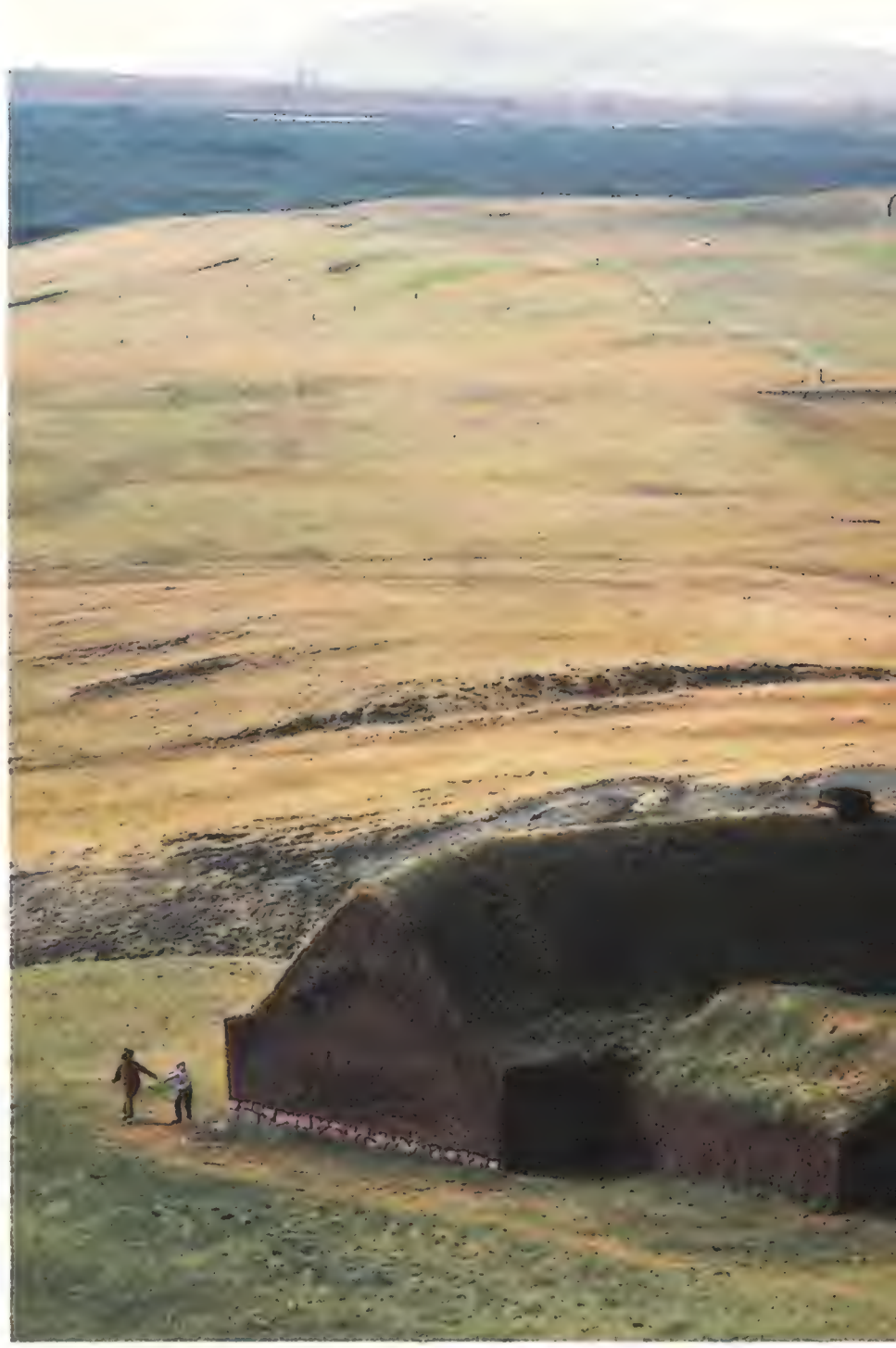
Scores of men have been killed or maimed and the feud has reached into a third generation before the surviving leaders are at last reconciled.

Saga prose is clear, straightforward, colloquial and concise. "Eirik the Red had to leave Norway on account of some killings"—that is all you are told about Eirik's formative years, and it is all you need to know. The details are so lifelike that the reader who comes on the sagas for the first time is apt to assume that they are rigorously true, that this is what really happened in Iceland. Icelanders would like to believe that and they get angry when people—even their own Nobel Prize-winning novelist Halldor Laxness—say it isn't so. Modern scholarship has shown pretty conclusively that the sagas are mostly carefully crafted works of art, historical novels rather than history, free embroideries on more or less genuine family traditions. Many heroes and heroines in the sagas really existed, of course. The general outline of their lives is probably correct. But details were created and embellished, or borrowed by saga writers from older books or lore.

One of the great rogues of all time

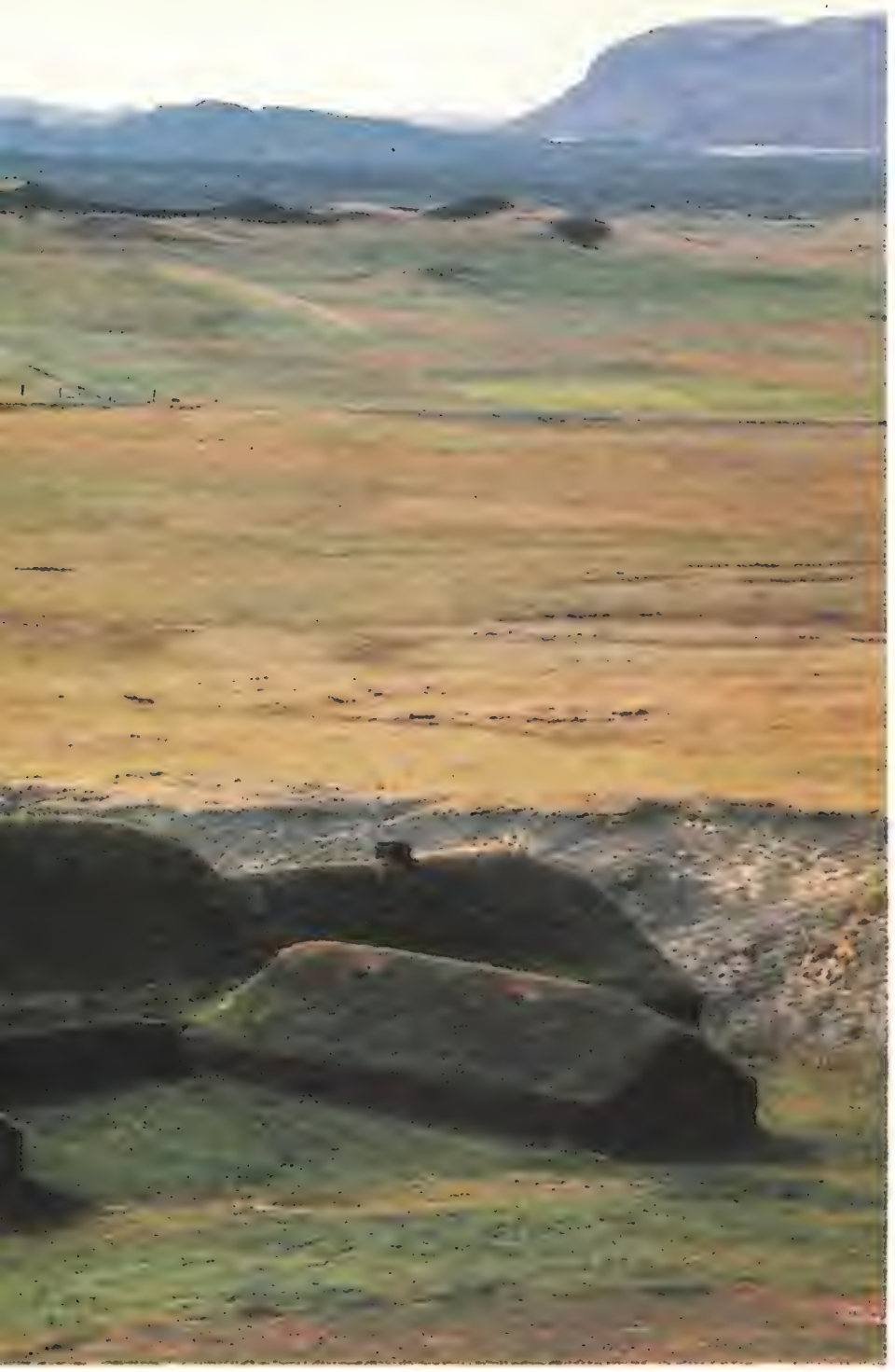
Egil Skallagrimsson, for example, was a genuine historical figure, a famous pirate and poet who ended his days on a rich farm called Borg. It is likely that he composed the runic poems ascribed to him, including the very moving threnody on the death of his son by drowning. If he did half the deeds he is credited with, though, he must have been one of the great rogues of all time. The saga shows him as a rude, moody, violent man, faithful to friend and unmerciful to foe, strong, courageous, a colossal drinker with a colossal appetite for gold. In the year 937 Egil is a guest at the banquet given by King Athelstan of England, whom he has just helped to win the battle of Brunanburh.He refuses to touch a drink, but accepts a fine bracelet given him by the king, who hands it over on the tip of a sword.

Later, Egil finds himself shipwrecked on the coast of England where he is unhappy to find that his old enemy Eirik Blood-Axe, chased from the throne of Norway, is now king of York. "Strike off his head," cries the vengeful Queen Gunnhild, remembering that Egil had butchered King Eirik's son, along with about 20 other people, in one glorious day of pillage and arson back in Norway. But the execution is put off till morning, a common practice at the time because killing at night was considered murder. Egil cleverly spends the night composing a poem of 20 stanzas in praise of a brave king, though the first lines of the verse state that he has brought it with him. At dawn Eirik hears it and takes it as a poem of shameless praise for himself and his victorious sword. ("Carrion birds fly thick/ To the body stack/ For eyes to pick/ and flesh



Reconstructed Viking Age farm near Stöng is now a museum visited by thousands of Icelanders each year.

Folk museum director Thord Thomasson pulls hide through ram's horn, ancient way of softening vellum.



It includes a central hall 40 feet long, living quarters, two rows of bunks and an attached dairy.

On winter eves, families sat on bunks in living rooms like this, listening as their elders related sagas.

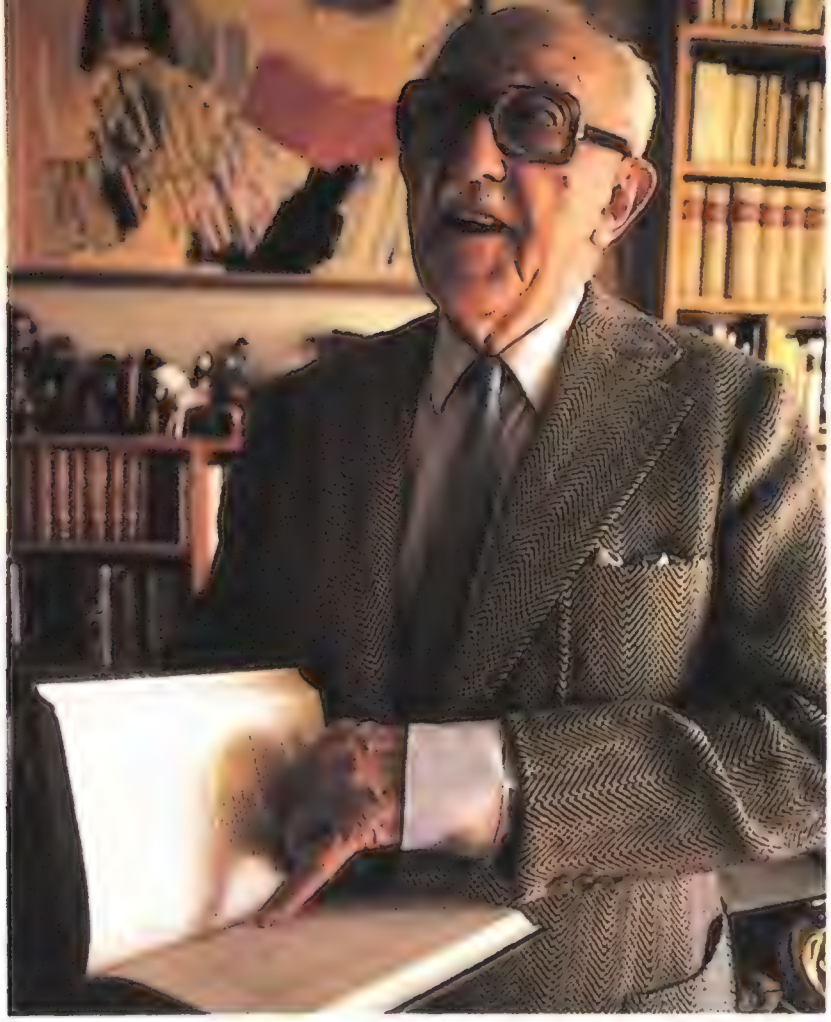
to hack. . . .") Over the queen's violent objections, he let Egil keep his head.

Egil's Saga was written by one of his direct descendants, Snorri Sturluson, perhaps the greatest prose writer of the Middle Ages. He is the only one of the authors of family sagas whose name has come down to us. He was an important figure in 13th-century Iceland, a great landowner and politician, but also the author of a considerable body of literature. In addition to *Egil's Saga*, he wrote the *Heimskringla*, a wonderfully vivid—and for its time a wonderfully objective—history of the kings of Norway. He wrote the *Prose Edda*, which is partly a textbook of poetical technique and partly a summary of the myths of the old Norse gods, who remained a living presence in the land long after it had formally adopted Christianity. Without it we would know next to nothing of Odin and his hall Valhalla, where slain warriors spend half their time feasting and half killing each other all over again; of Baldur the Beautiful and scheming Loki; of Ragnarok, the last day, when the sun turns black, the gods die and the world, consumed in fire, sinks into the ocean.

A chain of family feuds and mayhem

Icelanders have always believed that life can be reduced to anecdotes, and there is one about how Snorri came to acquire his immense learning. His father Sturla Thordarson, a self-made man, overbearing and ambitious, got into a fight with a priest over an inheritance. The priest's wife tried to gouge out one of Sturla's eyes with a knife, but only gashed his cheek. Sturla enlarged the wound while pretending to clean it, producing a great deal of blood and justifying him in his demand for a huge fine, the equivalent of 200 cows, in *wergeld* (blood money) from the terrified priest. A chain of family feuds and mayhem might have got started, had not the priest's kinsman Jon Loftsson, the richest man in Iceland, proposed a settlement. In return for giving up his 200 cows, Sturla agreed to have Jon adopt his three-year-old child Snorri as a foster son. (Fostering was quite common in Iceland, a way of extending the bonds of family loyalty.) Snorri was brought up on Jon Loftsson's family estate at Oddi, the traditional center of learning in Iceland.

How does it happen, you may ask, that the priest who quarrelled with Sturla had a wife? The Icelanders had converted to Roman Catholicism as the result of a parliamentary vote in the year 1000, but an overnarrow observance of religious commandments has never been one of their characteristics. They knew well enough that their new faith required celibacy on the part of the clergy, but as this did not make sense to them they simply disregarded it. All sorts of people in



Iceland still has 80 worshippers of Norse gods, led by Sveinbjorn Beinteinsson (here with idol of Thor).

Nobel Prize novelist Halldor Laxness was threatened with jail for modernizing the sagas' spelling, idioms.

Iceland today can trace their ancestry back to one of the innumerable sons of John Arason, the last Roman Catholic bishop, who was beheaded for political reasons by the Lutheran king of Denmark in 1550.

As Bjorn Fridfinnsson, a city administrator in Reykjavik, puts it, "We are not an either/or people. We are a both/and people." Witness the famous seaman who "believed in Christ but prayed to Thor when the weather was bad."

The both/and principle was at work from the beginning. The saga writers liked to think that their ancestors, the first settlers, were Norwegian noblemen who preferred to give up their lands and riches rather than lose their independence to the centralizing tryanny of Norway's King Harald Fairhair. They are more accurately described as land-hungry farmers from the coastal provinces of west-central Norway who were also sailors and fishermen.

On occasion they were also Vikings, meaning that if they came to a well-defended port they would trade there; if the port was not defended, they would steal everything they could and burn the place down. They had the best boats then in existence, the only ones that could brave the terrors of the northern ocean. On their way to Iceland they picked up many Celtic slaves who intermarried with the Scandinavian inhabitants. Since there has been virtually no immigration to Iceland for the past 800 years, the population is remarkably homogeneous, a valuable lode for geneticists and epidemiologists. It is the mixture, according to the Icelanders, that gives them their particular character. "We are the descendants," says Bjorn Fridfinnsson, "of the most boring people in Europe, the Norwegians, and the drinkingest, the Irish." That is why Icelanders are such a combination of dependability and unpredictability. You can always count on an Icelander to do *what* he promises, but you can never tell *when*; for he is apt to disappear at any moment, for a few minutes or a few days. But he always reappears.

Iceland is a thoroughly modern country today, urbanized—half of its 240,000 people live in Reykjavik—motorized, computerized, unionized. But if the social landscape has changed completely, the countryside has vistas that are little different from those of saga days. Then, everyone lived on isolated farmsteads. The body politic consisted of fiercely independent yeoman farmers. There was not so much as a village in the land. This world has vanished. Yet traces of it linger everywhere. You can see it in the quasi-mystic regard Icelanders have for their horses, the hardy, long-maned Iceland ponies, which helped them tame the land a thousand years ago.

You can also see it in their matter-of-fact acceptance of supernatural presences. Iceland is virtually a treeless land and the wind blows freely—in the long winter nights it blows perpetually. This makes a good breeding ground for ghosts, elves, trolls. There is nothing in modern days quite like the ghost of the thrall Glam, a presence who snapped roof rafters like matchsticks and tried to break all the bones of Grettir the Strong's horse before being subdued. But there are plenty of less malevolent ghosts around these days, solid and three-dimensional as they appear in the sagas. If you hear thumps upstairs at dinner, the host-

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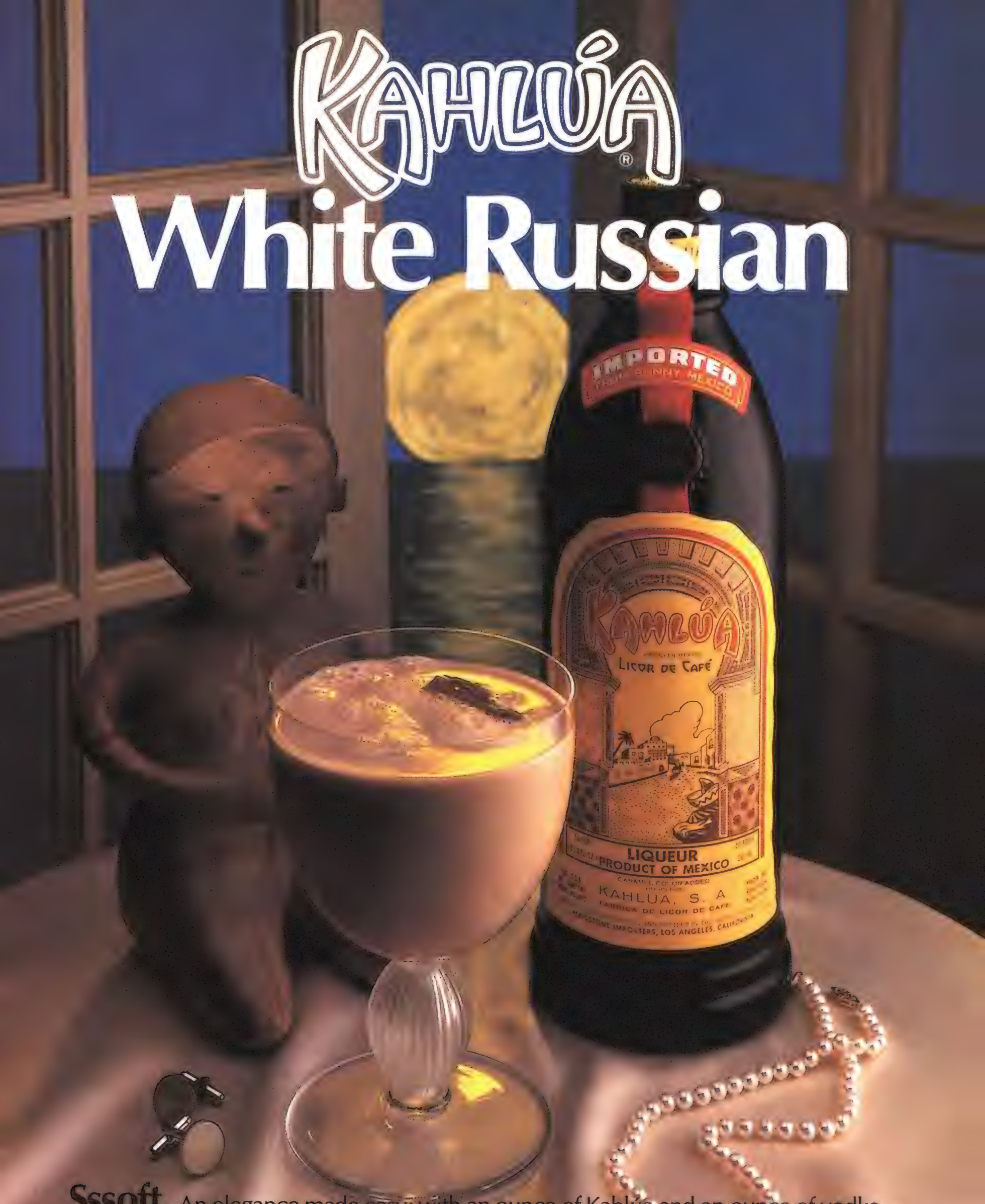

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Monument marks birthplace of Thorvald who, with Bishop Fridrik, tried introducing Christianity in 981.

Big rock near Bjarg, Grettir's farm, is one of many heavy stones that Icelanders like to think he lifted.

ess is likely to say, "Don't pay any attention to it, it's only great-grandmother Freydis; she always turns up on the children's birthdays." A German ghost named Frau Schwartzkopf puts in regular appearances at the residence of the president of the republic.

Look in the phone book and everyone is listed as he would have been in the saga age, by first name and father's first name combined with "son" or "daughter" (Bjorn Thomasson or Helga Thomasdottir). It is mainly foreigners who have family names. All the familiar names from the old heroic tales are here: Asgrim, Thorbjorn, Gunnar. Only one of the old names is conspicuously absent: Mord, which was a popular enough name until the 13th century but which no parent would dream of saddling a son with today. It was the cowardly, scheming Mord Valgardsson whose deceitful words led the sons of Njal to murder Hoskuld, Chieftain of Hvitaness, and set off the climactic round of slaughter in *Njal's Saga*. To this day, where we would say "son of a bitch," the Icelander says "lying Mord," and when he says that he had better smile.

Settling an issue by quoting a saga

Everybody reads the sagas in school and phrases from them come readily to people's lips on every sort of occasion. Recently, when the Reykjavik city council was debating a proposal to reduce the size of some committee, the mayor settled the issue by quoting Olaf Peacock in the *Laxdaela Saga*. His ship was drifting in a fog in the Irish Sea; one sailor wanted to turn to starboard, another to port, another straight ahead. Olaf said, "The counsel of fools is all the more dangerous the more of them there are," and made up his own mind.

The youth of this land, the late President Kristjan Eldjarn noted a little sadly a few years ago, is more concerned with the death of Elvis Presley than with the death of Gunnar Hamundarson, a central figure in *Njal's Saga*. And it is true that you can see pop rockers with shaved or overgrown scalps roaming the roads with their electronic bullhorns. But all over Iceland you can still find children learning from their parents some of the 2,266 permitted metrical patterns in the rousing old *rimur*, songs in rhymed stanzas that recount episodes in the lives of old saga heroes like Grettir, or celebrate the traditional saga values: "As long as life lasts/ I will love women and horses/ And be drunk most of the time."

As for Gunnar Hamundarson, his death will still kick up plenty of talk if you mention him in almost any company. Gunnar was a big, affable farmer and the best fighting man of his time. He was married to Hallgerd Longpants, the Lady Macbeth of the North, who had already killed off two previous husbands. She

had glorious golden hair that could cover her nakedness. Gunnar, besieged in his home by 25 enemies, and holding them off with rapid-fire archery, was dismayed when his bowstring was cut. "Quick," he said to Hallgerd, "cut off two tresses of your hair, and my mother and you can twist me another bowstring." "Is it important?" she asked. "My life depends on it," he said, "for they will never come to close quarters with me if I can keep them off with my bow."

"Well," said Hallgerd, "now I will call to thy mind that slap on the face which thou gavest me [some years before when he found that she had ordered a slave to steal a neighbor's cheese]; and I care never a whit whether thou holdest out a long while or a short." So Gunnar went down fighting against 18 surviving foes. The women's liberationists of Iceland have chosen Hallgerd as their patron saint.

Gunnar had had a chance to escape certain attack and death by going abroad, and he actually outfitted a ship, but as he was riding down to it, his horse stumbled and he looked back on his farm of Hlidarendi. "How lovely the slopes are," said Gunnar in words every Icelander knows by heart, "more lovely than they have ever seemed to me before, golden wheatfields and new-mown hay. I am going back home and I will not go away."

The landscape that so enchanted Gunnar may seem, in some eyes, stark to the point of bleakness. American visitors find it a bit reminiscent of the West, the same endless emptiness, the barren mountainsides, rock configurations, a magnificent openness. And the Iceland of the sagas was very much like the Old West, with isolated families struggling against inhospitable nature, the absence of central authority, a pervading atmosphere of violence. No wonder the Icelanders have always been rabid fans of movie Westerns. They are accustomed to stories of strong and solitary men and women, brave deeds, triumphs over adversity.

Olaf leaping from oar to oar

The sagas naturally put great emphasis on physical strength and courage. So do modern Icelanders. They are fond of reading about old Viking sports like the one played by Kjartan, son of Olaf Peacock, with a powerful man he met one day while swimming in the river near Trondheim in Norway. The game was to pull the other fellow underwater and see who could stay down longer. "They stayed under for what seemed to Kjartan a very reasonable time" and came up with great respect for each other. The other fellow turned out to be King Olaf Tryggvason, a magnificent athlete who loved to run up and down the length of his flagship, the *Long Serpent,* leaping from oar to oar, all 110 of them, while his men rowed.

Sometimes the feats the sagas describe may seem a little exaggerated. Did Skarphedinn Njalsson really leap over the Markar River and come gliding along the smooth ice "as fast as a bird flies" and smash his axe into the skull of Thrain Sigfusson, cleaving him down to the jaw so that his jaw-teeth fell out on the ice, and then slide on to safety before any of Thrain's companions could strike a blow? Skeptics have dared doubt the story of how Grettir the Strong swam an icy stream in Norway in air so cold that his cloak froze solid around him when he came ashore. But everyone in Iceland is talking about the fisherman on the Westman Islands who last year swam three miles from his overturned boat in near-freezing water and then walked two miles on a road of crushed lava

Sagas inspired Jon Sigmarsson to start body building; he won 1985 title as "The World's Strongest Man."

in his bare feet till he reached a house. When asked what the water was like he said, "Cold."

Icelanders also take it as a matter of course that the man chosen at an annual international competition as the Strongest Man in the World should be one of them (p. 123). For 200 years their young men have attempted to lift the Kviahella Stone, which weighs 400 pounds, knowing that raising it an inch will bring them no end of prestige in their home towns.

The sagas admire strength. But their true heroes are men like Njal Thorgeirsson, of *Njal's Saga* fame, who tried to impose order and rationality and a spirit of compromise on the raw passions of a frontier land. "With law shall our land be built," said Njal, "but without law will we destroy it." The words are written today on the shields of the Icelandic police.

The first republic of Iceland lasted for about 300 years. Since as a country it had no executive officer, no king, no national army, no wars, it has no formal history in the conventional sense. Since no trees more substantial than birches grew there, its buildings had to be made of driftwood, stone and sod, or imported wood, so few monuments remained. The monuments Icelanders visit are the empty spaces where once the great scenes of the sagas were acted out.

They go to Thingvellir, the cliff-rimmed plain east of Reykjavik where people from all over the land congregate in June of every year to commemorate the Althing. It was the first European parliament, where the people listened to the Lawspeaker read out the laws, passed judgment, levied blood-payment and negotiated marriages and commercial ventures.

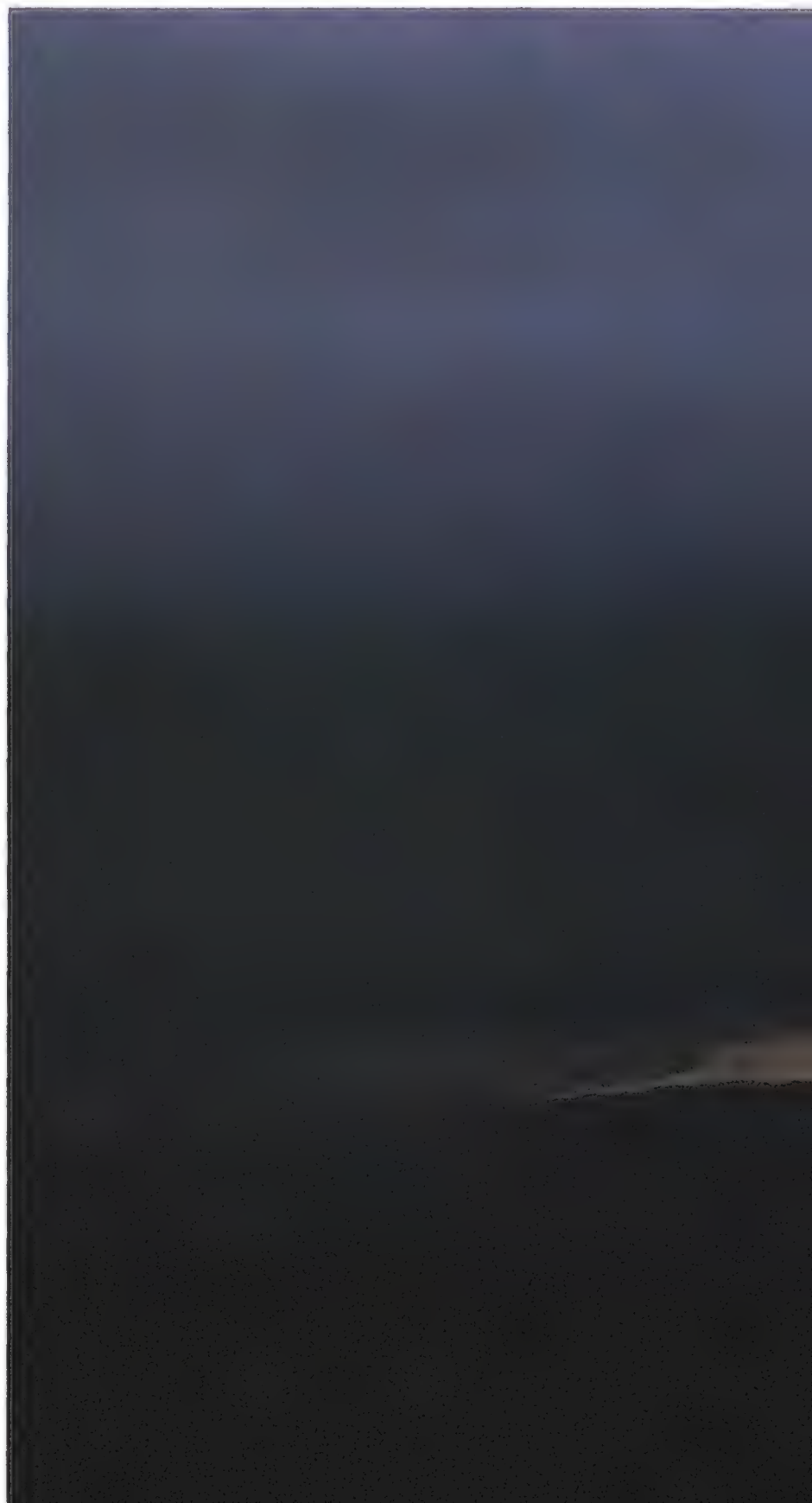
They go on pilgrimages to the farm of Bergthorsknoll where Njal and his family were besieged and burned; where old Bergthora, refusing a chance to escape, lay down under an oxhide by her husband: "I was given away to Njal young, and I have promised him this, that we would both share the same fate."

Dipping their toes in a hot-spring pool

They go to Reykholt, the favorite home of Snorri Sturluson, and dip their toes in a pool fed by underground hot springs. Snorri and his friends may have sat by the hour in this pool discussing the subtleties of Old Norse prosody. Behind the pool is a door to an underground passage leading to the cellar of his house, where he was murdered by his enemies on September 22 in the year 1241.

Snorri's death marked the end of Iceland's golden age. As head of the Sturlung family he had tried, not too scrupulously, not too successfully, to increase his own power and to preserve Iceland's independence. He was not ruthless enough to be a leader in those dark days. The climate was getting colder, the land was overworked, there was a surplus population of homeless ruffians, the scramble for power among the leading families was becoming more and more bloody and brutal. The whole northern world was in decline; the great days when a man could make a fortune as a Viking were over. A Norwegian pirate like King Olaf the Saint might once have spread terror from Finland to Spain and pulled down London Bridge with his ship's ropes, launching a deathless nursery rhyme. Olaf's great-grandson Magnus Bareleg, though Snorri provided him with a splendid saga line—"kings are made for honor and not for long life"—could do no better than die wretchedly as a cattle thief in Ireland. So the Norwegians had nothing left to attack but impover-

Gilsbakki farm sits in storied landscape: it was here that Grettir stole a horse from the irate owner.

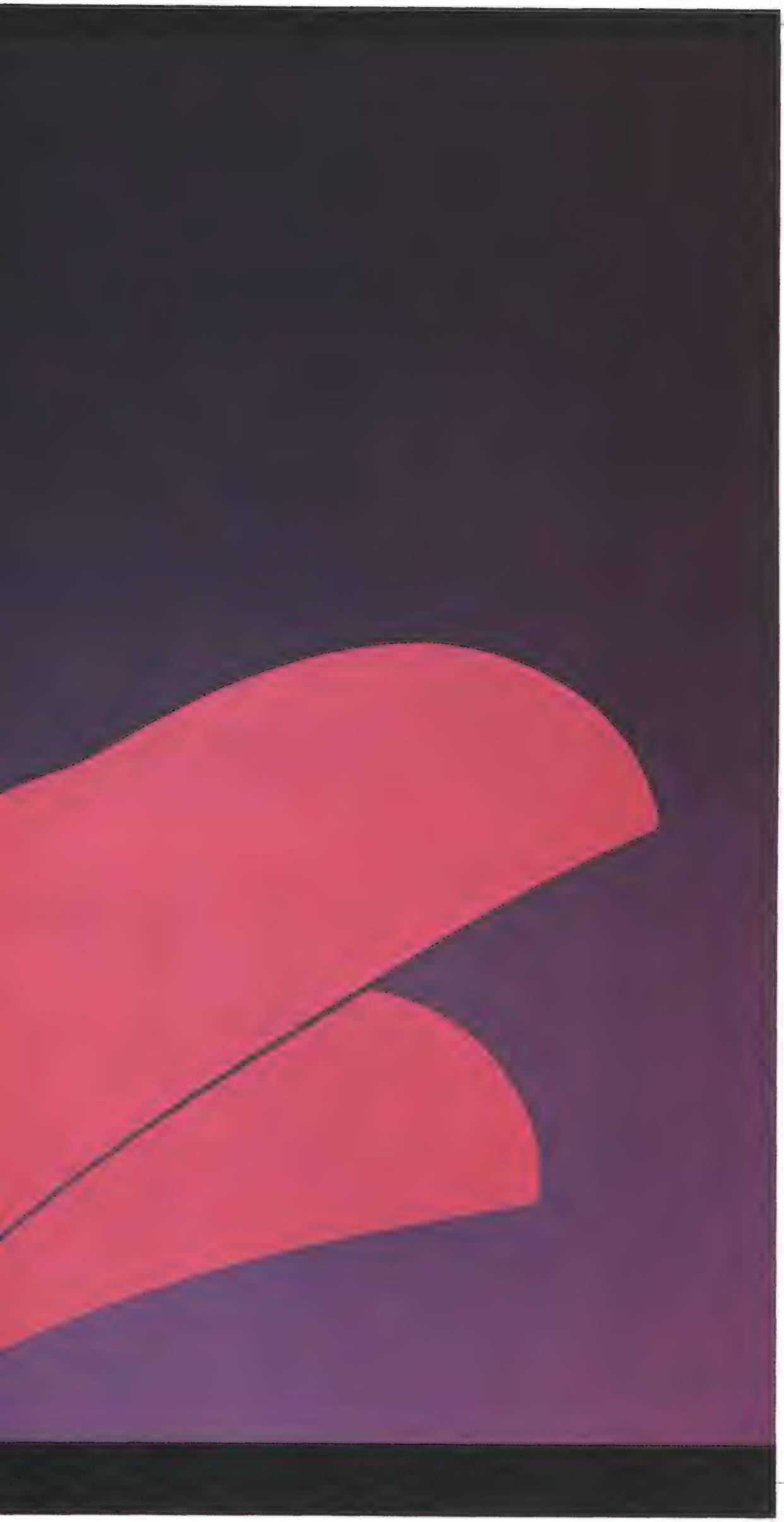


ished Iceland, already torn by internal strife. King Hakon Hakonarson personally ordered his henchman in Iceland, Gissur Thorvaldsson, to murder Snorri.

Gissur later came to terms with the Sturlung family and married his son to one of their daughters, but nothing could halt the cycles of treachery and violence. A band of Sturlungs attacked Gissur in his home and burned it, killing his whole family. He survived only by hiding for hours in an icy tub of *skyr*—fermented milk which is like a thick yogurt, a favorite food of the Icelanders—escaping the points of spears that his enemies poked into it. It was said of him that he rarely smiled before and never smiled after this event, though he triumphantly achieved his aim of betraying Iceland's independence to the king of Norway.

That was in 1262. For centuries thereafter Iceland languished. Cold and poor, ravaged by catastrophic volcanic eruptions, it saw its population dwindle so far that in the 18th century there was talk of evacuating everyone to Denmark, which by then had temporarily acquired Norway. The most precious manuscripts of the sagas found their way to collectors' libraries in Copenhagen. But in the lonely farmhouses, by the flickering lamps, the grandfathers went on reading to the whole family the old tales of Egil and Njal and King Harald Fairhair and the ghost of Thorjolf Twist-Foot, which was so heavy that four oxen broke down trying to drag it to a decent resting place. And Iceland survived.

Later the two men made up and spent a night at the farm happily reciting alliterative *rimur* verses.



STORMY WEATHER AHEAD FOR THE AUTOMATED OFFICE

In 1945, the U.S. Navy was putting the first digital computer through its paces. Suddenly, for no apparent reason, the room-sized machine broke down. After a long search, technicians discovered the cause. Deep within the machine, crushed between the points of a relay, was a moth.

"Bugs" have bedeviled Computer Man ever since.

Until recently, things were getting better every year. Each new generation of business machines has proved more reliable than the last.

Yet, for all this progress, the business that trusts its affairs to computers may

continued on next page

continued from preceding page

be more at risk today than at any time in the last 40 years.

The rise of office-wide and company-wide systems is changing the arithmetic of risk. The number and variety of devices now being installed multiply the chances that, on any given day, *something* will fail.

More disturbing: *business machines no longer fail alone.*

The "why" of this will be familiar if you ever struggled with those old-fashioned Christmas lights: one bad bulb and the whole string went dark. In an office system, each "bulb" is likely to be a $10,000 business machine. And the "string," a maze of cables and fiber optics stretching (literally) all over the map.

What's to be done? Must whole companies now be hostage to the performance of machines? Below, AT&T digs into the issues and finds reason for optimism—as well as alarm.

◇

BLOOD. Any company whose life's blood pumps through a computer is going to want some sort of backup. A count of America's business machines would turn up thousands of devices whose sole job is to sit and wait.

All this duplication does as much to enrich hardware vendors as it does to protect system users.

By contrast, the gospel according to AT&T is *"communication, not duplication!"* In AT&T's world, information is portable. Our stock in trade are networks that can be instantly reconfigured to shift the burden of a downed computer to another device whose day-to-day chores are less immediate.

Like cast members in a Broadway show, the devices in such a system are capable of stepping into each other's roles at a moment's notice.

By no coincidence at all, the same AT&T networks that permit you to work around a problem can *prevent* most problems in the first place.

Remote sensing devices can now monitor the health of entire office systems around the clock from AT&T command posts miles away.

So sensitive are these probes that they can spotlight malfunctions in the making within individual machines—usually before the users themselves are aware of anything wrong.

These same probes also serve as *tools.* In AT&T's world, some 40% to 50% of all repairs can be made without a service call. Those are "real world" figures: AT&T now stands watch over 35,000 systems.

◇

HITCH. The hitch in all this is that few companies live in an all-AT&T world. Few live in an all-*anything* world. More and more of today's office systems rest on a fragile ecology of devices from *many* vendors.

Vendor A may know his own stuff inside out. Ditto for Vendor B. But when your system depends on a whole alphabet of vendors, who do you call? Who's accountable?

That was precisely the question a

For all this progress, the business that trusts its affairs to computers may be more at risk today than at any time in the last 40 years.

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Vendor A may know his own stuff inside out. Ditto for Vendor B. But when your system depends on a whole alphabet of vendors, who do you call? Who's accountable?

major electronics firm put to AT&T last winter. This company had built up data and communications networks using lines and equipment from 7 vendors, including some of AT&T's chief rivals.

What the company wanted was one vendor that would stand accountable for the workings of every line and every switch they owned in 48 states.

Would AT&T take the job?

As a service company, we're moving in that direction, but there are limits to what any company can promise where others' products are involved. We are judged by the promises we *keep.*

AT&T's proposal: a trial marriage. We'd start small, get it right, and expand from there. In this case, "starting small" meant across-the-board responsibility for systems at 50 sites in 16 states.

Today, as far as the electronics firm is concerned, it is AT&T's job to watchdog the performance of all these systems. When trouble knocks, it is now AT&T's job to pinpoint the fault, and to orchestrate the efforts of other vendors to put things right.

One AT&T-er sums up the complex logistics this way: "When a customer has one number to call – no matter when, no matter what – you'd better be ready to jump."

Free Offer: How does AT&T (or any vendor) work in harness with a competitor? A recent AT&T/Hewlett-Packard white paper offers an inside look at the issues, the pitfalls, and the keys to success. For a free copy, please telephone 1 800 247-1212. Or you may write Mr. Dale Hegstrom, AT&T Information Systems, P.O. Box 1405, Morristown, NJ 07960-1405.

JEANS. AT&T now serves 7 million business customers. Some wear pinstripes, some wear jeans. They are a cross section of American business.

The biggest have more computers and communications gear than many *governments.*

It is these big companies who feel most keenly the lack of integrated service and support. They expect us to lead the charge to fill this void.

They see it as part of our job.

Meanwhile, we have customers who have yet to buy their first PCs. For them, we are a telephone, an Operator's voice, and someone to call "in case." (AT&T service technicians aren't drawn from a hat. Like neighborhood cops, each one patrols a particular business beat.)

Small or large, no two of our customers are exactly the same.

Our job is to be there. No matter who calls. No matter when. No matter what. We're AT&T.

AT&T
The right choice.

By Joseph Roddy

A school of note scores big back home in Indiana

The "Big Mac" to students, center is guarded by Calder's *Peau Rouge Indiana*, gift of loyal alumnus.

Stellar faculty and a performance schedule that would stun the Music Man are the norm at Indiana University's School of Music

They meet or mingle or haggle or rush through or just sit alone in thought at a convergence of billboarded corridors and food vending machines known as Clouse's Lounge. No tape decks intrude because the loners may be running Bach or Copland licks through their heads for their next classes. At the desk to the side and dressed as a proper 78-year-old should be is Helen Clouse, besieged mother of them all and kindly cop on their beat. While they dip into the bucket of Cracker Jack she provides, she makes the switches they want in the 200 practice rooms she books for three-hour sessions that sometimes last into the night.

The contralto senior says she cannot hear herself sing in the room next to the sophomore trombone player. He cannot practice at all if there is a Korean on either side of him because they work so much harder and longer than he can. The cellist says she wants the room that horn player uses only as a locker for his running shoes while he practices barefoot in the stairwell. All the rooms have pianos, and just about every pianist on campus needs more time with some instrument assigned to some other pianist. A lot of them wear solid black. Brass and woodwind players are known by their T-shirts and jeans. Singers are the well- or overdressed ones in their Yuppie suits or frocks. The three disreputables under the clock in their sandals, shorts and Indian shirts are string players squabbling over grips on bows but agreeing that at the recital the night before their friend did not hold his correctly. The recital, starting at 10, was the night's third in that hall and one of the last of 913 programs during Indiana University School of Music's 1984-85 academic year.

All day long, a steady stream of students lugging their instruments winds past the Musical Arts Center.

Long after it had acquired Euterpe as its muse, Cecilia as its saint and William Congreve's attestation that its charms soothed savage breasts, the art of music acquired "Ivy League" private schools. Its Yale, Harvard and Princeton are Eastman, Juilliard and Curtis. Eastman is a division of the University of Rochester in western New York State, and Juilliard is in Manhattan at Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts. Curtis Institute, just off Rittenhouse Square in Philadelphia, smallest and most selective of the three, bestows upon its entire enrollment the scholarships its trustees regard as their *pro bono* obligation to the art.

Curtis has 180 students, Eastman 692 and Juilliard 904. There are 1,626 students at "Bloomington," as the I.U. School of Music is known in the profession. That also happens to be the name of the small southern Indiana city where it is located and which is overrun by the more than 30,000 students and teachers at the state university. Its most celebrated academic division is the largest music school in the United States, with almost as much faculty as Curtis has students. Music teachers asked by the *Chronicle of Higher Education* found Bloomington's music faculty the country's best, and a poll of university administrators has ranked it first among the nation's music schools.

Some of its faculty members who are also renowned as performers are violinist James Buswell with the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, pianist

Photographs by Dan Carraco

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Rusty Burch (rear), who is working on an M.A. in music education, takes a lesson from Harvey Phillips, known as the "Paganini of the tuba."

Menahem Pressler with the Beaux Arts Trio and the cellist's cellist from Budapest, Janos Starker, who has been on the Bloomington faculty since 1958. (Starker's imaginary *Guide Michelin* to the world's music schools gives its only three-star rating to Bloomington.) Leonard Bernstein settled in for a six-week stay a few years ago to finish writing an opera and in the evenings students would give sight-reading performances of music he had composed that afternoon.

"It is very rare that a high school senior will say, 'I am going to Harvard to study English with Professor So-and-so,' " Charles H. Webb, the music school's dean, told me. "But those entering music schools say and do just that. One student will decide to come here because, say, the teacher of trombone is the best in the world. And that student and teacher from then on have a one-on-one relationship that makes this school very different from the other divisions of this university."

Different as well in the eyes of students in those other divisions. The aspirant fiddlers, conductors and horn blowers and their ilk are regarded as the acme of flagrant grindism. "Even if I could get in, I wouldn't be caught dead going there," said one premed student. "They have to work too hard."

Mary Lynne Simyak, a 1984 voice graduate of I.U., counters: "Grinds? Not exactly. Musicians' work is their pleasure. They can spend six hours a day developing their skills—and it is those skills that give them the most satisfaction."

Webb emphasizes that "We are not an island unto ourselves. I don't think our students should study only music.

The author, who lives in Croton-on-Hudson, is a free-lance writer and a lapsed cellist and pianist.

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Dean Webb and law student son Mark, 24, rehearse "Brazileira" of Milhaud.

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Students from all 50 states, Puerto Rico and 41 foreign countries flock to that faculty. As might be expected, Indiana contributes the most—367—but Illinois is a respectable second with 112. Korea sends 30, Japan 13. There are six from Iceland, four from Poland and three from Iran. Undergraduates lucky enough to be from Indiana pay $1,600 annual tuition, nonresidents, $4,500.

Senior Don Reed came to I.U. to major in jazz studies by way of an Army band. Some of his buddies were working with I.U. jazz professor and composer David Baker. "So I checked his books out of the library. He seemed to have everything I needed when it came to a jazz curriculum." Out of the Army, Don enrolled.

For double bassist Jonathan Chance, working toward his Master of Music, the draw was Stuart Sankey. "And the broader spectrum of university life appealed after the conservatory atmosphere of the North Carolina School of the Arts, the opportunity to be exposed to all this cultural diversity." Don is auditioning with various symphonies, aiming for a performing career, and, "later to apply my performing experience to teaching."

"We're standing in the Hoagy Carmichael lobby," announced house manager Richard Lathom as we toured the music school's facilities. Late-morning light was flooding through the glass front wall of the 13-year-old Musical Arts Center, the "Big Mac" to music school students. "Born and raised in Bloomington, Hoagy went to law school here, and gave a lot of money for this building. His funeral service was held right here in the lobby." That was early in 1982 and the rites closed with "Stardust." But this morning the music around us, which had seemed improvisatory, sorted out into a collage whose elements were snatches of Beethoven and Shostakovich trios, a warm-up by student string players for their chamber music concert at noon. Before it began I was led through the 1,460-seat magenta-and-red-walled auditorium to a point onstage direct-

Master's candidate Jonathan Chance steals extra practice time in a stairwell.

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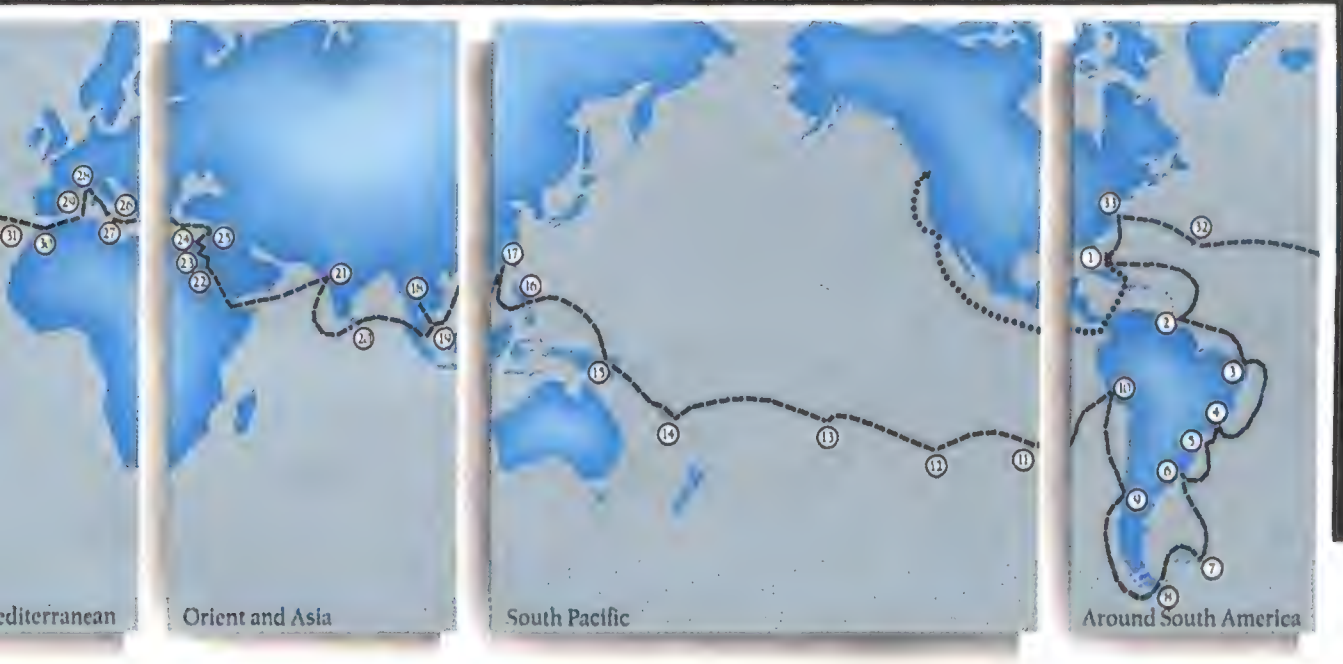

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11. Easter Island
12. Pitcairn Island
13. Tahiti
14. Fiji
15. Papua New Guinea
16. Manila
17. Hong Kong
18. Pattaya/Bangkok
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Caught in the act! The perfect accompaniment to studying scores is pizza at a campus hangout, Mother Bear's, of course.

ly under the proscenium arch. From where we stood it was only 80 feet to the last seat in the house. "The auditorium is built shallow and wide," Lathom explained, "to accommodate our students' young voices."

I had heard them, loud and clear and often intelligible, in a handsome production of Ildebrando Pizzetti's *Murder in the Cathedral.* Now, in the building's technical areas, the cast's black cassocks and episcopal purples on wire coat hangers gave the MAC's costume shop the look of an ecclesiastical dry cleaner's. Years of drippings from brushes had left the floor of the scenery paint shop a wall-to-wall Jackson Pollock. In the carpentry shop next door, eight-inch plywood links were being strung into an 80-foot chain for a summer offering, *Man of La Mancha.* Its 1984-85 predecessors had been Offenbach's *Orpheus in the Underworld,* Mozart's *Così fan tutte,* Ravel's *L'Enfant et les sortilèges* and *L'Heure espagnole,* Handel's *Tamerlane,* Puccini's *La Bohème* and the Pizzetti. On Saturday nights from September to May, operas are staged in the MAC for audiences from Indianapolis, Louisville, Cincinnati and all of south-central Indiana.

Since it opened in 1972 it has housed more than 100 different operas, operettas or musicals, ranging in formidability from Victor Herbert's *Naughty Marietta* to Alban Berg's *Wozzeck,* all sung in English, including such challenges as *Fidelio, Mefistofele* and *Parsifal.* Most of all, *Parsifal.* In 1949 Wagner's great music-drama had its first college production in this country at Bloomington, where it became an almost annual Easter rite. The opera's 30 performances there during the past three dozen years are topped only by the Met's 77. During those same years Bloomington put on world premieres of 14 operas by contemporary composers, most of them American, while the Met premiered three.

"We call opera king here," Lathom went on, "because it built this arts center." The music school's—and MAC's—master builder was Wilfred C. Bain, a suave, energetic Canadian. Forty years ago, when Dean Bain's music department at North Texas State Teachers College was gathering renown, Lathom said, a search committee invited him to make Bloomington the best music school in the

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At Milan's La Scala in 1958, Nicola Rossi-Lemeni sang the lead in the premiere of *Murder in the Cathedral.* Now a voice professor at Bloomington, he had directed the 1985 production there. He talked awhile in his studio, a short stretch of greensward from the MAC, about his students: "So to open their eyes, to open their hearts, their minds, to the fabulous world of the theater, of the music, I must make them understand what it means to be romantic, or melancholic, what it means to explode with joy. At the beginning of rehearsals I say it is impossible. 'The

Jason Reed, two-and-a-half, helps his dad, Don, a jazz major, get sax to locker.

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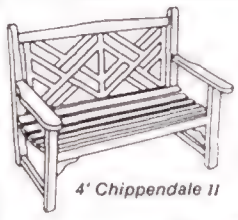

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opera cannot go on!' " An intensely operatic pause followed. "Then," sotto voce, "the last day I am amazed. They all know their parts. The performance is like a miracle."

At Bloomington, there are five symphony orchestras. And there is a chamber orchestra, which I heard with 14 soloists and a chorus of 50 in a performance of Handel's oratorio *Saul*. Since both its conductor, Robert Porco, and the orchestra seemed so dependent on their concertmaster at the final rehearsal, it occurred to me that I too might depend on this dark-haired young violinist for further insights into Bloomington student life. She was Tatiana Anastasia Dimitriades.

We met for lunch at Bear's Place, a student hangout of stygian ambience. The 23-year-old from Manhattan had been accepted at Curtis. She chose Bloomington instead because its faculty included Franco Gulli, the violinist from whom she decided she might learn the most. She was interested in the Artist's Diploma, a two-year program with the prerequisite of a rigorous audition designed for those who plan a professional performing career. But she opted to go on for the well-rounded education that humanities and science courses, required for a bachelor's degree, would give.

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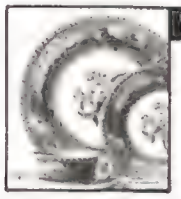

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I.U. That night he played the Mendelssohn concerto. "I'd never heard anything like it," my young guest said. "Now, five years later, there is more than just prodigy in that boy. There is an element of genius."

Since we talked, both young violinists have made Carnegie Hall debuts. He played the Bruch Concerto in G Minor with the St. Louis Symphony. She played the Tchaikovsky with the Senior Concert Orchestra of New York. I missed her performance but found his a flawless account of a work that wearies. Bell spent last summer at Marlboro, Vermont, playing chamber music with 69 other talented musicians fortunate enough to be invited by 82-year-old virtuoso pianist Rudolf Serkin to participate in his seven-week festival.

A professional flutist, Harvey Sollberger conducts contemporary music and teaches composition at Bloomington. Touting I.U.'s New Music Ensemble, which he had directed in two programs in New York last spring, he said, "Other groups are just not as well trained." Simply because of the cost per hour, almost all professional orchestra performances are underrehearsed. "Here," Sollberger continued, "they should learn how to do things the right way. Then out in the real world they will say, 'Hey, this is not good enough. We learned to do it better at Bloomington.' "

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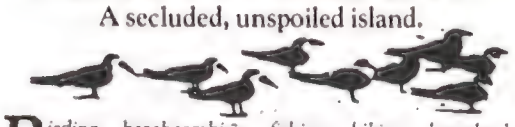

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Kyu-Sun Rhee

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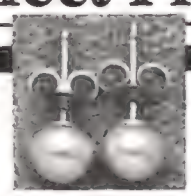

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Performers' music fills catalogs of works written for one instrument but transcribed for another. Probably no Bloomington faculty member with a sideline career as a concert artist has played and taught as much transcribed music as Harvey Phillips, listed on the school's roster as "Distinguished Professor of Music (Tuba)." Professor Phillips is a somewhat tuba-shaped man who plays transcribed Bach and Handel flute sonatas and sometimes joins apt pupils in two-tuba renderings of the Telemann Canonic Flute Duets.

Since he began teaching at Bloomington 14 years ago Phillips admits to having "inspired, coerced or commissioned" 127 new works for his instrument. Commission fees are not large: a Vincent Persichetti serenade cost him two cases of Beefeater gin.

In some years there have been as many as 35 tubists in his classes, all aware that there will not be jobs as performers for half of them. "What it took me 30 years to master I can

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Psycholinguist Suzette Haden Elgin has presented her innovative self-defense principles in a variety of formats. She has given workshops and seminars all over the U.S., including verbal self-defense sessions for doctors, lawyers, and other professionals. Dr. Elgin has also created a self-defense tape and a training manual for people who teach her self-defense techniques.

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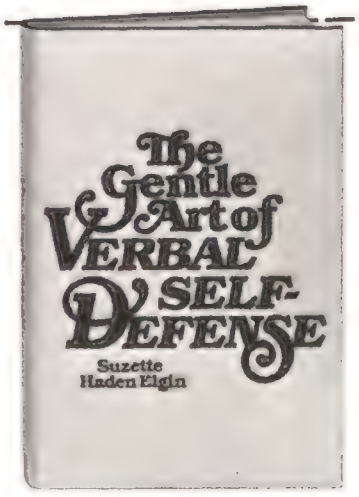

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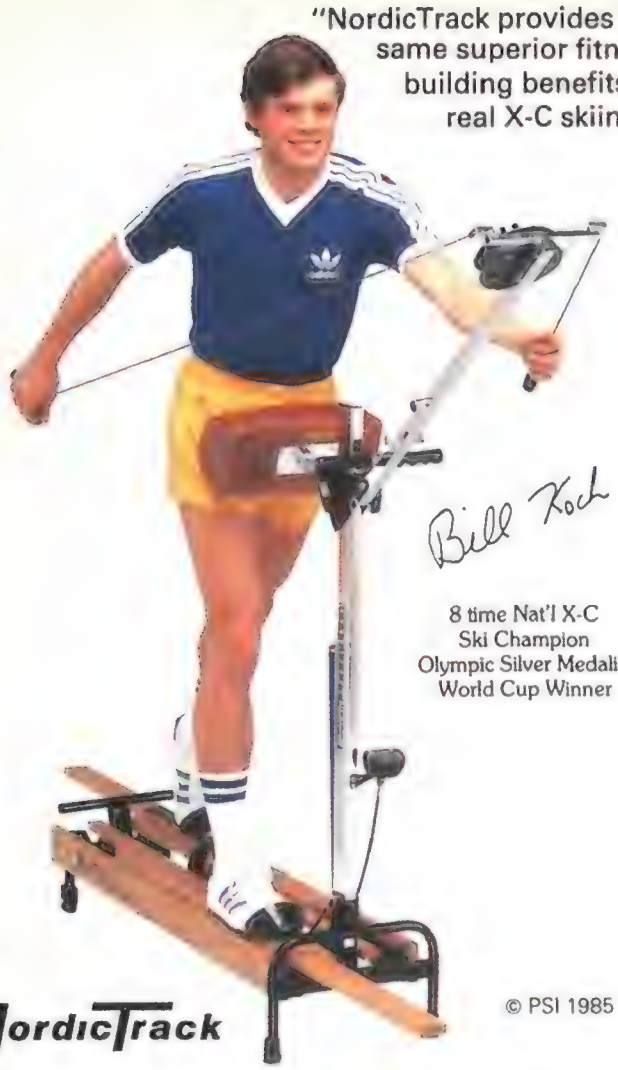

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pass on to a student in a very brief time," he said. "But they have to want it. They have to seek it out. Every student here who has the right attitude can become a working apprentice to a master teacher."

The best of them do so. Nai-Yuan Hu, a 22-year-old violinist from Taiwan, became Gingold's teaching assistant. In 1985 he won the Queen Elisabeth Music Competition in Brussels. Three of the 11 finalists in the 1985 Metropolitan Opera National Council Auditions and seven of the fellows at the Tanglewood Music Center last summer were also Bloomington students.

It is not unusual for freshmen to enter Bloomington with firm plans for triumph in performing careers. But most of them reassess and settle for less. "Bloomington is not a training ground for the future soloists of America," senior Steven Miller admitted. "At Juilliard, they all expect to be great soloists. Indiana is more well-rounded." Miller is there to study with James Buswell, whose concert career he in no way expects to match. "I'm not at all convinced that playing in an orchestra would be a terrible way for *me* to spend my life."

Put another way, Mary Lynne Simyak, now an assistant editor at Oxford University Press, says, "It's called the paranoia of not eating after spending $20,000 on your education. Music is starvation. There are very few performance jobs in music and

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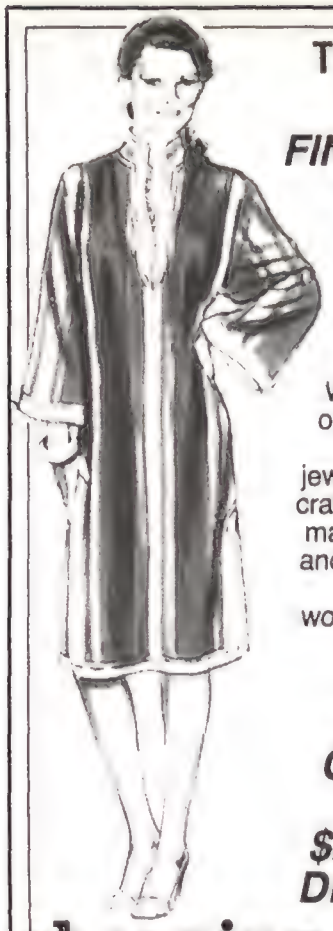

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"Corey, try it this way." Professor Josef Gingold is suggesting an approach to a new work to 12-year-old freshman Corey Cerovsek.

you have to be very good and very lucky to land any of them."

Still, few major symphony orchestras or opera company choruses in the country are without their Bloomington graduates. William Preucil, concertmaster of the Atlanta Symphony, is one of ten I.U. alumni who either hold or have held that chair with five big U.S. symphonies, and the New York Philharmonic's associate principal oboist, Sherry Sylar, is from I.U. Bass Kevin Langan sings with the San Francisco Opera, and Bruce Hubbard and Michael Smartt had roles in the Metropolitan Opera revival of *Porgy and Bess*. At least 60 graduates are department chairmen or deans in music schools across the country, and those teaching at the university level number in the hundreds.

Each graduate makes Dean Webb feel a little proud. On campus for the past 28 years as graduate student, teacher and administrator, Webb is a Texan who was headed for a business major to please his banker father when he landed the accompanist's job for Fred Waring's summer choral workshop. He prevailed on Waring to take his parents to dinner and convince them their son could earn his living in music. Twelve years ago Wilfred Bain retired and Webb, then associate dean and professor of music, was named to succeed him.

Is he troubled, I asked, as I know some of his faculty are, that a school as strong in teaching music in all its manifestations is best known as "The Opera Factory"? His answer was cautious: "As Dean Bain used to say, 'Macy's can't get all their merchandise in the show window.' But what do they put there? Well, they put the organdy dresses. Not the hammers and the nails."

Despite opera's prominence and visibility, Dean Webb believes that "The composer is the most important musician we have here. In my judgment we have one of the strongest composition faculties that can be assembled anywhere." Webb named them: Donald Erb, John Eaton, Juan Orrego-Salas, Frederick Fox and Harvey Sollberger. Then he added David Baker, who is chairman of the jazz department.

I told the dean that I had never

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before heard as much music in one week as during my stay on his campus. "Most music schools would spend a year preparing what we do here every week," he said. When I mentioned that I was heading for Josef Gingold's studio, Webb said he would soon be there too.

"I know my part," a 12-year-old student said to Gingold. "You're embarrassing me," his 76-year-old teacher grumbled. He was feigning distress to make the child feel pleased. The child, who looked about eight, knew that too. He was Corey Cerovsek and he had arrived with his bright young mother, Sophia, and a few hangers-on to rehearse Bach's Concerto in D Minor for Two Violins, the one professionals call "The Double."

The emeritus professor of all emeritus professors at Bloomington, Gingold was born in Brest-Litovsk and came to this country when he was 11. At one time a member of Toscanini's NBC Symphony, he was the Cleveland Orchestra's concertmaster under George Szell for 13 years before coming to Bloomington.

Corey came from Vancouver because of Gingold, to be the youngest regular student enrolled at Bloomington. By the time I met them, the two had had the pleasure of each other's company for most of two semesters. Two days hence they would play the Bach in a Methodist church a few blocks off campus. They began fiddling through "The Double," neither giving the music on the stands before them more than an occasional confirming glance. With the pupil on his feet and the teacher in his chair, they were at the same eye level. A vast Gingold jowl spread over his Stradivarius, and if Corey's Storioni (a gift to I.U. from one of the school's benefactors) seemed viola-size in his small fine-boned hands, maybe that was because its length is half his height.

When the dean appeared to play the piano reduction of "The Double" 's orchestra score, Gingold assigned Corey the concertmaster's role of getting the three started and finished together. The run-through went without a hitch, and set off a burst of applause to which no one bowed. The performers agreed on another run-through an hour before the performance I had to miss. At it, I presume, Fred Waring's old accompanist from Dallas and George Szell's old concertmaster from Brest-Litovsk were well led through "The Double" by a subteen Bloomington freshman.

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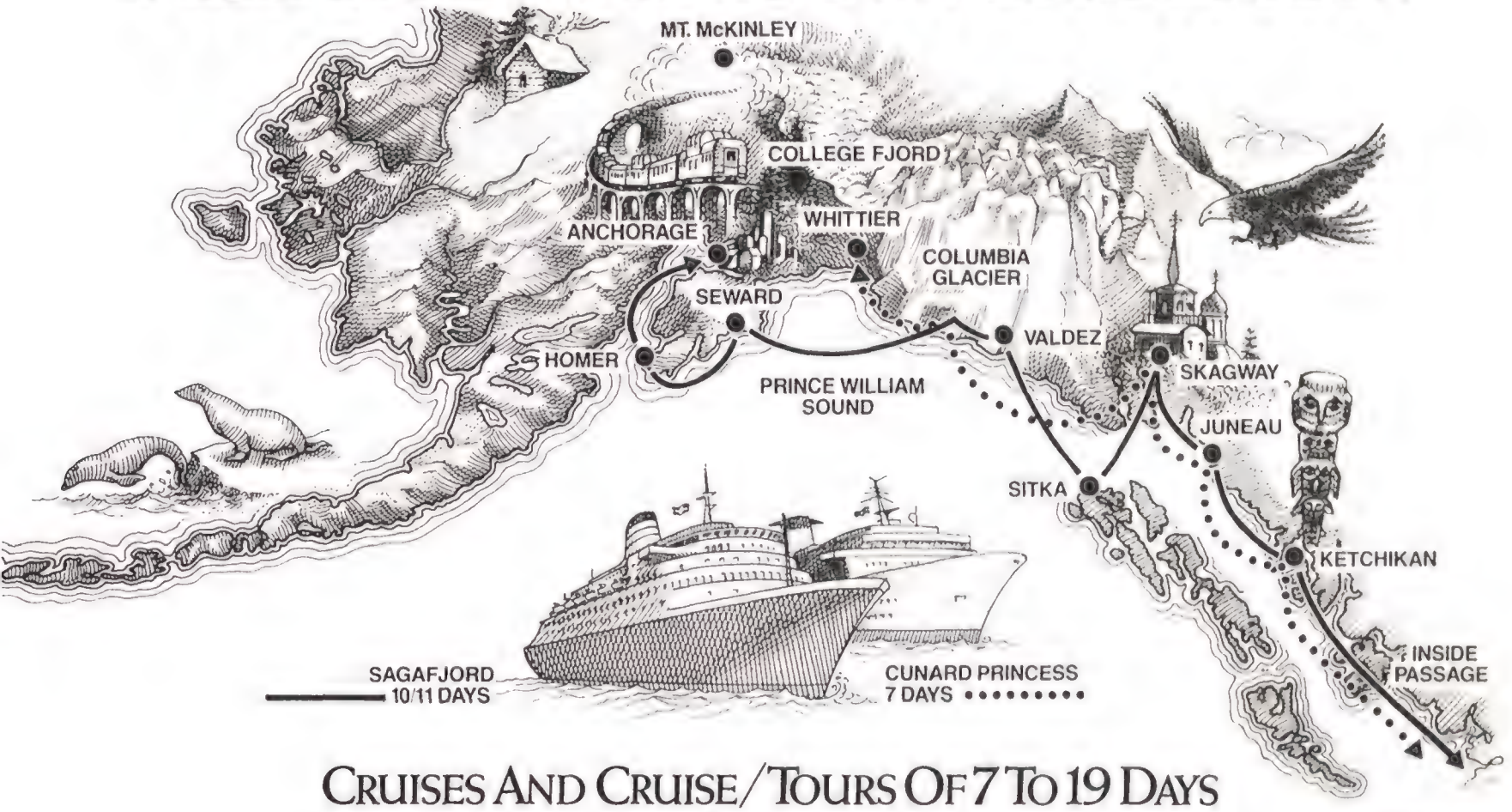

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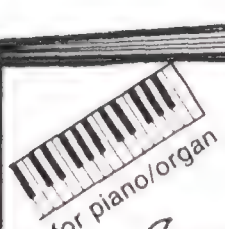

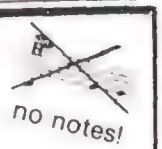

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Book reviews

Company of Adventurers
Peter C. Newman
Viking, $25

Its territory was ten times the size of the Holy Roman Empire. It fielded its own armies and navies, minted its own coins, followed its own calendar. Its trading posts reached from the shores of Arctic Canada ("where the quicksilver in thermometers froze so solid it could be shot out of muskets and still retain its shape") to San Francisco and the beaches of Hawaii. The Hudson's Bay Company—"the Governor and Company of Adventurers of England Trading into Hudson's Bay"—is the oldest continuous commercial corporation in the world.

Company of Adventurers, Peter Newman's rollicking tale of capitalism among the beavers and caribou, is the kind of corporate chronicle to make Lee Iacocca's account of Chrysler seem tame. The Adventurers' firm, says Newman, has weathered "315 years of war, rebellion, ambush, siege, bumbling bureaucracy and coupon-clipping neglect." In the process, the doughty Scots and black-sheep Englishmen who manned the trading forts helped create Canada—yet they weren't adventurous enough.

With its directors comfortably in London, thousands of miles away, counting the money and dining from silver salvers, the company was more interested in making profits than in making history. For much of the 18th century, the Company traders huddled in their log garrisons on the edge of Hudson Bay, waiting for the Indians to deliver canoeloads of pelts, neglecting the huge domain at their command and leaving

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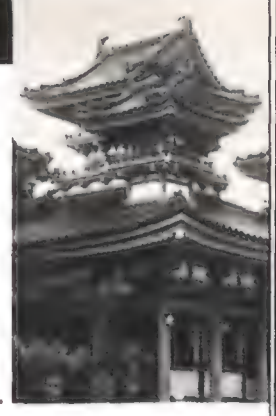

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Samuel Hearne hiked 3,500 miles to be first white to reach Arctic Ocean by land.

rival French freebooters from Montreal to explore the continent.

Still, shape modern Canada they eventually did: it was the Bay traders' presence that kept the Canadian west out of the grasp of American colonizers; three Bay trading posts have grown into provincial capital cities; and the cautious, orderly mentality of the early Bay men endures to this day in the Canadian soul.

The corporation endures, too, as a chain of department stores. It also deals in fur, real estate and oil. Its sales revenues are $5 billion a year, but Newman says its bond ratings are shameful, its balance sheet awash in red ink and its management confused. Not like the days when its nearly 300 ships supplied France, Romania and Russia with food and munitions in World War I.

The Hudson's Bay Company began in 1670 when King Charles II of England signed a royal charter granting trading rights on 1.5 million square miles to a group of courtiers, nobles and merchants. From those five sheets of sheepskin parchment, the company archives grew in size to rival those of the Vatican. When the corporation moved its headquarters from London to Canada—only in 1974—the historical records weighed 68 tons.

Newman has gone beyond the archives to profile the personalities and explain the sidelights—18th-century stock manipulation schemes, upheaval in Bohemia, how rats spread the Great Plague of

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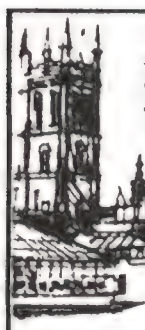

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–Matthew Arnold

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THE COUNTRY IRON FOUNDRY

London in 1665, the sexual goings-on between Indian women and the Bay men, how to make beer from spruce twigs and gunpowder.

The cast of personalities ranges from Rupert of Bohemia, a warrior prince, pirate, scientist and inventor, to Samuel Hearne, a British seaman who joined an Indian band and trudged 3,500 miles across the northern Barrens (like wading through "porridge sown with razor blades") in search of copper and a Northwest Passage. He found neither. (Being a good Company man as well as an explorer, Hearne later kept a meticulous list of everything he surrendered when French forces captured Prince of Wales's Fort during the American War of Independence—from 7,607 beaver skins to 17,350 goose quills.)

Most of the Company pioneers, however, were what Newman calls unremarkable men with an accountant's-eye view of the world, castaways by a frozen sea, "yet they achieved something truly magnificent. They endured."

David Lancashire
Globe and Mail, Toronto

Dictionary of American Regional English (Vol. 1)
Frederic G. Cassidy, chief editor
Belknap Press of Harvard University Press, $60

This volume initiates the publication of the definitive dictionary of the dialects and regional speech of the world's most populous English-speaking nation (SMITHSONIAN, April 1982). To open its pages is to thrill at the exploration of the New World and to trace the course of American history through its language.

When immigrants came to New England, they ate *brewis* (a pudding made of old crusts). Later, around 1915, *anadama bread* (a loaf made from corn meal, flour and molasses) became common. As they traveled west, for their health they drank *blue john* (skim milk) and *cow-pen tea* (a medicinal brew extracted from manure). When they needed something stronger, they drank corn whiskey and called it *aggie fortis* or just plain *corn*. If they overdrank and were caught, they admitted it or, as they said, they *acknowledged the corn*. They saw patches of ripples caused by a light breeze touching an Eastern pond and called them *cat's paws*. They felt cold winds blow out of a blue-

black Texas sky and called them *blue northers.* They found blazing California poppies and called them *cups of gold.*

They came to laugh at their land and to mock their neighbors. When cowboys had a penny, they called it a *Boston dollar.* When homesteaders heard the cry of a braying donkey, they said it was the *Arizona nightingale.*

They created a new language of Americanisms for all the different parts of their new world. And in asserting the American language, they found they were asserting American independence as well.

While this country was fighting its Revolution, the term *Americanism* appeared, coined by a Scottish clergyman and president of Princeton, who used it to deplore words that had gained new meaning on American soil.

In 1828, Noah Webster answered such attacks by declaring linguistic independence with his *American Dictionary of the English Language*—so superior to any lexicon then available in England that British scholars would later test themselves against it as they built the great *Oxford English Dictionary* (*OED*).

Although Webster had established American usage as his standard, he had not sought to record the American language in its full variety. A different book was needed to capture the Americanisms that bloomed in nooks and crannies. Thus in 1889, influenced both by the *OED* and by the nascent *English Dialect Dictionary,* leading American scholars founded the American Dialect Society with the evident goal of producing a dictionary to trace the permutations of American speech.

They aimed at a moving target. In the year before they met, America comprised just 38 of its present states and less than three-fifths of its present territory. As the country grew, scholars gathered its words. Their work culminates with this dictionary, which draws on dozens of folklore and dialect collections, hundreds of newspapers, thousands of books and about 2.5 million responses gathered in five years of intensive interviewing.

Stretching from *Cape Cod turkey* (codfish) to *Alaska turkey* (salmon), this book embraces the nation. And this is only Volume 1, letters A through C. More will follow.

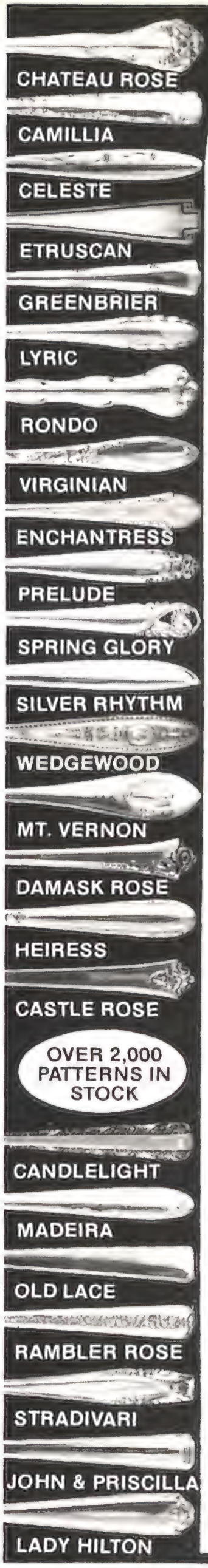
It has an awkward name, this *Dictionary of American Regional English.* But it has the right acronym, *DARE.* Its editors, led by Professor Frederic G. Cassidy, have caught the native poetry of America on every page. Its publishers at Harvard have given it an elegance which deserves to be displayed. Its readers will find, as Walt Whitman did, that they "hear America singing."

Fred Strebeigh
Tutor in writing, Yale University

Orson Welles, A Biography
Barbara Leaming
Viking, $19.95

Orson Welles, The Rise and Fall of an American Genius
Charles Higham
St. Martin's Press, $19.95

Some years ago, idly turning the television dial, I came across *Prince of Foxes,* a 1949 costume epic, and watched the



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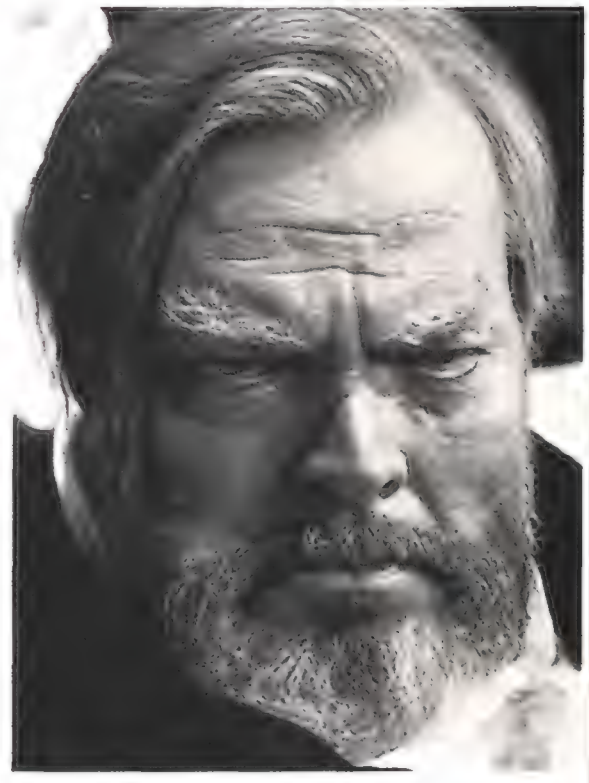
scene in which Cesare Borgia instructs officers he is about to send off on some mission or other. Borgia was a remarkably slim Orson Welles and his performance—the playful self-irony of both character and actor—was a delight. It was also a reminder of how much moviegoers lost when Welles, who might have been a major film actor, chose to see his roles outside his own movies as artistic slumming, a way of picking up needed cash to finance his own film projects and the extravagant style in which he lived. Welles died last October. He was 70.

By 1949, Welles at 34 had become an international gypsy, wandering from country to country, juggling theater and film productions, always carrying in his luggage the legend of the boy genius who, long before he was 30, had become celebrated as an innovative theatrical director, particularly for his voodoo *MacBeth*; as an imaginative radio director and performer; and as the creator of *Citizen Kane*, still considered one of the great achievements of American film. There have been performances, whole films Welles admirers could embrace since *Kane* was unveiled in 1941, but for the most part his life for the last 40 years has been a churn of activity in which Welles, half con man, half genius, has tried—as though life were one of his magic acts—to pull the rabbit of art out of the tattered hat of improvisation.

The world is so full of Welles anec-



Orson Welles at 67—"maverick romantic . . . enemy of the sources of power."

dotes that it is hardly surprising that biographers should be attracted to the man's story—particularly when, as with both Barbara Leaming and Charles Higham, his chroniclers are drawn to his work. The difficulty, as *Citizen Kane* illustrates, is finding the real person among the shifting views of him. At the end of that film, when the sled is burned, the audience (but not the questing reporter) learns what "Rosebud" means, but no man's life can be summed up in his dying words. One way of reading that scene is to assume that there is no discoverable key to a man's life, an assumption that the reader should keep in mind in approaching the new Welles biographies. Not only do Leaming and Higham have conflicting interpretations of their subject, but they frequently contradict one another on the presumed facts of his life.

Leaming had the cooperation of Welles, which means that his imprint is all over the book. He suggested to her that "your final form . . . ought to be a narrative of your writing it" (i.e., the same structure as *Citizen Kane*), and she succumbs to the extent of putting herself and her interviewing adventures into brief passages that punctuate the account of Welles and his career. She sees him as "shy, introspective, and vulnerable" as well as "witty, caustic, and charming"; she tends to read his actions as variations on his childhood desire to meet the expectations that others had of him and finds an alienation between him and the roles he plays, on and off screen, "a mask, a name, a voice, a cobweb of legends," as she says of his portrait of John Brown. Although she occasionally offers a verifiable fact to counter a Wellesian assertion, for the most part her Welles is his version of his past.

Leaming generally accepts Welles' own view of his post-*Kane* years as a victim of the Hollywood system, of plots against him, of accidents over which he has no control. "Bad luck is unforgivable," he says of his public and professional image, but in an earlier quote he admits that his ill fortune "repeated itself enough to look like a character failing of mine." Charles Higham builds his biography on that look. Welles "destroys himself continually," says Alexandre Trauner, the French designer who worked on *Othello*, insisting that even when things were going well, "he will find a reason to delay the picture before the negative is complete." Higham quotes his remark because it shores up the idea he first expressed in *The Films of Orson Welles* (1970), in which he posited the director's "genuine fear of completion."

Leaming ends her book on a note of expectation, as Welles contemplates ways of shooting *The Cradle Will Rock*; Higham, although indicating that Welles is busy with both *Cradle* and a possible *King Lear*, closes his book with a reassertion of Welles as "the brilliant architect of his own downfall." Given the clumsy prose and the incidental sloppiness of both Leaming and Higham, I doubt that anyone will turn to the books for their own sake, but there is so much Welles material in them that inquisitive readers may be fascinated with the contrasting images that the two biographers conjure out of a single elusive subject.

Gerald Weales
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Harvard University Press, $50

Edgar Allan Poe once wrote that any man who wanted to achieve immortality need only write a little book called *My Heart Laid Bare*. But he added that no man could write it, for the very paper would catch fire at the touch of his pen. If Arthur Inman (1895-1963) ever read this passage—and he might well have, for he admired Poe—he could have taken it as the inspiration for his own diary. Not that 155 volumes of diary is exactly a little book. But in the course of a most peculiar life Inman certainly strove to set down all his quirky passions, prejudices and thoughts about himself, his times and the people he knew. The result, now edited down to two hefty volumes by Daniel Aaron, ranks among the most remarkable American works of the 20th century.

In 1919 Arthur Inman, the scion of a wealthy Southern family, took up residence in a Boston hotel called Garrison Hall, "a second-rate sort of place with everything running slipshod," he called it in the diary he had just begun, but then "I run sort of slipshod myself." A would-be poet in his early 20s, Inman was suffering from a variety of ailments—loose joints, headaches, poor vision, a general debility—and was beginning what would be a lifetime of invalidism. The household he established, comprising his wife Evelyn, three or four servants, his doctor and occasionally his parents, soon mirrored the great world in its rivalries, alliances and power struggles. At the center lay Arthur, like a sickly Louis XIV, played up to and played upon.

Bedridden much of the time, he read voraciously—from Francis Parkman and Samuel Pepys to *Amazing Stories* and *Weird Tales*. (One of his favorite writers was Robert E. Howard, the creator of Conan the Barbarian.) More accurately, he was read *to*, preferably by attractive young women, while he reclined in the semidarkness. In that obscurity Arthur, whenever possible, made advances.

Eventually, he began to run advertisements in the Boston newspapers offering to pay people to recount their lives to him. All of this he recorded in his diary.

A Mrs. Haviland once came to talk to Arthur. "I asked her how old she was, how long she'd been married, whether she loved her husband, whether he loved her, whether she loved her son or her husband best, why she'd been to the hospital lately, if she used contraceptives, how much salary her husband made, who her ancestors were, how she budgeted her money, if she believed in God, how many friends she had, what did she look forward to in life, what sort of childhood she'd had, was she calm or emotional, did she read, like music, the movies, and so on."

Over the years Arthur listens to a black woman predict bloody revolution, a hobo remember his life on the road. At other times, like an American Proust, he evokes the fugitive beauty of childhood; but turn a page and he'll be whining about money, praising Hitler or slavering over some true-life soap opera. His reader Patricia marries Ted, who drops her for Mike. She then takes up with Sean, who already has a fiancée to whom he unwillingly returns. Our heroine bounces back with a "second-best" guy named Paul, whom she eventually weds, only to discover a mistress. The Second World War intervenes, along with a hysterectomy. The couple travel to Germany and . . . gradually disappear.

"If," writes Arthur, "I pass on to a small section of posterity the excitement, the tension, the bewilderment, the suspense, the confusion of these years, I shall be satisfied. The people in the chronicle are not great people, save certain of those in the historical background; the events close to me are not startling events; my days are passed, as it were, behind plate glass. Yet it may be that in this strange document I will have succeeded in perpetuating the beating pulse of an era."

During his last decade Arthur increasingly found the "beating pulse" of the modern world too much for him, his only consolation an occasional fancy for a new "youngling." Finally in 1963, driven half mad by the noise of construction on the new Prudential building, he shot and killed himself.

In his diary—by turns fascinating, monstrous, infuriating and touching—Arthur Inman left the only memorial he cared to have.

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Editor at *Washington Post Book World*

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Additional reading

Rudyard Kipling (p. 34)

A Choice of Kipling's Verse, selected by T.S. Eliot, Faber and Faber, 1983

The Portable Kipling, edited by Irving Howe, Viking-Penguin, 1982

Puck of Pook's Hill by Rudyard Kipling, Macmillan, 1981

Something of Myself by Rudyard Kipling, Macmillan, 1937

The Life of Rudyard Kipling by C.E. Carrington, Doubleday, 1955

The Strange Ride of Rudyard Kipling by Angus Wilson, Viking, 1977

Automat (p. 50)

"The Restaurants That Nickels Built" (two-part series) by Jack Alexander, *Saturday Evening Post*, December 11, 18, 1954

"Of Love and the Automat" by Sally Downey, *Philadelphia Inquirer Magazine*, April 29, 1984

Eating in America: A History by Waverly Root and Richard de Rochemont, Ecco Press, 1976

Orange Roofs, Golden Arches: An Architectural History of American Chain Restaurants by Philip Langdon, Knopf (in press), 1986

Skyscraper Style: Art Deco New York by Cervin Robinson and Rosemarie Bletter, Oxford University Press, 1975

Bloodhounds (p. 64)

The Complete Bloodhound by Catherine F. Brey and Lena F. Reed, Howell Book House (New York), 1978

Manhunters! by William D. Tolhurst as told to Lena F. Reed, Hound Dog Press (Puyallup, Washington), 1984

Yankee by Roger A. Caras, Putnam, 1979

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Hundertwasser's house (p. 74)

Das Haus Hundertwasser by Friedensreich Hundertwasser et al., Österreichischen Bundesverlag and Compress Verlag (Vienna), 1985

Hundertwasser: The Complete Catalogue of His Graphic Works, edited by Walter Koschatzky, Rizzoli, spring 1986

Hundertwasser by Pierre Restany, Ballantine, 1978

Hundertwasser by Herschel B. Chipp and Brenda Richardson, New York Graphic Society (Greenwich, Connecticut), 1968

Obesity (p. 90)

The Dieter's Dilemma: Eating Less and Weighing More by William Bennett, M.D., and Joel Gurin, Basic Books, 1982

How to Lower Your Fat Thermostat by Dennis Remington, M.D., et al., Vitality House International (Provo, Utah), 1983

Getting Thin: All About Fat—How You Get It, How You Lose It, How You Keep It Off for Good by Gabe Mirkin, M.D., Little, Brown, 1983

USS *Squalus* (p. 102)

Blow All Ballast!: The Story of the Squalus by Nat A. Barrows, Dodd, Mead, 1940

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Run Silent, Run Deep by Edward L. Beach, Naval Institute Press (Annapolis), spring 1986

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Icelandic Sagas and Manuscripts by Jonas Kristjansson, Iceland Review (Reykjavik), 1980

Icelandic Sagas by Paul Schach, Twayne Publishers (Boston), 1984

Iceland: 874-1974, edited by Johannes Nordal and Valdimar Kristinsson, Central Bank of Iceland (Reykjavik), 1975

I.U. School of Music (p. 130)

"The Opera Factory" by Nancy Kriplen, *Opera News*, November 1984

"Bravo, Starker! The Cellist As Renaissance Man" by Naomi Graffman, *Connoisseur*, November 1983

"Josef Gingold" by Margaret Campbell, *The Strad* (London), March 1983

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Smithsonian highlights

In 1981, Lloyd Herman, director of the Renwick Gallery, received a Churchill Fellowship to examine the crafts of New Zealand. The exhibition currently at the Renwick grew out of this trip. Herman was intrigued by the variety of media he encountered—craftspeople used fleece, feathers, bone and even gourds (p. 162) they had grown themselves. The 70 works will remain on view through March 9.

Special January exhibits and events

National Air and Space Museum
Space Station: An Eye in the Sky (January 30, 8 P.M.) John H. McElroy presents ninth annual Wernher von Braun Memorial Lecture.
Julius Caesar's Unfinished Business (January 4, 9:30 A.M.) Monthly sky lecture.

Hirshhorn Museum & Sculpture Garden
Relief Sculpture from the Hirshhorn Museum Collection (January 28-April 13) Traces evolution from early 19th-century portrait medallions to contemporary works.

Cooper-Hewitt Museum (New York)
Memphis (January 21-April 13) Furniture, glass and other objects by group formed in Milan in 1980.

Freer Gallery of Art
Garden Potteries and Official Kilns: Clan-sponsored Ceramics in the Edo Period (January 17-April 30).

National Museum of Natural History
Music and Dance in Papua New Guinea (January 10-March 9) Color photographs by Jordan Wright, in Rotunda Balcony Gallery.

Renwick Gallery
Treasures from the Land: Twelve New Zealand Craftsmen and Their Native Materials (through March 9).

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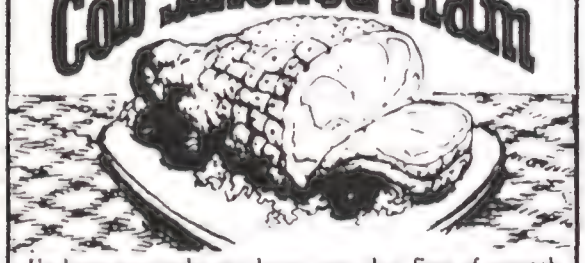

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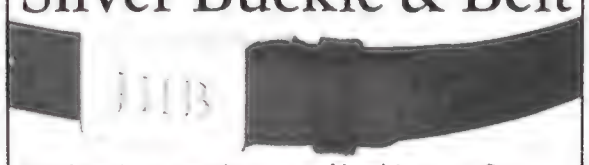

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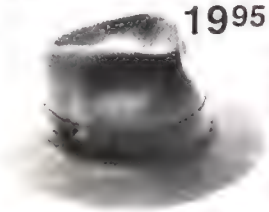

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Smithsonian World: "On the Shoulders of Giants" will report on the work of paleontologist David Steadman in the Galápagos (January 22; 8 P.M. EST).

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To become a Resident Associate, or to find out about the many other activities presented monthly, or for fee and ticket information, call 357-3030. Here are some January events:

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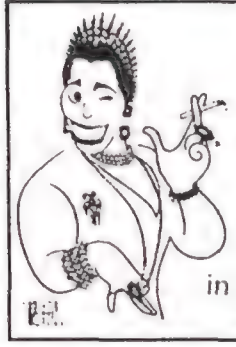

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A Salute to Fats Waller and the Harlem School (January 12; 7:30 P.M.) Concert features pianist John Eaton.
Folk Music: Then and Now (January 22; 8 P.M.) Tom Paxton and Bob Gibson.
Pro Musicis Series: Violinist Kim Kashkashian and Pianist Robert Levin in Duo-Concert (January 26; 7 P.M.)

Smithsonian Institution Traveling Exhibition Service

SITES circulates exhibitions to hundreds of cities outside Washington. To sponsor a show in your community, write: SITES, Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D.C. 20560. Here are some January exhibits:
Denver (through February 16) *Ebla to Damascus: Art and Archaeology in Ancient Syria,* Denver Museum of Natural History (see *Highlights continued*).
Quincy, Illinois (January 18-February 16) *Athletes and Heroes: Portraits from the TIME Collection at the National Portrait Gallery,* Quincy Art Club.
Salisbury, Maryland (January 24-February 23) *World Print IV,* Salisbury State College.
Tampa (January 11-February 23) *The Laser at 25,* Tampa Museum of Science and Industry.
Worcester, Massachusetts (January 10-February 8) *Perfect in Her Place: Women at Work in Industrial America,* Worcester Historical Society.

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Highlights continued

Bringing forth Syria's treasures

Now traveling under the sponsorship of SITES, Ebla to Damascus *introduces 5,000 years of riches to Americans*

With more than 40 digs currently under way in Syria, archaeologists there have been having a field day. In recent decades, mounded sites—ancient cities with enigmatic names like Ebla, Ugarit and Mari—have yielded copious materials for scholars, who are virtually rewriting the history of the region.

A monumental exhibition now traveling in this country under the sponsorship of SITES offers a rich introduction to the multiplicity of cultures that thrived in the area over the past 10,000 years, especially in the urban centers. *Ebla to Damascus: Art and Archaeology of Ancient Syria,* containing 281 objects, is now on view at the Denver Museum of Natural History, after which it will visit Los Angeles, Richmond, Cincinnati, Detroit and Washington, D.C.

The exhibition's thick, richly illustrated catalog is a major scholarly tome. But you don't need to be an expert to appreciate the objects in the show. As SITES project director Anne Gossett points out, "They are so expressive that if you go to see them without any knowledge of their background, they make you *want* to find out more."

Constance Bond

Ram-headed sphinxes flank volute tree in ivory from Arslan Tash, c. 800 B.C.

Human-headed, bearded bull from third millennium B.C. is only two inches long.

Gypsum statue, c. 2500 B.C., depicts land surveyor in tufted wool garment.

Hare-shaped vessel from Bouqras may have been an offering to a diety.

Lion-headed eagle is one of the most valuable items from the Treasure of Ur.

Tomb of the Lord of the Goats at Ebla yielded this golden necklace.

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Domestic Study Tours

Yellowstone February 14-23: Space may still be available.

Cajun Country March 31-April 7: Experience Louisiana, from the sounds of New Orleans jazz, aromas of Creole cooking, to mysteries of the bayou.

Okefenokee Swamp April 5-12 or 12-19: Canoe and camp in this wilderness sanctuary for millions of singing creatures.

Arizona April 16-24 or April 26-May 4: From the Arizona Sonoran Desert to the Chiricahua Mountains, travel throughout the area by van to see cacti in bloom, meet field researchers.

Arches/Canyonlands May 14-21: Utah's magnificent red-rock country, land of deserts, canyons and rivers. Travel by trail, jeep and raft with guide.

New York May 16-19: Enjoy an exciting weekend of dining, museum visits and Broadway theater.

The Hopi and Navajo May 17-27: Visit Grand Canyon, Monument Valley and Canyon de Chelly for an in-depth look at Southwest Indian cultures.

Bermuda June 2-8: Explore the island's diverse habitats, investigate the marvels of coral reefs, while in residence at the Biological Research Station.

Chicago June 4-8: Walking tours and special programs to study the city's stunning architectural legacies.

Montreal/Quebec June 28-July 7: Experience France in the New World. Enjoy the charm and hospitality of these two cities rich in history as you visit museums and explore neighborhoods.

Waterton-Glacier International Peace Park July 11-22 or July 25-August 5: Hike the backcountry with naturalist guides through spectacular Alpine meadows to remote mountain chalets. Experienced hikers will thrill at all-inspiring vistas.

Alaska's Inside Passage September 20-30: Board the *Majestic Alaska Explorer* for a breathtaking cruise from Ketchikan to Seattle, stopping at small fishing villages; see killer whales and turquoise water of Glacier Bay.

Washington "Anytime" Weekend: See "The Treasure Houses of Britain" (through March 16) and discover your capital city in Smithsonian style. Enjoy private tours and luxurious accommodations for a perfect weekend getaway. Must reserve ten days in advance.

Foreign Study Tours

People's Republic of China, 1986: Choose from ten unique itineraries: from Shanghai, to Tibet, to Beijing; by train and by boat; all led by Sinologists.

India Wildlife Safari January 26-February 21: Travel by elephant and jeep to observe wildlife in India and southern Nepal.

Thailand and Burma January 31-February 21: See colorful cities, remote villages of two of Asia's most scenic countries.

Mexico January-March: Choice of three exciting archaeological tours in the Yucatán peninsula and central Mexico.

Borneo and the Spice Islands February 2-22: Cruise from Southeast Asia to Australia. Observe diverse cultures and traditional art of region's many ethnic groups.

A Hike in New Zealand March 4-20: Discover wild flowers, crystalline lakes and snowcapped peaks on the Milford Track.

Blue Whales of Mexico March 9-16: See Halley's Comet while cruising the Sea of Cortés in search of whales.

Shadows of the Past—Chateaus, Caves and Villages of the Dordogne: April 5-19 or April 19-May 3: Explore caves, castles and storybook towns in this fascinating region of France. Includes four days in Paris.

Portugal April 9-23: Sample Lisbon's diverse charms and those of the countryside.

Istanbul & Beyond May 1-17: Six days in this glorious Turkish city followed by travel to one of three areas: Central Anatolia and Cappadocia; the Aegean and Marmara coast or the Mediterranean and Aegean.

Roundabout Italy May 6-23: Relaxed sailing from Venice to Genoa; includes a stay at the palatial Villa d'Este on Lake Como.

Summertime in Sicily May 9-22: In-depth tour of this beautiful island harboring monuments from classical Greece, the Roman Empire, Renaissance and Baroque periods.

London and the English Countryside May 11-25: Exciting city program and travel to country homes, gardens and historic sites.

Spring in Norway May 19-June 1: Visit Bergen with International Festival performances by renowned musicians. Then sail up the Sogne Fjord en route to Oslo.

Danube Journey May 20-June 7: Explore castles, cathedrals and museums from Bucharest to Vienna.

Florence Seminar May 30-June 15: Stay in a villa and study the Renaissance.

Paris to Beijing by Train May 30-July 4: Join adventurous fellow Associates for an experience of a lifetime.

Irish Walk June 2-14 or September 5-17: Take day hikes through a variety of settings in the Ring of Kerry and Connemara.

Wild Highlands of Scotland June 5-23: Enjoy the outdoors while studying about this area's cultural and natural history.

Countryside Programs From June to September: Explore one of four scenic and historic areas in Switzerland, Austria, Italy or England.

Write National Associates, Capital Gallery 455, Smithsonian Institution, Washington, DC 20560 or call (202) 287-3362 for tour brochures

n Washington

Smithsonian Seminars

Expand your educational horizons as you combine a pleasure-filled visit to the nation's capital with a stimulating week-long course of study. These purposeful vacation seminars give you the opportunity to share special interests with fellow Associates.

British Country Homes

January 5-10 and January 12-17

Join 11 eminent scholars from Great Britain for a seminar on Britain's fabled country homes and see the exhibition "The Treasure Houses of Great Britain" at the National Gallery of Art during a week that will feature richly illustrated lectures, special gallery tours and gala evening events.

This dazzling exhibition, presented under the patronage of Their Royal Highnesses The Prince and Princess of Wales, brings together more than 700 works of art, including paintings by Rubens, Velázquez and Turner, sculptures by Praxiteles and Bernini; furniture and decorative arts that represent a tradition of art collecting and private patronage on a grand scale from the 15th century to the present.

The lecture program will provide insights into the cultural and political forces that gave rise to hundreds of splendid country houses. You will learn the significance of the country home to British culture and discover the upstairs/downstairs customs and rituals that governed daily life. Small-group sessions will highlight topics from Old Master and Victorian art to English porcelains and country-home tapestries.

Associates will learn about the challenges of restoring and preserving country homes and the objects they contain; explore the colorful history of heraldry; enjoy the genteel rituals of tea drinking, and gain a firsthand view of two of Britain's most famed country homes as their present owners describe contemporary life in Scone Palace and Firle Place.

To enhance your course of study, you are invited to attend a gala welcoming dinner, where you will meet fellow Associates and your distinguished British faculty; hear 18th-century music originally commissioned by country-home owners and performed by the Smithsonian Chamber Players, and enjoy a "high tea" in the sumptuous surroundings of the Grand Salon of the Smithsonian's Renwick Gallery.

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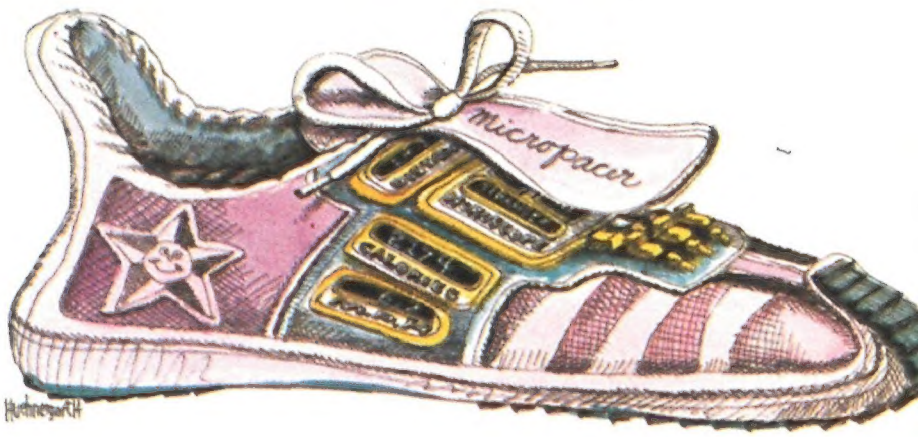
Being snuck up on by 'sneaker chic'



It was one of the rites of spring. Your mother took you to the shoe store and the man fitted you with high-top black Keds if you were a boy or low white tennis shoes if you were a girl. Then he asked if you wanted to take them or wear them and you looked up at your mother with pleading eyes and she nodded with a smile and you raced outside on feather steps as if you could leap city blocks in a single bound.

I just went through the routine again, although this time it was with a different woman's help.

It came about because the doctor sternly suggested I walk a couple of brisk miles a day and I discovered that the kinds of shoes I've been scuffing around in were not made for serious walking.

"So get some athletic shoes," my wife said, when I complained.

"You mean those fancy sneakers with bumpy soles and price tags based on ballplayers' salaries?"

"Sneaker chic," she replied. "Not just for jocks. Everybody wears them—shopgirls, waitresses, trendy salesmen, rock stars, the big names in TV. Even George Burns when he plays God. Americans buy more than 220 million pairs a year."

"Say," I said suspiciously, "how come you know so much about sneakers?"

"All-purpose footwear," she corrected. "Because I took a page out of your book and did some research." She opened a shoe box and proudly displayed the gaudiest sneakers I have ever seen—they were three shades of purple!

"Aren't they great?" she chirruped. "They get that fantastic color variation because nylon and kangaroo skin and latex all take the dye differently."

"They remind me of the Wizard of Oz," I said. "Are you really going to wear them?"

She whirled in the doorway to fling her next-to-worst epithet: "Old stick-in-the-mud!" But she left the box behind. In it were some clippings and photocopied book passages. Her research. I riffled through. There was some good stuff.

The term "sneakers" came in around 1870 on little cat feet, I learned. Then the word got out that the new soft shoes were much fancied by "sneak-thieves." "Felony-shoes," or "felonies," almost caught on but failed. "Gumshoe" for the sneaker-shod detective, did, with a vengeance.

Mick Jagger was married in sneakers. Woodie Allen wore canvas-tops when he escorted then First Lady Betty Ford to the ballet. Jackie Onassis' sneakers come from Europe, but roughly 50 percent of the sneakers the rest of us buy are made in Taiwan, Korea, Japan and Hong Kong.

In a moment of optimism, Leonardo once called the foot "a masterpiece of engineering," but these days feet seem to have more and more trouble doing their stuff. Everyone knows about the explosion in footwear for maladjusted metatarsals, for the fleet of foot or fat of thigh. When I hied me to my local sports shop, though, I was dumbfounded. A young woman jogged in, ran in place for five minutes while she had an in-depth conversation with a salesman about some new Nikes, then headed out with a box under her arm, still jogging.

Henry VIII ordered up the earliest tennis shoes on record—"syxe paire of shooys with feltys, to pleye in at tennys." Today everybody knows you don't dream of playing tennis in running shoes, or vice versa. "Jogger's knee" and "tennis toe" threaten. Or worse. Nothing I'd heard, though, quite prepared me for the sheer array of styles—one manufacturer boasted a hundred, more than 30 for joggers alone. Or for all the heady (if that's the word) talk about the "revolutionary midsoles," or extra room for "orthotics." I began to be conscious of "higher toe boxes" and a dreadful something called "black toenail."

Just as I was almost in danger of making an outlandish and expensive purchase, I came toe-to-toe with something really far-out, a fancy creation called the Micropacer. They looked like all the other crazy shoes. And by then the asking price, a mere $125, didn't faze me as much as it should have. But yessiree! Beneath their chic second tongues (the flaps that cover the laces on such dream-boots) Micropacers carry a miniature battery-powered computer, triggered by a sensor pad sealed into the sole. Fed the right personal data the little gadget will tell you not only how far you've run on a morning's jog, but the total time elapsed, the pace in miles per hour and even the approximate number of calories that you burn. Its memory keeps a cumulative running record, erased only if you take out the battery.

Hand in my wallet, I suddenly came to my senses. Was I really ready for high-tech high-steppers? I shelled out a modest sum for some basic all-purpose athletic shoes. They can't count calories, of course, but stepping into them was like stepping back into childhood.

Unless your socks were brand new, you couldn't run a block without at least one of them disappearing down the back of your sneaker. If you had lots of knots holding your laces together and kicked a football, it hurt. The rubber circle with "Keds" on it, in big letters supposed to cover your anklebone, was always off center and was glued on so tight you had to spend hours picking if off. If your mother didn't have a washing machine, a time came when you were instructed to leave your sneaks on the back porch *puh-leeze*!

Out on the street in my new shoes I felt as if I could run like the wind.

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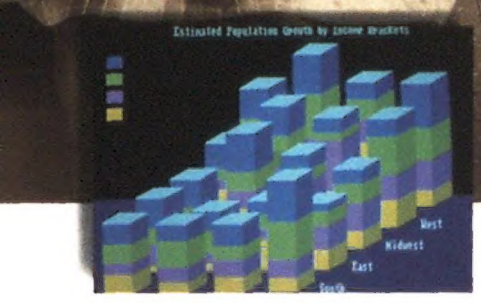

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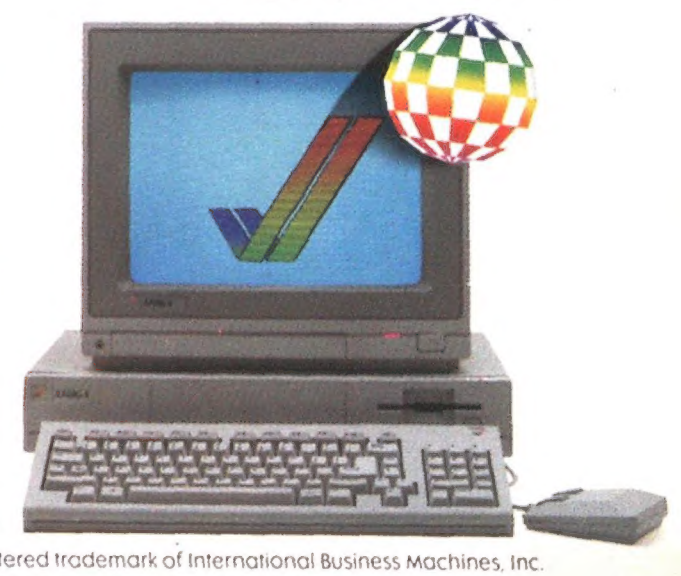

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